

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY



VOLUME 158

NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER 1936

A DIARY OF REVOLUTION

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Sunday, July 19, 10 A.M. — We are in the midst of Revolution. Or Hell. Or perhaps only a bad dream — a cruelly bad, unbelievable dream. I do not know. It is impossible to understand what is happening — what key has turned to release pandemonium upon our tranquil world.

I am here in our own living room, with my typewriter in its customary place on the bridge table before me. To the eye everything is as usual. My husband is trying to repair the radio, which has gone dead. The baby is playing with her blocks and cooing to herself. In the kitchen Ani is washing the breakfast dishes. The windows are open and the morning sunshine lies hot and shimmering across the floor.

To the eye everything is as usual, and this is just another peaceful Sunday morning in our pleasant apartment on the fifth floor of the big house at the corner of Calle Lauria and Calle Provenza.

But while I write I am shaken by

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salvo after salvo of gunfire, the reverberations repeated, overlapped, and intensified from every part of Barcelona at once. Directly beneath our windows a revolver snaps, and its sharp *ping* is at once enveloped in a volley of rifle shot. Cries and shouts rise sharply from the street, their distinctness suddenly blotted out in the crash and echoing rumble of a hurled grenade. They have brought out the cannon, evidently — from time to time the whole building sways and quivers with the distant rumble of a 75. The friendly clatter of my typewriter is inaudible beneath the mighty rodomontade of the guns.

This seems to have been going on forever. It is difficult to remember that there was ever a time when the streets of Barcelona were quiet — that there was ever a time when I could not have told the difference between a shot and a burst automobile tire. Yet twenty-four hours ago we were lying on the sands at Sitjes, listening to the wash of the Mediterranean at our feet and feeling the sunlight hot and kindly on our oiled bodies.

I must force myself to think back to that time — back to yesterday — so that I may begin at the beginning and remember clearly and distinctly how all this began.

We were at Sitjes then, my husband and I, at peace on its white curved beach, twenty-four hours ago. We had been there for two weeks, coming back to Barcelona on Saturdays to see the baby, left behind with Ani, and to go to the Sunday bullfights. Yesterday then, at noon, we went back to our *pension*, to dress and pack and take the train for Barcelona. They had announced that morning, over the radio, that there had been an uprising of the troops in Melilla. Nothing more. The announcement did not worry us. It worried no one. Melilla must be in Africa — and Africa is very far away.

We reached Barcelona in time for lunch. The afternoon we spent shopping for things we wished to take back to Sitjes with us on Monday. The day was unbearably hot, and the Plaza Cataluña somnolent and lazy in the sun. People moved slowly across the Plaza, among the fountains and the fluttering pigeons and the babies playing in the graveled paths. Opposite the Hotel Colon, workmen were affixing an enormous poster — 'Anti-War Week.'

That night we went to the movies — *Rose Marie*. The theatre was stifling, and when we came out we stopped at a café on the Paseo de Gracia for a glass of beer. It was half-past one, and the aspect of the darkened streets was no different than usual. Scattered groups of people going home from the movies or the theatre — little knots of two or three saying good-night at apartment-house doors — an occasional cruising taxicab moving noiselessly along the Paseo — the people in the café sitting relaxed and comfortable, their conversation casual and light. Barcelona as usual, serene and peaceful beneath a small, high-riding moon.

I am awakened at five in the morning by a metallic crackling, spitting, crashing, that enters in a flood of sound through my open window and assails me on my bed. I run to the window and lean out head and shoulders. Calle Lauria stretches below, five stories down, tranquil and motionless, empty of any human being. The shops are all closed, the shutters on every window, as far as I can see, monotonously closed and barred. And yet from all around me, from the street below, from beneath the trees, from the roofs and neighboring windows, the metallic crackling and spitting continue. Try as I will, leaning from the window, I cannot see the source, and content myself with the only explanation that occurs to me. The booming and sputtering that I hear all over Barcelona are fireworks, and to-day must be another big fiesta — we have had so many lately.

Only (and very, very gradually this strikes me as being strange) it is curious that there is no one in the streets. No one on the roofs to be setting off the rockets and the crackers, no one in the windows leaning out to listen and to see. I alone in all the long stretch of Calle Lauria hear the fireworks and lean from my window to watch and listen. For perhaps twenty minutes I stay there (an inexplicably unnoticed target, as I know now) and only very gradually do I find it strange that no one else cares enough about the fiesta to look out on it as I am doing.

And all this time, beneath me, above me, closing in on every side, the spitting and crackling grow louder and louder.

The first sign of life is a private car coming rapidly up Calle Lauria. As it passes under my window I notice with surprise that from each of the two rear windows a rifle projects, its black snout pointing upwards. I run out through the living room to the roof terrace,

leaving open behind me the French doors, to watch better the progress of this car. It stops in the next block, in front of the Church and Convent of the Carmelites. Two Assault Guards get out hurriedly, grasp the rifles in firing position, and station themselves behind a tree. At the same moment I see other Assault Guards running, rifles in their hands, down the Diagonal, another block away. They pass in a continuous stream, two or three hundred of them. Then they are gone and the Diagonal is sunlit emptiness again.

I look down Calle Lauria. Four mules dragging an empty and clattering gun carriage are plunging down the street. Behind them gallop four saddled but riderless horses, the stirrups bounding against their lathered sides. At the Carmelite Church a Civil Guard steps out and halts the mules. He is aided by a group of soldiers who emerge like unexpected apparitions from beneath the trees. The four horses come to a heaving, trembling stop.

There is a crackle, and a puff of smoke, from the tower of the Carmelite Church. In the street below an Assault Guard, sheltered behind a tree bole, raises his rifle and fires.

I know now what I am seeing. This is no fiesta. This is war. The rockets and crackers I have been hearing are the grim fireworks of destruction.

I run to my husband's room. 'Tino, Tino, wake up! There is shooting all over Barcelona. Something is happening. Wake up!'

He springs disheveled from bed and joins me at the window. But his comprehension is quicker than mine.

'Are you crazy?' he says. 'Get back into the room. Call Ani. We must try and close the windows and the shutters.'

Ani appears in the kitchen doorway, pale and trembling.

'It's begun,' she announces dramatically. 'They're firing on the house. We shall all be killed.' And she bursts into hysterical tears.

Crouching, with our heads beneath the level of the window sills, we struggle to swing shut the heavy wooden blinds and close and bar the windows. The rooms are plunged at once into a thick obscurity, a twilight which intensifies the growing noise and uproar of the streets outside.

Through the slats of the shutters we can look out on the Carmelite Church and Calle Lauria. Beneath the church there is an assembling of Assault and Civil Guards. They are joined by soldiers, receive hurried orders, and disappear to take up stations in sheltered spots near by. Now again there are no human beings visible in the streets. Only, from time to time a puff of smoke rises from beneath a tree, and a minute later we hear the sharp *ping* of a revolver or the crack of a rifle.

They are evidently attacking the church. From the narrow pointed windows of the Campanile puffs of smoke issue whitely and float lazily away on the still air. Occasionally we see the dark gleam of a rifle barrel hurriedly thrust from one of the openings and as hurriedly withdrawn.

We do not understand what is happening. There is no doubt that there is revolution. But who is revolting against whom? We cannot tell. By now it seems as though they were all firing against each other — the streets are a nightmare of crouching soldiers, Civil Guards, Assault Guards, firing, charging their rifles, firing again. At whom? At each other? Or at the unknown, mysterious occupants of the Church of the Carmelites?

We only know that Hell itself has opened in the streets beneath our windows. The noise of the guns, the bombs, the grenades, is deafening. And

in the tiny lulls between one discharge and another we hear the same cacophonous echo sounding distantly from every other part of Barcelona. Occasionally the whole is blotted out in the long, hoarse roar of the cannon.

11.30 A. M. — The firing is still continuous, and we have given up our observation post behind the closed shutters. Whistling bullets have told us it is dangerous to approach the windows. We try to sit down, to talk, but constantly one or the other of us gets up to go to the window again. We have got out the field glasses, and through the cracks in the shutters can bring the church into our room.

Ani is in the kitchen preparing dinner. She is still frightened and sobbing from time to time. She has helped us move the baby's bed into Tino's room, away from the direct line of fire. We have put the baby to bed. It is not safe to let her stay in the living room. She is fascinated by the closed shutters and tries to play with them, moving the slats back and forth with her finger. And a movement of the shutters now is an invitation to a bullet.

Outside, in the hallway, clustered around the well of the stairs and elevator shaft, half of the terrified members of the apartment house are gathered. Many of them we have never seen before. But now we all greet each other with nervous recognition. Some of the women are sobbing. Señor Bartolí, of the floor below, is afraid for his art collection, should the house be bombed. He is of the opinion that the men should try to escape.

'They won't hurt the women,' he insists. 'We can leave the women. But if they break in they will shoot the men. We must get away.'

No one listens to him. It is impossible to escape anyway. From below we can hear someone banging on the door. 'Open! Open!' Salvador, the porter,

hurries up the stairs, white and trembling.

'I won't open,' he tells us. 'I'll open to no one. Not until they force the door.'

No one knows what is really happening. We imagine that the troops have revolted. But if there are troops concealed in the Carmelite Church there are certainly other troops firing on them from the street. The army must be divided. Some of it, anyway, must be loyal. It is surprising that the Civil Guards are against the soldiers. Their sympathies have never been with the popular government. It is impossible to understand.

Everyone is trying to make provision for food. Impossible to get to the grocery store next door, but from a court window on the second floor we can lower a basket with a cord. The cord is just long enough to reach the back window of the grocery. There is no bread, no milk, no eggs, no ice. We buy what we can. No one knows how many days this will last — how long it will be before we can venture out into the streets. We buy canned goods: sardines, tuna fish, tinned peaches, cheese. And candles. The lights may be cut off at any time. We have already filled the bathtub and all available jars with water. They say that in Madrid the water supply has already been cut off.

Something has happened to the telephones. Ours is the only one in the building which is still working. And many of the numbers that we try to call are dead.

We wander back and forth, restless, uncertain what to do. In the streets the uproar is continuous — but more intense now, louder, the air peppered with the crackling and spitting of the guns. Time has stopped. Tino is still puttering with the radio, trying to repair a broken part. Ani, sobbing, clatters dishes in the kitchen. In her

bed the baby chortles with delight, and plays with her blue gingham cat.

2 P. M. — We are in the midst of the fiercest battle of the day. From all over Barcelona come the crash and boom of rifles, bombs, and cannon. There are shouts now from the street, but we do not dare look out. The bullets are whistling too close to our windows.

'Open . . . fire!' Volleys of rifle shot, and screams.

'Hands . . . up!' A pistol cracks, and a groan is choked off suddenly.

Gingerly we peer through the shutters. In the tower of the church they have stationed machine guns. From time to time the air is torn with their sharp *pum-pum-pum*.

Suddenly the drone of an airplane motor is heard directly above our heads. In a minute the plane itself dips into our line of vision, flying high and circling above the Carmelite Church. There is the sharp rattle of machine guns from the plane. They are firing at random on the streets and houses below.

Cars pass occasionally now in the street. Camions, for the most part, and private cars that have evidently been requisitioned. In an open truck that traverses Calle Provenza at high speed are five young boys crouched on the floor and firing rifles. Against a buttress of mattresses at the rear of the truck a machine gun is placed. But it is not being fired. The figure of a boy lies slumped and motionless on the floor beside it.

It is singular that there are no animals in the streets. Not a dog or cat ventures out into the sunny morning. But screaming all around our windows are birds — in panic-stricken, headlong flight. Their cries and agonized flutterings make a continual accompaniment to the guns that roar below.

On the roof opposite ours three

Assault Guards appear, and take up their stations behind three projecting bits of the parapet. They lean out for a moment, take careful aim with their rifles, fire into the street below, and withdraw. They are there for perhaps half an hour, leaning out, aiming, firing, and withdrawing. Then we do not see them any more.

Cars are passing more frequently in the streets — beautiful cars, luxurious limousines and open sport models, polished and shining — the cars of the wealthy, filled now with men and soldiers in shirt sleeves, firing constantly as they careen wildly through the streets. Many of the cars have the tops protected with mattresses. All of them have letters painted on the sides — letters in sprawling daubs, the white paint not yet dry. FAI the cars say (these are the letters of the Anarchists), CNT (the workers' organization), and FAI again. In an open, shining Mercedes-Benz, a young girl works side by side with the men, tending a machine gun. As the car whirls around the corner she laughs, raising her clenched left fist in the Anarchist salute.

A voice somewhere cries '*Viva la Republica!*' It is answered by another voice. '*Abajo la Republica!*' ('Down with the Republic!') '*Viva España!*'

The firing breaks out again, fiercer and harsher than before. Once more the airplane dips above the church, closer this time. We can see the men inside. One of them feeds a machine gun, and the rain of the bullets showers down into the streets below. The pilot leans out to look, before the plane soars up again, and raises his fist for a moment.

We try to sit down and eat our lunch. But it is impossible. Ani has just brought the roast to the table when there is a deafening crash outside. We run to the windows to look through the slats of the shutters. A closed car, riddled with bullets, has

just smashed against a tree on our corner. It smokes for a moment as though it would burst into flame, then the smoke drifts away and we are aware of what has happened. On the ground beside the car lies one of its occupants, a wounded Assault Guard. His waist and loins are in a pool of blood. Lying backwards across the radiator of the car is another guard, one hand clutching his throat, his head hanging down against the fender. He is silent, but the man on the pavement is groaning and calling aloud.

'I am dying. I am dying! Open the doors! Take me in! Call an ambulance. I am dying. For the love of God, open the doors!'

But all down the street the doors and windows remain tight shut. It is certain death to emerge into the streets, even to save the wounded.

There is another now. Two doors down, in Calle Provenza, a young boy has dragged himself to one of the closed doors and is pounding against it with his fists. 'Let me in! Let me in! Help! Open the door!'

It is more than we can bear. In a tragic chorus now, from all over the street, come the groans and sobs of the wounded and the dying. Tino goes to the telephone and tries in vain to call an ambulance. He dials several hospitals, the Red Cross, the firemen. The answer is everywhere the same: the ambulances are all out; they will send one when they can, but there are none available now.

I look once more from the window. A priest runs out into the street in an effort to save the young boy huddled against the door. But the firing is at once directed upon the priest, and he is forced to disappear and give up his effort.

Across the way the guard on the motor of the smashed car has ceased to move. His hand has fallen down from his throat and lies limp and

nerveless against one of the shattered headlights. But the other guard still writhes on the sidewalk, still calls out in accents that make my eyes smart with tears of pity: 'I am dying! I am dying! For the love of God, open a door!'

Then cautiously, little by little, almost as though it were not really happening at all, the door of the little bread shop on the corner swings ajar. Miraculously, unscathed in a hail of bullets, the baker and his wife slip through the opening and in a low gliding crawl reach the wounded guard. Between them they lift him up and half drag, half carry him into the bakery. The door, pierced with bullets, swings to again behind them.

Where the guard has lain a puddle of blood darkens the sidewalk. Near it lies a magnificent pistol, out of its holster, gleaming and abandoned on the sidewalk, where it has slipped from the relaxed fingers of the dying guard. A boy of sixteen or seventeen slips out from nowhere and runs toward the pistol to seize it for his own. He is assailed by a volley of shot, and falls face down within a few feet of the pistol. He does not move again.

The screams are fewer now. Even our fingers plunged into our ears have not been able to shut them out.

At last an ambulance arrives. Two men in the uniform of the Red Cross, carrying a stretcher, dismount. They make several trips, up and down the street, putting body after body into the tiny ambulance. We hear one of them say: 'No, not that one. He's dead. Leave him for later.'

Lastly they go into the bakery and come out carrying the wounded guard. He is silent now, and lies beneath a blanket on the stretcher. The blanket is already drenched with blood. The Red Cross men push him hastily into the ambulance, climb up into the driver's seat, and drive away.

The firing continues. We no longer approach the windows, but we know that many men are being killed in the street below. We can hear the voices: 'Hands up!' 'Open fire!' We hear the staccato reports of the machine guns in the tower of the church, and the riposte of rifles and revolvers from the streets. Then there are groans, and silence — and more shots and groans and silence. More and more frequently the sirens of the ambulances sound, and there is a little lull while the dying are gathered up and taken away. Then shots, and cries, and shots again. The afternoon wears on, interminable.

6.30 P. M. — Between 4.30 and 6 P. M. we have had a period of comparative calm. There is no more firing from the church. On a roof somewhere near our own (possibly it is our own) we hear at irregular intervals the sharp report of a pistol. Always this is answered by a round of firing from the street. Then the pistol is silent, to begin again, fifteen or twenty minutes later, mocking, reiterant, teasing the rifles of the guards below.

We have made several trips downstairs to listen to the radio of Señor Bartolí or of the *portero*. Around every radio in the house there is a constant group of excited people. The announcements are few and very sketchy. We know now that the military have uprisen all over Spain, but the trend of the battle is still unascertained. There is almost no information, but it is obvious that things are serious indeed. They announce that all pharmacies will remain open night and day, to care for the wounded. There has been an appeal for volunteers for blood transfusions.

Several of the occupants of the apartment house have come up to use our telephone. They call friends here and there, in different parts of the city. Most of the numbers called do not

respond; the wires are down. But occasionally a call gets through. They say that the Plaza Cataluña is almost completely destroyed. The Hotel Colon is the headquarters of the insurgents, who have also taken over the building of the Telephone Company. But in Calle Muntaner, on the other hand, nothing has happened. They can hear the firing from other parts of the city, but that is all. They are beginning to burn the churches and the convents. At night, they say, we shall see the fires.

Everyone is nervous, excited. But there is nothing to do. Even hysteria is dying down. The electricity and water are still functioning, although the gas is bad — it takes over an hour to heat a tiny pot of water on the stove. It will go out altogether soon, we suppose.

7 P. M. — During the last hour's lull in the firing, several people have appeared in the streets. Men, for the most part, walking slowly with an apprehensive eye directed to the closed windows about them, to the street intersections, and to the convent on the corner above. A few of the street doors have been opened, and the shopkeepers and occupants of the houses stand hesitantly on the thresholds, grateful for a breath of air. They all hold an unfolded white handkerchief in one hand, as a sign of innocent intentions.

At half-past six we go out on to the terrace. But things are not yet really calm. A man who has stooped down to gather bullets from the street is stopped by a sharp cry of 'Hands up! Get back there!' His hands raised above his head, he darts back to the protection of an open door. There is no shot; but he does not venture out again.

A moment later four young people come slowly down Calle Lauria in the

direction of the church. One is a young man who carries a fluttering white handkerchief in his hand. Three girls walk beside him, their hands loosely linked together. As they reach the corner a voice from somewhere cries, 'Hands up!' Startled, the three hesitate, then put up their arms and turn to seek safety. In the moment of their turning a series of shots is emptied into their group. One of the girls (she is dressed in white and wears the Red Cross on her sleeve) falls screaming to the ground. Immediately the street is filled with firing again. Doors bang shut and, as by magic, people disappear from view. The young man with the handkerchief has seized one of the girls by the waist and is edging down into Calle Provenza with her, bit by bit, taking shelter in one arched doorway after another.

But the girl in white lies where she was shot down in the street. We have run back into the house and shut the windows at the first sound of renewed firing, but we can see her through the slats of the shutters. The shoulder and the skirt of her dress are stained with blood. One of her friends has stayed with her and stoops now, crouched above her, in the middle of a rain of bullets, sheltering the stricken body in her arms. The firing continues and the friend, panic-stricken, drags her painfully along the sidewalk, seeking safety.

Three young men emerge suddenly into the street, bend and pick up the wounded girl, and carry her to a door which is quickly opened to let them in and closed behind them. They pass unscathed through the firing, but twenty minutes later, when they slip out again into the street, the guns are waiting for them. Two fall in front of the very doorway, one dead, one wounded. Even acts of rescue are not tolerated to-day in Spain.

It is getting too dark to see the streets now. A few moments ago four

old people passed, terrorized specifiers in black, carrying bundles and bags, evidently trying to escape from the harassed city. As they passed out of sight beneath our windows they were fired on, too. We did not see them fall. Perhaps they escaped unhurt. We try to believe that.

10 P. M. — We have just been up on the roof. Eight or nine of us, with the *portero*, unlocked the door and stole up in the darkness to look out on Barcelona by night. The firing has almost died down again, but there are scattered shots from time to time, and if we were seen on the roof we should be fired at.

The night air is very cold, and we shiver a little, partly through chill and partly through nervousness. Here and there, among the darkened buildings of the city, rises a column of white, heavy smoke. They are burning the churches. Off to the right, and elevated on a little hill, one church stands up like liquid gold against the night. It must be honeycombed with fire inside, but the walls rise up translucent and golden with the flames, each tiny pinnacle and turret bright against the sky.

Midnight. — We went to bed at eleven-thirty, undressing without lights and moving silently. Shortly afterward we heard the changing of the guard beneath our window. They talked a long time in the street, giving and receiving advice. Then the old guard went away. Almost immediately there was a volley of furious shooting, and for half an hour the street was loud again with shots and cries. The street lights were shot out almost at once. When there was no more shooting there were the groans of the wounded, and through the shutters we could distinguish several bodies lying motionless or writhing in the streets. Presently the whistles of the ambulances

began, and after a while all was quiet once more. We shall go back to bed and try to sleep.

Monday, July 20, 9 A. M. — We are awakened at eight o'clock by firing again. The shooting is sharp and violent, but stops in half an hour, and there is another period of calm.

Salvador knocks at our door to tell us to open the shutters and the windows. They have announced over the radio that all windows must be open. Closed shutters will be instantly fired at. We open the windows, swinging back and fastening the heavy shutters.

We can still hear shooting in distant parts of Barcelona, but our own quarter seems to have quieted down.

12.30 P. M.—The early morning quiet was the lull before the storm. Between nine and eleven we experienced the heaviest firing we have yet undergone. It began from the church tower of the Carmelites, where the insurgents are still strong. They have trained machine guns on the street below, and command Calle Lauria, Calle Rosellon, and the Diagonal.

There is an answering fire in every direction — from the streets, from the houses, from the roofs. The airplanes are out again, flying high and circling down above the church tower, machine-gunning the buildings and the streets. The fire is incessant. The forces in the church have been increased somehow during the night, and certainly they have more arms and ammunition.

But at eleven o'clock the firing stops. There is a great assemblage of Civil and Assault Guards in the street beside the church. In Calle Bruch the mob has brought up a cannon and trained it against the tower of the church. If the insurgents have no more ammunition, they must surrender now. Presently, in the top of the Campanile, the white flag is run up. Instantly the

streets are filled with cheering mobs. The police are powerless to hold them back; they surge against the church, shaking their fists, dancing with rage. Many carry lighted torches.

There is a consultation of the guards. Finally a group of Assault Guards enter the church. In twenty minutes they come out again. Evidently the insurgents refuse to give themselves over to the Assault Guards, because their places in the church are taken by a group of Civil Guards, who in their turn are gone for ten or fifteen minutes. Meanwhile the mob of civilians in the street increases. There must be two or three thousand now, pressed close against the walls of the church, menacing and angry. Let the insurgents come out!

The Assault Guards have retired to a distance, and the Civil Guards are too few to restrain the mob. They succeed at last in clearing a little open space before the church doors.

At eleven-thirty they begin taking out the wounded and the dead. The ambulances of the Red Cross have stopped several blocks away, unable to pass the civilian mob, and the stretcher bearers approach the church slowly, on foot, preceded by a uniformed officer with the Red Cross flag.

The first body brought out from the church is that of a dead officer. He is covered with a blanket, and we cannot see his face as he is carried under our windows, but his rigid, stiffly shaken arms stick out from beneath the blanket, and we see the gilt stripes on the sleeve. The mob hails the corpse with applause. The stretcher bearers pass slowly to the distant ambulance, deposit their burden inside, and return to the church for the next body. One after another they bring them out, the wounded and the dead. There is always applause for the dead, and blasphemy and shouts against those officers who are only wounded.

One by one they carry them beneath our windows. One man is delirious, and writhes back and forth on the stretcher, trying to get down, to fight again. There are not enough stretchers, and they are bringing the wounded out now in chairs, or carrying them pickaback on their shoulders. The stretchers are spotted with blood, and the white blankets used to cover them are stained with red.

They bring out a dead priest, and the mob shouts and dances in the streets; for the priests have sheltered the insurgents in the church. Against the common soldiers the mob bears no malice; they are released at once and even aided to their homes — they were forced to fight, and only acted under orders. But against the priests and officers the hatred of the people is implacable.

They spit on the dead officers, and snatch the stretchers from under the wounded. One stretcher, tossed aside to a corner of the street, is seized by five or six civilians in turn, flung viciously into the air, stamped upon, and finally smashed to kindling wood.

At last they bring out a wounded captain. The Civil Guards cannot hold back the mob. They press upon him, men and women, beating at him with their fists, flinging stones. It is useless to attempt to carry him as far as the ambulances. Instead, the stretcher bearers rush him into the corner pharmacy. The people assail the doors. They will break their way in to kill him if they can. The pharmacist, in his white apron, stands against the closed doorway. 'You cannot kill a wounded man,' he insists, again and again. There is the crash of shattered glass, cries and shouts, and the steady, pleading iteration of the pharmacist. 'This is a dying man!' he cries. 'You cannot kill a dying man. Let him be!' At last the guards disperse the crowd.

Suddenly, miraculously, the mob is

armed. Not a man who is not flourishing a pistol or a gun, or even a sharp kitchen knife. The guards are powerless to restrain the people now. They are setting fire to the church, shattering the windows with incendiary bombs, and flinging lighted torches into the dark interior. A slender column of black smoke begins to rise, wavering, uncertain, from beside the tower. Next door to the Carmelites is a garage, and the people are bringing out the cars now, rolling them into the street. Those who can, climb inside them, appropriating them for their own. Twenty or more have now been brought into the street; some of them are being used to carry home the wounded soldiers.

The church is burning well now. The black smoke billows up in larger and larger clouds. Someone has pulled down the white flag in the tower and hoisted in its stead the red flag. The smoke and flames lick up toward it. But the mob does not withdraw. The people are waiting for something. All the soldiers and the officers have been taken out. But the mob is waiting — because the priests remain. They must still be in the church. The mob is waiting for the fire to drive them out.

The first one escapes. He emerges suddenly, running, from an unattended side door, and is helped into a car which speeds instantly away. He has been wounded in the head, and his entire face is covered with a gleaming liquid mask of scarlet blood.

And now the other priests come out, one by one. They are dressed in ordinary shirts and trousers, and keep their hands held high above their heads, asking for mercy. The first ones are protected by the Civil Guards and disappear into side streets. Although the mob is restive and murmurs against them, it lets them pass.

But now the humor changes. The Civil Guards are pushed aside, and the

mob takes control. A machine gun is placed opposite the church door, and as the priests come out they are shot down one by one against the wall.

Across a bench, in the Diagonal, lies the crumpled body of another priest — one of those the people had at first let pass.

They must be all out now. The mob has begun to disperse. Flames are crackling in high, singing ribbons around the tower of the church. The door opens once again and a Civil Guard comes out, holding up his hands to ward off attack on the priest beside him. This is an old priest, very fat, dressed in a yellow shirt, rolled up at the elbows, and black trousers. He walks close at the side of the guard, his head bent down. He is set upon and beaten with the stock end of a gun, but the guard begs the populace for mercy, and they let the priest go on. They direct him out into the wide stretch of the Diagonal, and make him set off down it, alone, under the arching branches of the trees.

The priest walks slowly, with a staggering, uncertain gait. He is on the point of collapse, but when he tries to lean against a wall to rest himself the people force him on. He staggers slowly down the Diagonal, his palms joined before his breast, praying. When he has covered perhaps a hundred paces they shoot him from behind, and he falls down. They let the body lie.

6 P. M. — Another day is nearly ended. The radio reports are more frequent now. Everything is calm again, they announce. The rebels have all surrendered. With the capture of the Carmelite Church the revolt in Barcelona is ended. The rumors that private cars may not circulate freely in the streets are absolutely false.

We cannot too well credit these reports. Certainly the firing has considerably diminished, but if we listen at

all we can still hear it, now here, now there; in one part of Barcelona or another, always there is firing going on.

In the early afternoon Tino and I issued gingerly out of doors. We went to the grocery store next door to get a little tinned milk for the baby. Inside, an armed man was requisitioning food for the wounded. He was gaunt and haggard, with a two days' growth of beard, and a ribbon of dried blood across his forehead. He rested his rifle on the counter and supervised Juanito, the grocery clerk, while he filled a basket with cheese, sausages, sardines, and bottles of red wine. There was, of course, no payment made, but the man was not unreasonable in his demands. When he had what he wanted he turned and went out, slinging the rifle carelessly across his shoulder.

In spite of the radio announcement, the only cars circulating in the streets are those of the FAI and the CNT. True, they are private cars, but in the hands of the populace now. They are all marked with big initials, indicating the group which is driving them, and from their windows guns and revolvers are pointed at the houses. Many of the guns have bits of red cloth tied about the barrel.

At three o'clock Salvador came to tell us it had been requested over the radio that all those loyal to the Republic should spread white sheets from their windows and balconies. Disloyal houses would be fired upon. I unfold three sheets against the terrace railing, fastening them with safety pins. All up and down the street the houses are being splotted with pieces of white cloth, flapping against the balconies and windows.

At five o'clock the cars of the FAI and CNT begin to pause before the houses, ordering the sheets to be taken in. They may conceal snipers. There are still many untraced pistol shots, and the roofs and balconies are all suspect.

I hurry upstairs, unpin the sheets, and put them away.

We venture out once more, to the pharmacy. The pharmacist has not rested for more than thirty hours, and is groggy with sleep. He tells us that the captain menaced by the mob escaped at last, in civilian clothes, through a back door.

We go up once on to the roof. All Barcelona seems afire; from nearly every block a billowing column of smoke rises thickly. But we are forced to abandon our post on the roof. An airplane swoops low above us, and we dodge in just in time to escape a little hail of bullets spattering on the tiles.

We eat in the kitchen, rather than turn on the dining-room lights, which can be seen from the street. When we cross the front rooms we are careful not to show ourselves before the windows, and we reach the bedroom in a crouching glide across the floor, because there is still a sniper on one of the neighboring roofs (perhaps our own), and his irregular shots are always answered by rifle fire from the streets below.

Tuesday, July 21. — This has been a curious day. In Barcelona everything is apparently calm, although there was another sharp salvo of firing at eight this morning. But the sensation of fear and panic, dulled during the excitement of the first two days, is stronger now. We know now that what has taken place in Barcelona is also taking place all over Spain.

We have borrowed the radio from the apartment across the hall. Our neighbors are in the country for the summer, and Salvador let us have the key. Now we are in constant touch with the reports.

Hundreds of cars are in the streets to-day — all of them filled with soldiers or armed civilians, many of them heavily protected with mattresses, and all of them with rifles, revolvers, and

machine guns menacing the people. Most of the drivers are evidently having their first experience in a car. They careen by at a terrific pace, rounding corners on two wheels, bumping over obstacles, applying screaming brakes. Some cars have 'Doctor' painted on them, others carry the Red Cross, still others say 'Ambulance,' 'Police,' or 'Emergency.'

We go out to look at the smashed car across the way. It is riddled by more than thirty bullet holes, and the interior is a mass of splintered fragments. The upholstery is torn to ribbons. On the pavement beside it the pool of blood has dried to a dull dark crust.

There is not a house that has escaped the guns. In many cases the windows are shattered as high up as the fifth floor, and the stone walls are seared and furrowed with the marks of the bullets. The ironwork of the entrance gates is bent and dented out of shape.

The few people passing in the streets are for the most part the workers, armed. There is no well-dressed person to be seen. The rich who venture out have dressed themselves in the clothes of their servants, but by their walk and bearing they are ridiculously obvious in their disguise.

We attempt to get through to Calle Claris, the next street, where they say a cannon ball has ploughed through a bedroom wall. But halfway down the block we are stopped by a series of shots from the roofs above us. We plunge into the nearest doorway for shelter and wait there half an hour, along with a group of six or seven others, until the streets are calm again and we dare scurry home.

The radio continues to issue warnings and reports. We can get Madrid now, although the programme is constantly interrupted by static improvised by the rebels. It is difficult to hear clearly. A speech is often cut short by mocking cries of 'Liar!' 'Trickster!' 'Liar!'

We are warned not to go up on to the roofs; not to believe the rebel radio reports from Seville; not to show ourselves in the windows.

There are repeated requests for volunteers for blood transfusions; for volunteer nurses; for volunteers to remove the stinking carcasses of horses and mules from the streets.

Sheets and towels are being requisitioned from private houses for the hospitals. The grocery stores are asked to surrender to any armed man whatever food he asks.

The situation is in hand, the radio assures us again and again. The situation is calm, and completely in hand.

The rebel radio from Seville asks us not to believe the reports from Madrid and Barcelona. The insurgents are gaining, they tell us; do not believe Madrid and Barcelona.

Barcelona says that everything is calm.

And at five o'clock the air is rent again with the sound of firing, and we crouch beneath the open windows, listening to the battle which continues until dark. Then the noise of shooting slowly dies away.

The radio says that everything is calm.

Static tears the message to bits, and a mocking voice shrills out of the ether: 'Liar! Liar!'

Wednesday, July 22, 9 P. M. — We were awakened last night at one o'clock by the noise of quarreling in the street below. There was no shooting and we edged at last to the window to look out. A company of Civil Guards were lined up against the wall of the little movie theatre in Calle Lauria, and a group of a dozen or more other guards were accusing them of treachery. It was difficult to catch the words. Evidently the lined-up company had been missing during the battle, and had now been found by the others and were being

questioned as to their activities. The accusations were loud and vigorous.

'Where have you been these three days? Why are you all so clean and well fed? Have you been in hiding?'

And the accused replying: 'We are telling you the truth. We were surrounded. We could n't stir. For three days we were surrounded by the insurgents. We could n't fight.'

The accusation: 'We order you to come at once to headquarters to be tried for treason.'

The accused: 'We refuse to go. We are innocent. We were surrounded, we tell you. We refuse to go unless a higher officer commands.'

And one voice suddenly, breaking into an hysterical whimper: 'For the love of the good God, believe us! We are innocent. You can't kill us. We have been innocent.'

For two hours the quarrel went on: accusation and defense, defense and accusation; an informal tribunal beneath our windows, the voices resonant and sharp in the night. Occasionally the frightened, sobbing whimper: 'I tell you we are innocent! For the love of God, don't shoot us!'

At three o'clock a truck comes and takes the accused company away. We sleep again.

The radio reports to-day have been more frequent, but still unsatisfactory. There are constant interruptions and blottings-out of the words. We know that Saragossa is in the hands of the insurgents. The report that two regiments from there are marching on Barcelona is denied. But they say that six thousand men from Barcelona are setting out against Saragossa.

There is still no milk, no eggs, no butter. The grocery stores are open, but their stock has been sadly depleted. Big trucks with 'Milk' daubed on their sides pass through the streets from time to time, under armed escort, but they are going to the hospitals.

We go out for a few minutes to look at the Carmelite Church. The interior is completely burned out now, although the walls still stand. We pause for a moment in the gaping doorway and look in. The heat is intense. From the great vault of the dome, bits of twisted ironwork and writhen window frames hang down. The floor is thick with feathery ashes and bits of broken, blackened glass. On the high altar and in one of the little chapels flames are still alight, licking up into the gloom.

On the outer walls of the church someone has written with chalk: 'Be careful. Danger of falling walls. There is still fire in the basement.'

All through the streets the smell of smoke is heavy and stifling. They say that every church in Barcelona is on fire. Occasionally there is a sharper, more pungent smell drifting with that of the smoke. In the Plaza Cataluña they are burning the bodies of the dead horses and the mules.

We have tried for three days to send a telegram. Our families in Italy and in America must be desperate. To-day for the first time it was possible to get the cable office. To-morrow, they say, perhaps to-morrow the service will be resumed. It is not possible to wire to-day.

All up and down the streets, according to the orders we have received, shutters and windows stand open. Here and there, on house doors, placards have been affixed. We read one or two of them. 'The occupants of the fifth floor front are away for the summer. I cannot open the windows because I do not have the keys.' 'Third floor left is unoccupied. Do not fire.'

We do not stay long in the streets; they are too dangerous. This morning two of the speeding cars crashed on our corner and rolled over and over in a metallic locked embrace. One dead, four wounded, and the siren of the ambulance again.

This afternoon there were two more accidents on our corner. All over the city the same thing must be going on.

To-day for the first time we have had a newspaper. Only two sheets, poorly printed and almost without news. 'Order has been restored,' it says. 'The insurgents have all surrendered and their general, Goded, is a prisoner.' Follow partial lists of the identified dead and wounded. The percentage of women and children among them is amazingly high.

To-night they have begun radio announcements in all languages. The German, Italian, French, American, and British consulates are broadcasting. They reiterate that the situation is well in hand and that there is no cause for alarm. Every half hour or so there is a new announcement. 'Attention.' 'Attenzione.' 'Achtung. Achtung.' 'To all British subjects in Spain.' 'Notice to all American citizens.'

11 P. M. — The radio messages are growing more alarming in character. British subjects are told that they may leave if they so desire. A British warship is anchored in the harbor to receive them.

Later still: 'All British subjects who can do so are advised to leave Spain at once. Proceed on foot to the harbor, where His Majesty's ship *London* is at anchor. Take with you only one suitcase, and food. Food!'

And later still: 'All British subjects are *urgently* advised to leave *at once*.'

There are evidently several boats in the harbor. The Italian Consulate announces that to-morrow a ship will arrive to take all foreigners, of whatsoever nationality, who wish to leave. The French have already been picked up by two ships. The British are assembling on His Majesty's ship *London*. The American Consulate announces that arrangements are being made to take Americans on the Italian ship.

Only when the messages grow urgent do we think of leaving. It seems ridiculous to go. We have been so comfortable, so peaceful here. What of our apartment, our clothes, our possessions? Ridiculous to be scared out now, when everything is over. Only — if the warnings continue to be more and more urgent — everything cannot be over. There must be worse to come. Barcelona is in hand, it is true, but we know that Saragossa at least has fallen to the insurgents. If they should gain force to return and attack Barcelona . . .

I telephone the house of the American Consul. 'Officially we can advise no one to leave. But if it is possible for you to do so, perhaps you had better go. Notify any Americans you know that the Italian ship will take them to-morrow.'

In the doorway of the house we talk with a man who has just come into the city from the outlying district of Bonanova. He says that the sacking and robbing of private homes there have begun. Within the city limits the police protection is still strong, but outside already there can be no guarantee of surety.

And everyone is armed. They have even opened the jails, released the prisoners, and given them guns.

As we are making ready to go to bed we notice through the open window a blinding light on the roof of an unfinished building down the street. We lean out to examine it. It is the new apartment house on Calle Lauria, in emergency use now as a hospital, and the light on the roof is the Red Cross illuminated — a warning for attacking planes.

We decide to leave.

I pack two suitcases. It does not take long. One for the baby and one for Tino and me. There is little enough that we can take: my jewelry, a change of underclothing, a dressing gown. How

little one suitcase holds! We do not dare take more.

Thursday, July 23. — We have sent two telegrams to-day, one to Tino's family in Italy, and one to mine in America. 'All safe.' We do not say that we are trying to leave. If by some chance we should not get away . . .

It is impossible to communicate by telephone with the American or the Italian Consulate. The lines are up now, but are always busy. We go down to the Italian Consulate ourselves. Outside there is a seething mob — terrified Germans, Italians, Americans, clustered anxiously about, waiting for information as to when they can sail. The civilian mob, heavily armed, moves back and forth before the doors, restless to attack this stronghold of the hated Fascism. Fifteen or twenty Assault Guards protect the Consulate. We pass slowly through the crowd, raising our arms constantly in the salute of the Anarchists — the clenched left fist. It is a gesture that everyone must learn these days. From every car that passes, the clenched fist is raised, and if the signal is not answered at once the car slows down, and guns and revolvers are pointed at the delinquent until he responds.

The Consulate can tell us nothing definite. The boat is expected late in the afternoon. There will be no provision for getting to the quay. Everyone must fend for himself. Take little or no luggage. Food will be provided. No charge for transportation will be made. All foreigners who wish to go will be taken, provided that their passports are in order.

But my passport is not in order. It expired on the tenth of July, and I had not yet troubled to renew it. There is no help now. We must go down to the Plaza Cataluña, to the American Consulate.

It is ordinarily not a long walk, but

it takes us more than an hour to-day. We go very slowly, wary of the madly plunging cars along the streets, stopping when bidden to give the Anarchist salute. We keep close to the doorways of the houses, scurrying a little in the open, unprotected places. A stray shot may fill the streets with firing at any time, and we must be ready to dodge into the nearest doorway. It is a little like the old children's game of 'Going to Jerusalem.'

I am without a hat, and wearing a sleeveless cotton tennis dress. No woman in the whole city dares to go out with a hat on now. It is the symbol of wealth in Spain — the sign and stamp of the hated aristocracy.

The aspect of the streets is indescribable. Everywhere telephone and trolley wires are down, many of them marked with bits of red cloth to indicate their danger. The streets are strewn with the lopped-off branches of trees, and in some places the fallen leaves are heaped knee-high. Here and there we see an entire tree trunk blasted by the force of a bomb. Even an iron lamp post has been sliced in two so that the top half lies flat on the pavement.

There is not a house that does not bear the traces of the battle. The façades are seared and furrowed with the traces of projectiles, the lower windows riddled with bullet holes or smashed to bits by some grenade. Against some of the walls and on the ground we can see the black stains of dried blood that has not yet been washed away.

On our way we pass ten or fifteen churches and convents; there is one on nearly every corner in this part of Barcelona. All of them, without exception, are in ruins. The blackened walls rise up in fragile majesty, mere empty shells of crumbling stone. Through the gaping doorways we can look into the charred interiors, where marble

and gilt tracery alike have tumbled into sooty trash. In many places smoke still eddies fitfully and little flames spring up and die along the window ledges.

The Ritz Hotel, scarred by the battle, bears a huge placard on one of its lower balconies: 'Emergency Blood Hospital.'

Garbage is burning in the streets. There has, of course, been no collection of it for five days. Occasionally we get a sudden nauseating whiff of burnt hair and flesh — the horses and the mules again.

The American Consulate is on the other side of the Plaza Cataluña. As we start to cross the square a shot sounds from a near-by roof, and all the passers in the street stop short, frozen to immobility. A moment later there is another shot, from nearer by, and the frozen people dissolve into motion and dart into the doorways for cover.

When things seem calm we venture on, but not across the Plaza this time. We skirt through the back streets, coming out on the far side of the square, a block away from the Consulate. Directly above us towers the shattered wreck of the Telephone Building, the insurgents' first captured stronghold. It seems impossible that solid stone could be so marked and scarred. Not one of the hundreds of small-paned high windows is entire. Our feet, as we walk, raise a little tinkling sound among the bits of fallen, shattered glass.

Across the Plaza we can see the Hotel Colon, another captured stronghold of the rebel forces. The great stone building has been reduced to a shambles. Before it heaps of fallen masonry and broken glass cumber the sidewalks. On the second floor the façade is pierced with a gigantic hole where a cannon ball plunged through wood and stone and iron.

We do not stay to look, but hurry on.

In front of the Consulate the 'Anti-War Week' poster is pocked with bullets — a too obvious, too patent irony.

Inside the Consulate all is bustle and confusion. No one knows when the Italian boat is going to arrive — perhaps not to-day at all. We must get all such information direct from the Italian Consulate. As for my passport, it will be difficult to issue me a new one. I have not the necessary photographs. We finally manage to talk to the Consul. In emergency, he says, we can break the rules, and orders that the photograph be torn out of the old passport and pasted on the new one. I set about filling in the interminable printed forms for the United States Government: father's full name; date of last departure from America. I have to struggle to recall the facts.

We wait in the Consulate two hours and a half. At last the passport is ready. We take it and go home, the slow, hesitating route through the tragic, silent streets, dodging carefully from doorway to doorway, raising clenched fists to every car and every gun that passes.

Ani is terrified when she learns that we are going. She keeps the baby with her all the afternoon, crying over her and moaning. What will become of her without us? Cannot we take her too?

We wish we could, but no Spaniard can leave the country. She will be safer when we are gone, we tell her. Hatred is already turning against the foreigners, especially the Italians — the Fascists. It will be better when we are away. We give her money, arrange to pay the rent for the next month, charge her to keep the house in order, close up the packed suitcases, and sit down to wait.

At three o'clock they announce that the Italian ship will not arrive until to-morrow. For the first time I feel sheer panic. Perhaps it has arrived and

they will not let it enter the port. Perhaps there is no escape for us now!

The radio is calling on the workmen for volunteers to march against Saragossa. Arm yourselves, the radio insists, arm yourselves with what you can — guns, bombs, hatchets, knives. On to Saragossa! The first columns will leave at midnight from the Plaza Cataluña.

The radio is horrible now in its reiterated assurances that everything is calm, in its constant calls for volunteers, for blood transfusions, for nurses, for medicines. 'Attention. Much attention. Cataluña is speaking to you. To all the cities and towns of Spain. Attention. Much attention.' We shut it off at last. We cannot bear to hear it any more.

The afternoon drags on. We eat in darkness again, rather than risk showing lights at night. Our windows are already suspect, we have been told. The police think that the scattered firing from the roofs came from our house. A passing car shot at one of our swinging shutters this afternoon.

At ten o'clock the Red Cross on the roof of the emergency hospital down the street is illuminated. It stands out glaring, beseeching, in the night. We undress in the darkness and go to bed.

Friday, July 24. — The boat will leave this afternoon. We are ready. Our suitcases are packed, our passports stamped by the Italian Consulate. We have nothing to do now but wait.

We go out into the streets. In the Paseo de Gracia the second group of volunteers is forming to go on to Saragossa. We walk over to watch them. For nearly a mile down the long street the camions and heavy trucks are drawn up in single file. They are sheathed with mattresses and filled with the worker-soldiers. Even on the roofs of the cars the men are sitting,

naked to the waist for the most part, handkerchiefs knotted around their heads to ward off the glare of the sun.

They sit in silence, their faces drawn and gaunt with anxiety, their eyes glittering and restless. Those who have guns slide the barrels nervously back and forth between their fingers. Many have no guns, but wear a knife thrust through their belts, or a little axe suspended by a bit of cord.

There are thousands of them here in the trucks and camions, waiting, waiting. They are going to their death, of course; but perhaps they do not know it. It is heartbreaking to see them. No one apparently is in charge. No one has come to speak to them encouragingly, or give them food or water, or wish them well. All those who can fight and who are loyal are in the camions. Only the women and children, or the wealthy, the un-loyal, remain in Barcelona.

We try to talk to the men, but they are silent, suspicious, and will not answer. We ask them if they have tobacco. They look at us and laugh. Not for three days, one of them says. So you want tobacco?

We hasten to correct him. No, no. We *have* tobacco. If they want cigarettes, will one of them come with us? We will give him what we have.

There is a moment of hesitation, then one of the men swings himself down over the side of the truck. He puts his gun back inside, leaning against the seat.

'Take it,' a friend warns him. 'It may be a trick.'

He shrugs his shoulders. 'No,' he says. 'I don't need my gun.' And he sets out beside us, walking with an easy swinging stride.

At our apartment I go upstairs to get the cigarettes. Fifteen packages — all but two of those we have. He has asked for matches, too. I find four boxes and bring those.

He takes the cigarettes and matches with the simple pride of the true Spaniard — this workingman who is going out to die for his Republic. 'Thank you,' he says. 'For me and my companions, thank you.'

He has a wife and four children, who do not know that he is leaving. But he has already put them into the background. His future lies now on the dusty road to Saragossa.

He has not eaten for two days, he says. He has no money to buy food. Tino offers him twenty-five pesetas, but he shakes his head. 'We do not need money now,' he says, 'only cigarettes.'

'What is your name?' we ask him. 'Give us your name and your address. If — ' But we do not finish the sentence.

He shakes his head. 'My name is the name of every man,' he says. 'I have no longer any name that is my own.'

We wish him good luck. He shakes hands with each of us in turn and then is gone, back to the waiting camion, walking with his easy swinging stride.

We walk back and forth again beside the line of trucks. We have still a few cigarettes in our pockets; we give them to the men. Apathetic, dazed, they take them from us without a word, light them immediately and begin to smoke. They have scarcely noticed us, and forget us before we are out of sight. They see only the dusty road that stretches before them to the plains of Saragossa.

We go back to the apartment.

They are beginning to sack and burn the private houses. On the hill of Tibidabo we can see smoke rising here and there. With the field glasses we distinguish factories and villas wreathed in smoke and flame.

At three o'clock we start for the boat. Pepe, a friend of Tino's, has come to help us with the bags. Ani comes too, carrying the baby. It will

be difficult to reach the port on foot. Perhaps if we stop one of the cars . . . We signal several, but they disregard us, speeding on along the streets. For fifteen or twenty minutes we stand on the corner, uncertain, doubtful. It is dangerous to raise the hand to stop a car. The signal might be misinterpreted.

At last Salvador, the porter, summons one that draws to a grinding, screeching stop. It is a large green Mercedes, and FAI has been painted roughly on its sides and hood. Two young men are in the driver's seat. Each of them levels his rifle at us and waits to hear what it is we want.

Salvador explains. We are foreigners, trying to get to the port. With the baby and the bags it is difficult on foot. Would the FAI take us in their car?

They shake their heads. They are in a hurry. But then they relent. 'Get in,' they say. 'We'll take you to the port.' They get out and help us with the bags. Ani, still holding the baby, climbs into the back seat between Tino and me. Pepe sits in front with the men. Tino and I lean forward to protect the baby with our bodies. There may be shots. We set off, our guns pointing menacingly at the people in the street, our fists raised in the Anarchist salute.

At the port they stop the car and we get out. We offer them money, but they refuse. We give them cigarettes. They take them and thank us. We wish them luck, they thank us again, and they are gone.

We wait three hours to get through the customs. There are nearly two thousand of us, crowded into the stone-floored waiting room — Italians, Germans, Swiss, French, Czechoslovaks. I am, I think, the only American. At the last moment an American ship has come to the port. The British are already on the *London*, riding at anchor in the harbor.

The customs inspection is thorough. They are looking for money being smuggled out of the country. But no one has money. We are all leaving as we are, with little more than the clothes on our backs. None of the women are wearing hats. I have not even brought one with me.

We must say good-bye to Ani now — only the foreigners may pass the door. She and Pepe are almost torn from us by the surging crowd. They wave at us once. Ani is crying. We do not see them again.

At last we pass out into the air once more, and the embarkation on the *Principessa Maria* begins. It is a horrible, chaotic jam. There is no order, no one to enforce order. Men elbow aside women and children in a wild plunge up the swinging stairway. Each one must carry his own baggage. There is no one to help. The stairway creaks and groans under the weight of the surging crowd. A woman faints, and her suitcase drops into the water below. Another woman, carrying two little children, lets one fall. Her screams pierce through the hubbub of the crowd. They save the child; it is only bruised. The press and crush on the stairs continue.

On the boat the women and men are at once separated from each other. I, carrying the baby, pass with the other women and children down stairway after stairway, into the lowest reaches of the ship. This is no passenger vessel, the *Principessa Maria*, but an army transport that for seven months has been carrying Italian soldiers to and from Ethiopia. There are no cabins and no beds, only row after row of bunks, in double tiers, — hundreds of them, all alike, touching each other on three sides, — bare wooden planks with a soiled mattress flung atop; no blankets.

The air is foul. No one can find a toilet, and women are relieving them-

selves wherever they can. I take the baby and make my way to the top deck.

An hour later I find Tino. How he has done it I don't know, but he has persuaded the Italian Consul to give me a cabin — one of those belonging to the officers or special passengers. There are perhaps a dozen cabins, and thankfully we are ushered to our own.

After the stench and closeness of the crowded hold this is Paradise. There are two narrow bunks, one on top of the other, but clean, and even boasting sheets. We have a chair, and a wash-basin with running water; and a port-hole for air. I drop on the lower bunk with a sigh of thankfulness. I can imagine no finer luxury in life.

Saturday, July 25. — We have all the aspects of a shipload of immigrants. Here we are, nearly two thousand of us, of every country and class, every type and variety of the human species, huddled together in all-too-close proximity for the space of thirty-six hours, on a free boat trip between the ports of Barcelona and Genoa.

There is a young West Indian boy; a German countess with her two maids; two nuns, awkward and ill at ease in ill-fitting, ugly lay clothes; a very old Spanish priest who does not understand where he is going or why, and weeps silently from time to time, crouched shivering in a corner of the deck. There are children of every size, age, and disposition; men who have seen their stores and businesses destroyed in flames before their eyes; tired mothers who dare not sleep but must sit heavy-eyed and watchful on the decks, shepherding their children.

The ship's hospital is built to accommodate forty beds if necessary. There are forty-seven people in it now, with one doctor to attend them. Mattresses are spread on the floor. Many of the refugees were brought to the boat in ambulances, from hospitals or clinics in

Barcelona. One man is paralyzed from the waist down. Two women are expecting babies at any moment. Another baby has already been born, five hours after the ship set sail. There are several wounded, some seriously.

Three times a day the kitchens are prepared to serve us food. We stand in line for it, the women at one door, the men at another. For an hour and a half we stand in line, three times a day, to receive a dry meat sandwich, or a tin of sardines and a piece of bread. They try to serve the women in the tiny officers' dining room, but it is not easy. For those who can brave the crush at the door there is even hot soup, macaroni, a slab of fresh-killed meat, and perhaps an orange. But the pushing and the shoving are unbearable. We are like a shipment of savages who know no courtesy, no least restraint. The stronger push the weaker out of line. But the sea is calm and the air cool and still. We are alive, and safe and together. To-morrow we shall be in Genoa. Tino and I go below to our cabin with the baby, and try to sleep.

Sunday, July 26. — We reached Genoa at eight o'clock this morning. As we entered the harbor a giant hydroplane circled low above us, dipping in salute after salute to the now-famous refugees.

The quays are crowded with those who have come to look at us. As we slide slowly to our mooring a tremendous cheer goes up from every throat: '*Viva l'Italia!*' '*Viva il Ducl!*'

The crowd on the quays surges nearer. They have brought newspapers for us to read, and they throw them down to us on the ship. Women toss carnations and dahlias to the women passengers, and bonbons to the children. The bitterness and resentment of yesterday have vanished. We are safe now, in another happier land, and there are few of the passengers whose

eyes are not wet with emotion at this strange coming into harbor at the last.

Some of those on shore are awaiting friends and relatives on the boat. There are sobs and cries of recognition. But one tall, lean man stands on the pier crying out again and again: 'Where is my wife? Did n't she come with you? Annetta! Annetta! Where is my wife?'

A friend on the boat answers him at last. 'I don't know. She did n't come with us. We don't know where she is.' Another, gentler voice suggests:

'Perhaps she will come to-morrow. They say that they will send another boat to-morrow.'

Then the colloquy is drowned out in the great roar that rises from all throats once again, Italian and alien alike: '*Viva l'Italia!*' Those on the ship join with those on shore, and, as the gang-plank is slowly lowered, the shout of thankfulness seems to rise and shiver into echoes against the sky.

'*Viva l'Italia!*'

'*Viva il Duce!*'

'*Viva!*'

BEFORE TOLEDO

BY CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

STILL from the bastion's burnished shade
I watched the Spanish crimson fade
On sky and wing.

When suddenly
I felt a mystery circling me
And looked upon a phantom sea,
A white and muffled dreaming flow
As from some shore of long ago —
The sheep moved with their single wide
Billowing of eventide.

There as I knelt in the silver light
Touching the wool, a music fell
That sounded like a muted bell;
I heard a lonely shepherd call
In slow patois, 'Under this wall
Nine hundred eighty sleep to-night' —
And I heard the word of the white fleece:
For every hill the end is peace.

WITH THE REBELS

BY JOHN ELLIOTT

I

ONE Sunday morning in August, I witnessed the tremendous ovation given to General Franco when he stepped out on the balcony of the Capitanía General at Burgos. He had just flown up from the South to make his first appearance since the outbreak of the civil war in the capital of the rebel government.

A great roar went up from the vast concourse of people assembled in the square in front of the government building. General Franco, wearing the red sash of a general in the Spanish army around his olive-green uniform, showed himself flanked on one side by General Mola and on the other by President Cabanellas. Loud cries of '*Viva Español!*' went up as the three rebel leaders embraced one another effusively and the crowd broke into the national anthem. They were cheering because they felt sure that this triumvirate was going to end anarchy in Spain and bring to the country the boon of orderly and stable government.

Fate, not I, decreed that I should be with the rebels in the Spanish civil war. Had it not been for the fact that my passport was locked up in the vaults of an American bank in Paris that July week-end when the conflict was unleashed by the revolt of the Legionnaires in North Africa, I should have reached Madrid before the frontier was closed and followed the for-

tunes of the war on the government side.

As luck would have it, my *carte d'identité*, which the French authorities require of every foreign resident, had expired, and on the morning of Saturday, the eighteenth of July, I left it with the bank to be renewed.

That afternoon I learned of the revolt in North Africa and of its spread to the Peninsula. I wanted to leave immediately for Spain, but without my passport I knew that would be impossible. Frantically I called up on the telephone all the officials of the bank whom I knew, but they were all spending the week-end in the country. Finally, late Saturday night, I managed to get in touch with one of the officials, who told me that my passport was locked up in a safe which could be opened only by a time clock at nine o'clock Monday morning.

Eventually when I reached Hendaye, the last French town, I found that the frontier was hermetically sealed and that the train would not proceed any farther. I walked disconsolately to the Hendaye beach. There on the left I saw the coast of Spain stretching out to sea and the spires of the quaint village of Fuenterrabia, separated only by the Bidassoa River, which at low tide is but a narrow and shallow stream flowing from France.

I tried to cross the international bridge into Irun, but the Red Guards

at the Spanish end refused to let me enter the town. When I attempted to get into Spain by crossing the mountains and descending upon the little village of Vera, I found the Whites equally obdurate.

It was an old smuggler of Hendaye, who knew every inch of the country, that showed me the way. He advised the dangerous mountain pass that leads over the Basses Pyrénées from the French village of St. Étienne de Baïgorry. There was, so he told me, no Spanish customs station on this frontier, which is at the crest of the high mountain, and I should be able to get to the first Spanish town, Errazu, at the foot of the ridge without any trouble. Then, if I were lucky, I might be able to cajole the guards into allowing me to go on to Pamplona, the capital of Navarre, where I might obtain a pass allowing me to enter and leave the country freely as a correspondent.

I set out at dawn the following morning to follow the rough mountain pass by way of St. Étienne de Baïgorry. The narrow road wound round the mountainside, running along the edge of a steep precipice. For reasons that only a Spaniard could fathom, what rail fences there were had been put up, not at the most dangerous bends in the road, but at places where the risk was not nearly so great. One slip on the part of the driver would have plunged us down those dizzy heights.

The astonished guards at Errazu seemed amazed that any automobile should have come over that pass. At first they wanted to turn us back, but when we asked permission to go on to see the military governor they agreed to call up headquarters for instructions. After a delay that seemed interminable, we were allowed to continue our journey to Pamplona, but our French car had to return across the frontier. The Spanish customs officials provided us

with an automobile that brought us to the ancient capital of Navarre, whence General Mola a few days before had set out to capture Madrid.

Our troubles were not yet over. The military authorities at the capital were not willing to let us stay in the country. A young Spanish woman who spoke excellent English and whose acquaintance we made at the Hotel La Perla, Fascist headquarters at Pamplona, saved the day for us. She introduced us to the military governor, who gave us a permit to travel freely behind the rebel lines in Spain.

Our Spanish benefactress told us that her husband had been severely injured in an aeroplane accident and that she was seeking a plane to go to his side. She did not reveal her identity. Only later I learned that she was Pilar Ansaldo, wife of the eldest of the five flying Ansaldo brothers who are serving the insurgent cause. It was her husband who was piloting the aeroplane in which General Sanjurjo, one of the principal organizers of the rebel uprising, set off from Portugal to join the troops in Spain. His machine crashed shortly after it left the ground, and, while General Sanjurjo was burned to death in the wreckage, young Ansaldo escaped with a badly mangled leg.

Despite her own grief, Pilar Ansaldo had time to help me, a perfect stranger, whom she found struggling with the difficulties of an unfamiliar language. I found her quiet courage matched by that of many other Spanish women whom I saw sewing banners and badges in the lobbies of the Hotel Norte y Londres at Burgos, the capital of the Provisional Government set up by the rebels.

One night the radio, which was screeching forth the war news in the shrill tones peculiar to Spanish radio sets, was suddenly stilled in the hotel lobby. Everybody looked up in aston-

ishment. Then we learned what was the matter. The radio announcer had cited in the day's casualty list the son of one of these aristocratic sewing ladies.

But the mother had caught enough of the name to realize that it was her son who had been killed. Through her tears she asked that the radio be turned on again in order that her friends could hear the rest of the war bulletin. She was told that her son had lost his life in an air accident in which the machine had been totally destroyed. Taking out her checkbook, she said calmly, 'Take this. You cannot replace my son; replace the machine!'

II

When I entered Spain it was undergoing the most tremendous upheaval it had known since the national uprising against Napoleon in 1808. The plot against the Spanish Republic was well organized; but, unfortunately for the rebels, the match was applied a little too soon. The assassination of Calvo Sotelo, the Royalist leader and former Finance Minister who was dragged from his home and shot by the Guardias de Asalto, precipitated the revolt before its leaders had completed their arrangements. As a consequence, the rebellion was suppressed in Madrid and Barcelona, and instead of mastering Spain by a single blow, as they had expected, the rebels found themselves obliged to settle down to a grim and bloody civil war.

In other ways, too, the expectations of the insurgent leaders were not fulfilled. They counted on having the navy with them, but the greater part of the Spanish fleet remained loyal to the Republic. Hostile warships delayed the transportation of General Franco's troops from North Africa to the Peninsula. The insurgents also did not anticipate that the middle classes

of the Basque provinces — fervent Catholics though they were — would throw in their lot with the Communists to preserve their autonomy. This defection meant that the northern coast of Spain, including the towns of Irun, San Sebastian, Santander, and Bilbao, were lost to the rebels; and, with the Basque country loyal to the government, the rear of General Mola's columns was constantly menaced as he advanced on Madrid.

Perhaps the most serious blow of all to the rebels was the loss of three of their ablest chiefs right at the outset of the struggle. Sotelo was assassinated in Madrid, General Sanjurjo was killed in an aeroplane accident, and General Goded was court-martialed and shot by the Reds in Barcelona early in August for his complicity in the conspiracy against the Republic.

In spite of these miscalculations and mishaps, however, the rebels had the advantage of having caught the government at Madrid napping, and if they had been capable of pressing their attack in the early days of the war they might have ended it in their favor in short order. Although I did not take at their face value the official claims of the Madrid radio station that the government was master of the situation, I was amazed to discover how much territory was actually in the hands of the rebels. I found that almost the entire north of Spain, including the cities of Pamplona, Burgos, Valladolid, Victoria, Salamanca, and Saragossa, were held by the insurgents, and that General Mola's troops were fighting for the passes of the Sierra de Guadarrama, only fifty kilometres from Madrid.

What happened in Burgos, the capital of the rebel government, that eventful week-end when the civil war began, was doubtless typical of what went on in many other Spanish cities. An Englishwoman from Warwickshire, married

to a photographer of Burgos, told me what had occurred in that city the night of July 18.

'Early on that evening,' she said, 'crowds were promenading up and down the Paseo, as usual, and couples were flirting in the balconies. Then suddenly Socialist guards with red arm bands appeared, and everybody fled terrified to their houses. For several hours the streets were entirely deserted except for the patrolling Red Guards. About two o'clock in the morning, soldiers from the garrison began parading the streets, and after beating drums read a pronunciamiento announcing that the city was under martial law. Immediately people poured out of their homes, and soon the streets were filled with cheering crowds. The Reds simply vanished from sight. The Socialist civil governor was asked to give up the seals of office, and when he refused he was locked up. Other Socialist leaders were arrested. The enthusiasm continued throughout the next day, Sunday, when young girls, after attending Mass to pray for the success of the rebel armies, went about distributing cigarettes and chocolate to the Fascist youths guarding the bridges.'

III

The rebellion in Spain bore several points of resemblance to the Nazi revolution in Germany, with which I was familiar. The Spanish movement, too, was an uprising of the middle classes and part of the peasantry against the proletarian dictatorship that they feared was going to be imposed upon them by the Communists in Madrid. These fears were zealously fanned by the Spanish aristocracy and the Church, which dreaded losing the privileges that they had enjoyed for years.

An important difference between the Spanish and German revolutions is

that in the Peninsula the Royalists and the Fascists are more evenly balanced than they were in the Reich. Furthermore, the nationalist rising in Spain has not yet produced any outstanding leader such as Nazi Germany found in Adolf Hitler or Fascist Italy in Benito Mussolini. General Francisco Franco, the commander of the Army of the South, has been so far the most conspicuous figure in the Spanish rebellion, but he has yet to establish his claim to be the dictator of Spain. Although but forty-three years of age, he has long been one of the most striking personalities in the Spanish army. He distinguished himself in the Riffian wars and rose to be chief of staff of the army. But the Republic, distrusting his loyalty to the new régime, degraded him and sent him out to Las Palmas as military governor of those islands.

It is not yet certain what the new régime of the country will be in the event of a rebel victory. For the present the uprising represents a political alliance struck between the Carlists and the Fascists under the leadership of the army. Royalists and Fascists alike have agreed to hold their particular political views in abeyance until they have overthrown their common foe — the Red régime of Madrid. If the insurgents win the war, Spain will be governed for some time by a military junta. The one thing that seems certain now is that, whether a republic or a monarchy, Spain will be an authoritarian and a totalitarian state under a dictator.

General Franco himself has gone on record as saying that the insurgent movement was not an attempt by the Royalists to restore the fallen dynasty, still less a *coup d'état* by a clique of army officers. The army, he said, only took the leadership of a popular movement which was gladly followed by the Spanish people, anxious to liberate

their country from Marxism. General Franco added that the new régime would respect the republican institutions of the country. Likewise General Cabanellas, the venerable president of the rebel junta, told me himself that only a republic was now possible in Spain.

But although the rebel leaders may have been perfectly sincere in their intention to preserve the Republic, events are likely to force their hands. No matter which side wins, extremism will be in the saddle. Even if the government succeeds in crushing the rebellion, a moderate, liberal republican régime in Spain is now simply inconceivable. Similarly, if the rebels win, an ultra-reactionary era is in store for Spain. It is significant that the Burgos junta has already decreed that the Royalist red and yellow banner shall again be the official flag of Spain, although when I was in Seville, early in August, only the republican red, yellow, and violet colors were to be seen even in the territory controlled by General Franco.

Certainly, if the Republic survives this war, it will not be the fault of the Carlists. The Carlist cause is strongest in Navarre, the stronghold of Royalist and Catholic reaction. The survival of the name Carlist itself is indicative, recalling as it does the two bloody civil wars that were fought in Spain during the nineteenth century. The Spaniards who grouped themselves around Carlos, brother of Ferdinand VII, in 1833 against Ferdinand's daughter, Isabella, were little interested in the dynastic side of the issue. But Don Carlos personified the cause of autocratic rule against the liberal, constitutional régime for which the partisans of Isabella were fighting.

To-day the Carlists are willing to accept Don Juan, second son of ex-King Alfonso, as the legitimate monarch of Spain; but they want a

dictatorial ruler and not a liberal monarchy, and so their retention of the name Carlists has a symbolical value.

Their movement is strongest in Navarre, which is the most intensely Catholic region of Catholic Spain. It was Navarre which took the lead in the movement to expel the Moors from the Peninsula. The proudest trophy that Pamplona, the capital of the province, boasts is the tent chains of a Moorish emir that have been forged into an iron grille for a chapel of the cathedral. One of the first acts of Navarre after the revolution broke out was to promulgate a decree recalling the Jesuits who had been banned by the Republic from the country. Another was the enactment of a law making the Catholic catechism the basis of the future educational system in the province.

IV

The 'Roquetes,' as the Carlist Volunteers are called, are the flower of the youth of Spain. They are far superior, physically and mentally, to the Fascists, who for the most part come from a distinctly lower social level. The Carlists cut a dashing figure in their khaki uniforms and brilliant red berets, and are easily the favorites of the señoritas who promenaded the *ramblas* of the Spanish towns in the early evening hours. The Carlists are convinced Royalists who want to see the old régime restored.

It is quite different with the Spanish Fascists, who call themselves the 'Falanges Españols.' These youths in their dark blue shirts and blue forage caps adorned with red stripes, who are obviously modeled on their Italian namesakes and Hitler's Nazis, are merely rebels by propaganda. One feels that under different circumstances they might easily be ardent Communists. While the war cry of the Roquetes is

'*Viva España!*' the Fascists shout '*Arriba España!*' — 'Up Spain!' They have a rollicking song with that name, just as the Nazis have their 'Horst Wessel Lied' and the Italian Fascists their '*Giovinezza.*' The Spanish Fascists are not at all anxious to have the monarchy back. Their leader is the eldest son of the late Primo de Rivera, the Spanish dictator, who certainly gave Spain the most efficient government she has had in recent years, only to be left in the lurch by the King when he became unpopular. The Fascists cannot forgive Alfonso this act of desertion, and they accuse him of having killed the cause of royalism by fleeing from the country after the municipal elections in 1931 instead of staying behind to fight for his throne.

While the Fascists are willing to accept a republic, like the Nazis prior to 1933, they do not want the existing republic. They desire a republican régime free from Marxist influences and based on an authoritarian order. The Fascists were regarded by the Spanish Republicans as their most deadly enemies. This feeling of animosity was partly due to the fact that the Blue Shirts were competitors for the favor of the masses. Their members mostly belong to the lower middle classes, but many come from the proletarian quarters of the big cities. While in the mountainous districts of the Pyrenees the red-capped Carlists furnish the nucleus of the village guards, the Fascist youths are more numerous in the sun-baked plains of Spain's central plateau.

The middle classes are supplying the volunteers and the money to fight Socialism in Spain. I obtained a clear impression of the kind of men whom the rebel generals can draw upon in their campaign against the government when I was with Major Palaccio's column at Medinaceli, an old Moorish village situated picturesquely on a hill

3300 feet above sea level, overlooking the Jálón River on the road that runs between Saragossa and Madrid. Major Palaccio had as his runner the richest millionaire in Saragossa. Another volunteer was a professor of law at the University of Jaca, and I came across a soldier whiling away his spare moments reading Oliver Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* in English.

V

But if the Republicans lose this war it will not be the Carlists who will have beaten them, nor the Fascists, but the regular army. The discipline of the professional soldiers counts for more in this war than either the enthusiasm of the Roquetes or the fanaticism of the Red militia. The professional Spanish soldier cares nothing for such abstract things as ideals or principles. He wants good food and a warm bed, and if he gets those conveniences he is quite content to obey orders. He is fighting Madrid to-day because his superior officers have told him to do so. If he were ordered to-morrow to fall upon the Carlists or the Fascists, he would be capable of attacking them quite as cheerfully as he is now fighting the Reds.

The discipline of the Spanish soldiers is admirable. I have lived for several days among them and I have yet to see one of them drunk. It is a democratic army in the sense that differences of rank do not count for as much as they do in the American army, for instance. Salutes are rarely exchanged between officers and men. At Medinaceli, I have seen buck privates look curiously over Major Palaccio's shoulders as he traced the position of his troops to his junior officers. Major Palaccio, who commands the extreme left wing of General Mola's army in the march on Madrid, would have shocked most American army officers by his unmili-

tary appearance. He looked as if he had not shaved for weeks, and his puttees were always awry. Yet he was obeyed unquestioningly by his soldiers, who adored him. For his part, he treated them like children, and, unlike many officers in the World War, was as careful of the lives of his men as if they were his own sons. An unforgettable picture is that of this Spanish major clapping his hands to urge his men to run faster to shelter during an air raid by enemy aeroplanes.

His tenderness toward his soldiers formed a strange contrast to his extreme ferocity toward Communists. The Spanish civil war is a conflict in which the number of casualties inflicted on the field of battle are small in comparison with the total of those executed by firing squads. Few prisoners are taken by either side, and generally no quarter is extended to the beaten side. Knowing Major Palaccio helped me to understand the mentality of the Spaniards and their extreme cruelty toward their adversaries. Major Palaccio told me himself that if he caught civilians with guns in their possession he had them shot immediately. He boasted gleefully of having ordered some railwaymen, who had given orders for a general strike, to be executed. Showing me the *carte d'identité* of one of them, with his photograph, he remarked with a complacent smile, 'He will never need that any more.'

During the first days of the war the Major was ordered to make a forced march from Saragossa to Medinaceli, 108 miles away. This he accomplished with a force of three hundred men in a very few hours, overcoming the resistance of the Republicans in street fighting in such towns as Calatayud and Alhama de Aragon.

Major Palaccio told me that his method of dealing with hostile towns was to shell with artillery any place

which fired on his men until the inhabitants hoisted the white flag. Then he marched in with his men and shot on the spot all civilians caught carrying weapons.

'Suppose you do not find any people with guns on their persons,' I inquired. 'How can you tell who fired?'

'I smell their hands for gunpowder, and if I get a whiff of it they are shot,' he replied.

Major Palaccio has a wife and two daughters in Madrid who are being held as hostages by the Reds. They may be shot before General Mola's army captures the capital. But for the sake of overthrowing Communism Major Palaccio is as indifferent to their fate as the aristocratic lady of Burgos who offered her checkbook to replace the aeroplane in which her son died.

When the Spanish trade-unionists called the general strike the day after the rebellion began, Major Palaccio was on the train going from Madrid to Saragossa. The engineer stopped the train somewhere in the country, miles from any village, and refused to go any farther. The Major forthwith climbed into the cab of the engine, clapped his revolver to the engineer's head, and ordered him to proceed to Saragossa. The engineer complied.

VI

The blind hatred of Major Palaccio for Communists seems to be typical of Spanish army officers, as I have observed them. Take, for instance, the military censor of the foreign press at Burgos, a true Spanish Hidalgo, if ever there was one. He is a captain of cavalry and a veteran of the Riffian campaigns, as well as the scion of one of the most celebrated families in Spain. He told me that his family once possessed all the land between Salamanca and the Portuguese frontier. Quite obviously the noble captain was

ping for the return of those happy days. He spoke perfect English with the accent of an Oxford don. Indeed, English correspondents, on first meeting him, thought that he was a British army officer who had volunteered in the rebel forces, for he had all the mannerisms of a graduate of Sandhurst. As a matter of fact, the captain had been educated at a Jesuit school at Wimbledon and later at Harrow, and had studied mathematics at Göttingen.

Like the Nazis, the captain believed in race, but, unlike them, he also believed in caste, which he pronounced to rhyme with 'paste' — the only fault in English diction that I ever observed in him.

'The human race is made up of the ruling class and the serfs,' he told the foreign correspondents gathered around the table at the Norte y Londres in Burgos one evening, 'and always will be. We must teach our serfs such a lesson that they will know their place for the next hundred years.'

The captain went on to remark that he regarded the Spanish civil war as merely a continuation of a perpetual struggle that has been going on through the ages, of which the conflict between the Moors and the Castilians for the possession of the Peninsula was one phase.

'The Nordic,' said the captain, 'believes in freedom and individualism, while the East clings to a system of Oriental despotism in which private enterprise is crushed.'

When I protested that that theory was hardly compatible with the suppression of individual rights under Naziism or Fascism, the captain impatiently brushed this objection aside with a wave of his hand. 'There are moments in history when the Nordic submits to a dictatorial rule in order to surmount a passing crisis. Now

Spain is going through such a transitional stage in her history. But when it is overcome we will resume a régime of individualism.'

The opinions of army men like Major Palaccio and the captain faithfully reflect, I believe, the mental outlook of the men who to-day are conducting what they hold to be a Holy Crusade against the Spanish Republic and all that it stands for. Such men incorporate the spirit of the Old Spain that is turning its face as resolutely against progress and the free play of the mind as it did centuries ago when it devised the Inquisition and the auto-da-fé to stamp out heresy.

Other and more humble representatives of the Old Spain are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the military and the aristocracy against the hated reforms and innovations of the Republic. Conspicuous in the corridors of the hotel at Burgos these days has been a tall handsome man, with his hair cropped close save for a pigtail. He is the renowned Madrid toreador, Santiago Sangro, who joined the Fascist Legion when the war started. If you ask him why he is fighting against the Republic, he will tell you, 'The Reds hate us because we stand for a Spanish sport that has been sponsored throughout the ages by royalists and aristocrats. Bullfighting is typically and traditionally Spanish. That is why the Republic is trying to abolish it.'

It is the irony of history that it should be Catholic Spain that has called the Moors back to the Peninsula to destroy the Republic. I first saw these black troops from Morocco in Burgos, the city in the cathedral of which lies buried the Cid, Spain's national hero. I was sitting at a café in the Paseo del Espolón Viejo when the native troops from General Franco's army, some three hundred strong, made their first appearance in the rebel capital. They received a tremendous ovation. The

crowds in the open-air cafés that line this delightful promenade arose from their seats, raised their arms in the Fascist greeting, and shouted '*Viva Español*!' The señoritas beamed upon the dusky warriors from North Africa as they marched along in red fez or white turban.

Privately, however, many of the rebel leaders have grave misgivings about the advisability of calling upon Moors to fight their white fellow countrymen.

It is another irony of history that in this civil war it is the military men, who have always prided themselves upon their loyalty to the state, who are the rebels. The Burgos censors are careful to delete any reference, in the copy of newspaper correspondents, to their troops as 'rebels.' Protesting against his soldiers being regarded as rebels, General Queipo de Llano recently said: 'We have not risen against the public authority, but against the want of

authority on the part of the Marxist elements.' Certainly good government is something that Spain has seldom had throughout its varied history.

The Spaniards themselves like to tell the story of how their country was created by God as a special favor for Saint Theresa, their patron saint. According to this legend, God asked the Saint what kind of country she wanted for her own.

'I want beautiful mountains, blue skies, and lots of sunshine for it,' said Theresa.

'All right,' replied the Almighty, 'and what else?'

'And I should like a country inhabited by brave men, lovely women, and happy children.'

'Granted.'

'And then I should like good government for them.'

'Now you are asking the impossible!' replied God.

THE GOVERNMENT OF POSTERITY

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

EVEN if he remembers the historic struggle against absolutism, the contemporary collectivist will resent the charge that he is leading men back to the old order of things. He is conscious of very different intentions from those which he imputes to the ministers of the absolutist autocrats of history. His eyes are upon the future; theirs were on the past. They sought to preserve a great inheritance. He seeks to contrive a glorious destiny. If, like them, he relies upon the pervasive regulation of men's affairs, he feels sure that his different purpose will produce a different result.

He feels sure that it will because he hopes that it will. His ardent wish makes plausible one of the most enchanting myths which ever captured the human imagination. From the marriage of knowledge with force a new god is to be born. Out of the union of Science with Government there is to issue a Providential State, possessed of all knowledge and of the power to enforce it. Thus at last the vision of Plato is to be realized: reason will be crowned and the sovereign will be rational. The philosophers are to be kings; that is to say, the prime ministers and their parliaments, the dictators and their commissars, are to follow the engineers, biologists, and economists who will arrange the scheme of things. The men who know are to direct human affairs and the direc-

tors are to listen to those who know. Though the Providential State of the future is to have all the authority of the most absolute state of the past, it is to be different; consecrated technicians are to replace the courtiers and the courtesans of the king, and the irresistible power of government is to serve mankind.

This myth has taken hold of the human imagination as ancestral religion has dissolved under the acids of modernity. Men find themselves in a troubled world where they no longer look confidently to God for the regulation of human affairs, where custom has ceased to guide and tradition to sanctify them. The dissolution of faith had been under way for generations, but in 1914 there took place a catastrophic unsettlement of the human routine. The system of the world's peace was shattered; the economy which was the condition of its prosperity was dislocated. A thousand matters once taken for granted and left to routine became questions of life and death.

In the darkness there was a desperate need for light. Amid overwhelming circumstance there was a desperate need for leading. In the disorder, as men became more bewildered in their spirits, they became more credulous in their opinions and more anxiously compulsive in their actions. Only the scientists seemed to know

what they were doing. Only governments seemed to have the power to act.

The conditions could not have been more favorable to the reception of the myth. Science had become the only human enterprise which all men looked upon as successful. Society was broken and unruly. The need for authority was acute, yet the authority of custom, tradition, and religion was lost. In their extremity men hastened to entrust to government, which can at least act decisively and impressively, the whole burden of their destiny. In science there was knowledge. In government there was power. By their union an indispensable providence was to be created and the future of human society contrived and directed. The people longed for kings who were philosophers. And so the men who wished to be kings declared that they were philosophers. All the things lacking in the actual world were projected upon the imaginary state that men so desperately desired.

II

This belief that the coming social order can be imagined and planned and established by the coercive authority of government is indeed something new. Plato did persuade the tyrant of Syracuse to let him try an experiment of this sort, while here and there rulers like Peter the Great may have toyed with the idea, but until recent times great masses of men have not had any notion that such an enterprise was even conceivable, much less that it was practicable.

All the ancient polities professed to be the guardians of a traditional order. They conserved revealed religion, the privileges and duties of the various ranks in the social hierarchy, the fruits of conquest, the rights of property, even on occasion the rights of men.

They maintained the social constitution as against its enemies. The rulers had their mandates from a tradition that they had inherited.

Thus, in the older conception of the state, the validity of power was based upon possession. Might was right if it was an ancient might — if it had been delegated by a people's gods, received by their heroes, domesticated by their ancestors, confirmed by the immemorial consent of the community. However despotic, authority was never avowedly willful or arbitrary: all political power was supposed to be derived from an ancient title and to be limited by its title deeds.

Nor was this a mere fiction. In practice the freedom of the ruler was restrained by an immense accumulation of precedent and usage. He was only one in a line of rulers and his prerogatives were not derived from his purposes but from the precedents. To some considerable degree the authority of the ruler and the obedience of his subjects were not measured by the strength of their separated willfulness, but were held in a common inheritance. To that unifying tradition from a past which all men regarded as immutable and superior to their desires, the rulers had to assimilate their immediate purposes by conformity, by fictions, and by casuistry.

The modern view is the reversal of all this. The authority of the state comes not from a tradition of the past but from a speculation upon the future. The criterion of its policy is the desirable shape of things to come; it reasons from the presumptive needs of posterity and not from the prescriptive rights of ancestral usage. This is a radical change of orientation. It means that modern political thought has to reason from anticipation and not from precedent, that it is founded upon current, not upon received, opinion. Thus, in turning to the future for his cri-

terion, the modern political thinker leaves behind him the only criterion shared by all men — that is to say, their common remembrance of the past.

For, although there are different versions of the past, all the versions do at least profess to deal with the same experience and they do suppose that there is an objective truth which can be discovered. Thus there is something massive and impersonal above and behind opinion, something once and for all established, something rooted in habit and unconscious loyalty, that imposes a certain humility upon the individual will. But the future is the realm of all the possibilities and it supplies no criterion by which to determine whether one man's guess or preference is better than another's. Under the new dispensation, therefore, the ruler has no title except temporary approval of his promises or necessary submission to his superior power: there is no commonly recognized charter to which both he and his opponents can appeal.

Inevitably the modern state becomes increasingly arbitrary as it turns from the function of doing justice among men, of protecting them against the oppression of arbitrary power, to the contriving and imposing of a way of life. When government takes it upon itself to be the central agency of progress rather than to maintain the conditions under which individuals can initiate progress and adapt themselves to it, it enters a field where there are no bounds to its actions. The speculative future has no moral authority: government is cut loose from limitations of usage and ancient right which alone can provide a commonly accepted objective control of the state.

The possibilities of the future are unlimited. If the unlimited force of the state has no control more precise than men's guesses about the

future, then, indeed, the state is subject to no control. Only those who are capable of resisting it can stand against it. They cannot argue because there are no common premises on which an argument can be based. In essence they can only threaten. When power is subject only to opinions about the future, it must become as vagrant as the future is indeterminate.

III

Thus the coercive state of the future is likely to be more arbitrary than the absolute states of the past. It is in the literal meaning of the word more autocratic. For it lacks even the ancient control of tradition, by precedent and usage. Its power is wielded by men subject to no restraint except their anticipations.

Unhappily there is no dependable method of predicting the future. There have been fortunate guesses made by shrewd observers. Because they are so few and far between they affect our imagination, but is there any reason to think that anyone has ever discovered a method of forecasting the evolution of human society? Prophecies have been made which were fulfilled; many more have been made which were not. But since there is no way of finding out before the event how great is the probability that the prophecy is true, it cannot be said that there exists a prophetic faculty upon which governments can rely.

Yet it is widely supposed that modern science has discovered a method of prediction which justifies us in thinking that we can govern our descendants. It is an ambitious idea, but it is based largely upon misunderstanding arising from a failure to distinguish between the discovery of uniformities which follow an approximately recurrent pattern and the discovery of methods by which the pattern can be

altered deliberately to produce a desired result.

It is with the deliberate shaping of future events that the cult of the state is, of course, concerned. It assumes that men can deliberately invent a plan for human affairs which will produce in the future the social order they now think desirable. In applied science it is possible to add one chemical to another and produce another substance: the cult of the Providential State rests on the assumption that by a series of legally coercive commands and prohibitions a different but predetermined social order can be contrived. The analogy is fallacious: the successful applications of scientific knowledge furnish no warrant for thinking that any such control over society as a whole is even theoretically within the reach of mankind.

For the essential condition of the scientific regulation of an event is that the desired result shall be precisely defined and that all the relevant factors shall be under exact control. The regulation must take place within a closed system, neutral and sterile to external influences, and it must have a limited purpose. These conditions can be approximated in a laboratory. Dr. Carrel has, for example, been able to make a chicken's heart presumptively immortal. But he has done it by isolating the chicken's heart in an environment of which he is the master. And it is only a piece of a chicken, not even one whole chicken capable of living a chicken's life, that he has made immortal. At that, his piece of tissue is immortal only if the apparatus in which it lives does not break down, if the materials on which it feeds arrive at the laboratory, if the building in which it is housed is not destroyed by a bombardment, if Dr. Carrel and his assistants are not arrested and put into a concentration camp.

In society as a whole the objectives are never limited and simple; the total environment can never be mastered. For the aggregate needs and desires of a great population are so complex that they cannot be conceived by the human mind: the elements which enter into their satisfaction are too elusive to be measured, too numerous to be calculated. That is why the purposes of government are always stated in phrases that beg the question: the 'good life,' the 'greatest happiness of the greatest number,' the 'general welfare,' the 'abundant life,' the 'glory of the nation.' These phrases are vague not because men prefer to speak indefinitely but because the multiple purposes of multitudes cannot be formulated precisely.

We shall find, when we come to examine more closely the real policies of the purposeful states, that it is only by contracting their purposes that they can intensify their control. For it is impossible to direct a whole society to the realization of all the ideals of its people. If the variety of ideals is respected by authority, then there will be a variety of conflicting plans. If among those plans one is chosen, it can be imposed only as the other plans are suppressed.

IV

When we remember that any government is composed of mortal men, it is evident that there must be limits to the degree in which a social order can be planned and deliberately administered. It makes no difference whether the rulers of a state inherit authority or were elected to it, whether they received it by appointment or have captured it by force; it makes no difference where they came from or how they are thought to be inspired or to what grandeur and glory they aspire. They are men, and so their powers are lim-

ited. And the limits of their powers lie a long way this side of omniscience and omnipotence.

It follows that though the ruler may think he has his patents from God he does not have the wisdom or the power of God. Though he has his authority from the people, the potentialities of the human race are not realized in him.

No matter, therefore, how nobly the government may be derived, its faculties are not rendered thereby commensurate with its origins: the king descended from Zeus does not inherit the competence of Zeus, and the elected ruler of a nation is not the mystical possessor of all his people's genius.

Nor does the declaration of a government's purposes mean that it possesses the faculties to achieve them. Where there is a wish, there is not necessarily a way. Devotion to an end does not ensure the discovery of the means; pretensions do not magnify men's powers. And so the real, rather than the apparent, policy of any state will be determined by the limited competence of finite beings dealing with unlimited and infinite circumstances.

Amid the grandiose generalization and passionate willfulness of political debate, it is perilous to lose this humility. It is the guardian of our sanity. The eye must recapture its innocence if it is to see things as they are: to see not the New Deal in terms of its aspirations, but the New Dealers in their actual careers; not Fascism or Communism as ideas, but Fascists and Communists as they govern great nations; to remember that, while ideals are illimitable, men are only men. And when these men, breathing the incense burned before their altars, are tempted to regard themselves as the directors of the human destiny, they need to be reminded of the poet who, after a night in town, wandered into the zoo, think-

ing rather well of himself as the last product of evolution, until he became sober enough to remember that he was after all

A little thing in trousers slightly jagged.

Governments are composed of persons who meet occasionally in a hall to make speeches and to write resolutions; of men studying papers at desks, receiving and answering letters and memoranda, listening to advice and giving it, hearing complaints and claims and replying to them; of clerks manipulating more papers; of inspectors, tax collectors, policemen, and soldiers. These officials have to be fed, and often they overeat. They would often rather go fishing, or make love, or do anything than shuffle their papers. They have to sleep. They suffer from indigestion and asthma, bile and palpitation, become bored, tired, careless, and have nervous headaches. They know what they have happened to learn, they are aware of what they happen to observe, they can imagine what they happen to be interested in, they can accomplish only what they can command or persuade an unseen multitude to do.

In the prevailing view the men who govern are the agents of destiny. It is they, or others panting to take their places, who are to contrive the shape of things to come. They are to breed a better race of men. They are to arrange abundance for all. They are to abolish classes. They are to take charge of the present. They are to conceive the future. They are to plan the activities of mankind. They are to manage its labors. They are to formulate its culture. They are to establish its convictions. They are to understand, to forecast, and to administer human purposes and to provide a design of living for the unborn. Surely, greater love could no man have for the wisdom of his rulers than this, that he

should put his life entirely in their hands.

To magnify the purposes of the state it is obviously necessary to forget the limitations of men. But in reality the limitations exist and the behavior of the state must conform to them. Governments can do no more than they can do. In any one period there is, as it were, no more than a certain capacity to govern. This may gradually be increased by education and the invention of new instruments. There is no doubt, for example, that by means of such inventions as the telephone and telegraph, the typewriter and the printing press, calculating machines, swifter transportation, and the like, the scale of effective government has been greatly enlarged since Aristotle said that a community must not extend beyond the territory which a naked eye could encompass.

But though men at the centre of authority can communicate with more men over greater distances than they could before, it must be remembered that by extending their influence they have complicated their task. These new instruments do not represent additional powers for governing the original community. If that were the case, they might be considered a net gain in the effectiveness of government.

But the fact is that though Mr. Roosevelt has a greater reach than Pericles he needs a very much greater reach. The new instruments at Mr. Roosevelt's disposal serve his work no better than the tools of Pericles served his. The increase of the scale of human organization has complicated the work to such a degree that it is by no means certain that modern equipment is relatively more efficient. It would be rash, for example, to assume that Mr. Roosevelt can learn more about the needs and desires of the people of the United States through the newspapers and his

mail and the reports of his advisers, though they travel by airplane and report by telephone, than Pericles could learn about Athenian public opinion through word of mouth; or that Mr. Roosevelt can convey more of his intentions to a larger proportion of his people by broadcasting his speeches than Pericles could by speaking in the agora.

A steam shovel can move more dirt than a spade, but it does not follow that it will remove a mountain more efficiently than a man can turn over the earth in his garden. If men can travel faster but have to go farther, they do not thereby arrive sooner at their destination. If they can do more but have more to do, they have not achieved their purposes more completely. To some very considerable degree, which obviously cannot be exactly determined, the effectiveness of the new instruments is neutralized by the fact that as the scale of government is enlarged its complexity is multiplied.

Those who formulate the laws and administer them are men, and, being men, there is an enormous disparity between the simplicity of their minds and the real complexity of any large society. Attempts have been made, to be sure, to argue that the whole complex reality may be mystically present in the spirit of a popular legislature or even in the personality of a dictator; that somehow a few minds can be inspired to the point where they are universal and inclusive. Thus the voice of the people speaking through their representatives has been regarded as the voice of God, and, when it seemed a little ridiculous to think of three or four hundred politicians as clairvoyant, the even more preposterous claim has been advanced that some triumphant agitator contains within himself the mind, spirit, and fate of great populations.

All this is not one whit more credible than the notion once held by the whole European civilization that the earth, as Shakespeare said, is 'this huge stage . . . Whereon the stars in secret influence comment.' Such philosophy made it certain that the Wife of Bath was to be hardy and lusty because at her birth Mars was in the constellation Taurus. The supposition that the rulers of a state can be fully representative of a whole society is a superstition of the same order, and in practice a more sinister one.

The rulers of any society are private individuals doomed to take partial views. They may be looked upon as standing at the small end of a funnel which at its large end is wide as the world in the past, the present, and the future. All that is relevant to human affairs ought to come through that funnel and into their minds. But in fact at the receiving end no more can pass than they can understand. That is a very small part of the whole. So in the funnel there is a series of screens which sift and refine the stream of data, analyzing and combining them into larger and larger generalizations. The purpose of these theories, summaries, analyses, principles, and dogmas is to reduce the raw enormous actuality of things to a point where the little that the ruler can digest shall be at once intelligible to him and relevant to the affairs for which he is responsible.

Having mastered what he can, the ruler has then to contrive a method of thought which will enable him to invent policies which will by small actions produce large effects. He cannot control every transaction. He cannot issue a specific command to each person. Only here and there can he intervene, hoping that his measures will multiply and reverberate. For in his actions, as in his understanding, he is at the small end of an instru-

ment which at the other end opens to the whole world.

V

There is no possibility that men can understand the whole process of their existence. Life goes on only because most of its processes are habitual, customary, and unconscious. If men tried to think about everything, drawing each breath deliberately, willing each act before they performed it, it would require such bewildering effort merely to exist that they would sink rapidly to the level of a conscious vegetable. It is only because men can take almost everything for granted that they can inquire into and experiment with a few things. 'Foresight itself,' says Whitehead, 'presupposes [the] stability of a routine. But for the immense economy in which experience becomes habitual and unconscious, men would have neither the time nor the energy for deliberation.'

The thinker, as he sits in his study, drawing his plans for the direction of society, will do no thinking if his breakfast has not been produced for him by a social process which is beyond his comprehension. He knows that his breakfast depends upon workers on the coffee plantations of Brazil, the citrus groves of Florida, the sugar fields of Cuba, the wheat farms of the Dakotas, the dairies of New York; that it has been assembled by ships, railroads, and trucks, cooked with coal from Pennsylvania in utensils made of aluminum, china, steel, and glass. But the intricacy of one breakfast, if every process which brings it to the table had deliberately to be planned, would be beyond the understanding of any mind. Only because he can count upon an infinitely complex system of working routines can a man eat his breakfast and then think about a new social order.

The things he can think about are to those which he must presuppose as the world he can see with his eye is to the far reaches of the heavens and the deep recesses of matter. Of the little he has learned, he can, moreover, at any one time comprehend only a little part, and of that part he can give attention only to a fragment. The essential limitation, therefore, of all policy, of all government, is that the human mind must take a partial and simplified view of existence. The ocean of experience cannot be poured into the little bottles of our intelligence. The mind is an instrument evolved through the struggle for existence, and the strain of concentrating upon a chain of reasoning is like standing rigidly straight, a very fatiguing posture, which must soon give way to the primordial disposition to crouch or sit down.

The mind, moreover, was evolved as an instrument of defense and for the mastery of specific difficulties: only in the latest period of human development have men thought of trying to comprehend a whole situation in all its manifold complexity. Even the intellectual conception is beyond men's capacities. In actual affairs they have to select isolated phenomena, since they have only limited energy and a short time in which to observe and to understand: out of the infinite intricacy of the real world, the intelligence must cut patterns abstract, isolated, and artificially simplified. Only about these partial views can men think. Only in their light can men act.

It is, therefore, an illusion to imagine a credible meaning in the idea that human evolution can be brought under conscious control. And there can be no illusion except to those who take it for granted that what their minds have failed to grasp is irrelevant, and that what they can comprehend intellectually is all that is necessary in dealing

with a situation. No doubt it is true that the human mind could plan a society which it understood and direct one of which the scheme was intelligible. But no human mind has ever understood the whole scheme of a society. At best a mind can understand its own version of the scheme, something much thinner, which bears to reality some such relation as a silhouette to a man. Policies deal with abstractions, and it is only with abstracted aspects of the social order that governments have to do.

For this reason social control cannot ever be regarded as even an approximation to the kind of mastery which men have ascribed to God as the creator and ruler of the universe. It was God's prerogative to make a world suitable to his governance. Men govern a world already in being, and their controls may best be described as interventions and interferences, interpositions and interruptions, in a process which as a whole transcends their power and their understanding. Men deceive themselves when they imagine that they take charge of the social order. They can never do more than break in at some point and cause a diversion.

The ideal of a directed society requires something much more than a proletarian revolution to fulfill it. It requires a revolutionary advance in the logical powers of men comparable with that which took place when they learned to use algebra or the differential calculus in the analysis of the physical world. In certain of the more recondite branches of mathematical economics perhaps we may have premonitory intimations of the modes of thought that may some day be developed to a point where the social order can be successfully analyzed. But they are at best intimations of what Pareto, who labored in this field, called an ideal goal which 'as regards the economic and

social sciences . . . is almost never attained in the concrete.'

No doubt the intimations are promising; it may be that men have picked up a scent which, if followed bravely, will lead them to the quarry and give them a dependable understanding with which to control human society. But those who do not realize the distance that has yet to be traversed from our present abstractions to formulations practicable for the policies of a state in reshaping the social order are like those who, having heard of Dr. Carrel's chicken, expect soon to find the serum of immortality on sale at the corner drugstore.

VI

Because of the limitations of our understanding and of our power, the dynamics of human capacity follow the rule that the more complex the interests which have to be regulated, the simpler must be the method of regulating them. This is not the current view. It is generally supposed that the increasing complexity of the social order requires an increasing complexity in political policy. This seems to me a fallacy. The truth is that as affairs become more intricate, more extended in time and space, more involved and more interrelated, the interventions of the state have to become simpler, less intensive, less direct, more general. The area left to personal initiative and private adaptation has to be enlarged.

It is a maxim of human association that the complexity of policy must be inversely proportionate to the complexity of affairs. For, while a few things can be governed much, many things can be governed only a little. The more intricate the relations of a society, the less subtle, the less intense, can be the intervention of the state. The greater the problem, the cruder the remedies.

As we pass from the management of the little worlds of our own personality to the greater worlds of public affairs, we are compelled to proceed through a scale graduated from the complex to the simple, the subtle to the crude. A tutor dealing with his pupil, a teacher with his class, a politician with his party, a statesman with his country, a diplomat with the community of nations — the more comprehensive the field, the less individual the method of action. It is in the microcosm that action is most precise; in the macrocosm it is generalized.

Moreover, as action is extended into wider fields, or projected over longer periods of time, as it seizes more intricate matters, it finds the objects with which it is dealing less plastic and more determinate. The choices that an individual can make are far more varied than those which a nation can make. As the mass of those concerned becomes larger, the inertia becomes more profound. The individual is mobile and adaptable to a degree to which no aggregation of individuals can be. Thus the possibilities of policy are inversely proportionate to the complexity of its object. In the selection of a personal policy there are many choices; there are fewer choices in the selection of national policies, still fewer among foreign policies. For the world as a whole, in relation to its future, no policy is even conceivable.

This principle of diminishing mobility with the increase of scale and complexity may be observed in all human organization. Mr. Henry Ford, for example, cannot change the design of his cheap cars which are turned out in mass as he can change the design of a car made largely by hand; the new tools needed to vary the design are too complicated and too expensive. But Mr. Ford can change the design more readily than can a manufacturer who is

immobilized by a great capital structure and a heavy load of debt. So, as industrial organization becomes bigger, it must become more inflexible until in its last stages it is hostile to invention, enterprise, competition, and change. It is unable to consider any ideal except stability.

This narrowing of objectives with increasing complexity is the phenomenon of bureaucracy. It is to be found in governments and in corporate business, in armies and in churches and in universities. The more intricate the organization, the more it must renounce its ambitions in order to perpetuate itself.

Thus it is no coincidence that the watchword of policy in recent times should have been 'stabilization' — of output, hours of work, processes, markets, wages, prices, and the quality of goods. Though it is commonly believed that it was necessary to organize for stability against the 'chaos' of competition, the truth is that it has seemed necessary to stabilize because organization has become so elaborate. As modern nations adopted protection, assented to large-scale industrial organization, with heavy fixed capital charges and large overhead costs, with wages and hours established by law or contract, with rates and prices established by government commissions or by monopolistic agreements, the unorganized and unprotected interests, such as agriculture and marginal labor, had either to bear the whole burden of adjustment or to organize in self-protection.

In such a line of evolution the economic objective can no longer be increased wealth through new inventions, new enterprises, and successful competition. The objective must become stabilization at the existing level of productivity, variety, and economic technic.

Thus it is that many have been per-

suaded that the importance of cheaper goods is a menace, that technological progress is a disaster, that to produce more is to earn less. They have the conviction that if only they could close the ports of entry, if only they could erect round their occupation a sufficiently high Chinese wall composed of holding companies, mergers, marketing contracts, production agreements, licenses, quotas, labor laws and labor contracts, a wall high enough to exclude new ideas, new methods, new men, and unusual labor, they would enjoy the blessings of stability. They are quite right. A society which has organized itself elaborately must keep on until it has organized itself into rigidity. It must seek stability because it cannot advance. It must imitate the mollusk, which, though it can neither walk, swim, nor fly, and has only meagre ambitions, does seem to enjoy a reasonably well protected and stable existence.

VII

The generation to which we belong is now learning from experience what happens when men retreat from freedom to a coercive organization of their affairs. Though they promise themselves a more abundant life, they must in practice renounce it; as the organized direction increases, the variety of ends must give way to uniformity. This is the nemesis of a planned society and of the authoritative principle in human affairs.

It is not insignificant — on the contrary, it is a manifestation of the inexorable nature of things — that the cult of the state as provider and savior, that the revival of the worship of Cæsar, should flourish in an era when there is a reduction of the general standard of life throughout the world — a disintegration of political unities; an accentuation of regional, of clannish, of sectarian, of ethnic, and of national

conflicts; a widespread assault on freedom of inquiry and of debate; a frontal attack from many quarters on the very idea that the individual has inviolable rights, and outright contempt for the radical principle of civilized religions that a human soul in the final judgment may not be judged by the standards of the world.

These phenomena, every one of them the symptom of regression to more primitive levels of social behavior, are not unconnected with that principle of authoritative management which has steadily taken possession of the thought, the actual policy, and the popular emotion of the modern world. Though it is the fashion to believe that because civilization is disintegrating and declining it is necessary to make organization more elaborate and to redouble the impact of authority, the truth of the matter is that the alleged remedy for the trouble is the real cause of it.

No doubt it is occasionally necessary to fight fire with fire by burning over areas in the path of the conflagration, or to dynamite one wing of a house in the hope of saving the rest. In this sense each nation may find itself constrained to raise its tariffs when its neighbors raise theirs, to regulate or subsidize one more industry because others have already been regulated or subsidized. But it is a mistake to think that a man revolving in a vicious circle is an exemplar of progress, or that, having convinced himself that he must continue to revolve in it, he is the exponent of a novel and enlightened conception of human affairs.

For more than two generations an increasingly coercive organization of society has coincided with an increasing disorder. It is time to inquire why, with so much more authority, there is so much less stability; why, with such promises of greater abundance, there is retardation in the improvement; why

in many lands a notable lowering of the standard of life; why, when organization is most nearly complete, the official idea of civilization is least catholic. The argument that it is 'chaos' which compels the resort to authority cannot be true, — even though in an immediate situation it may be the only remedy for a present evil, — because, if it were true, the increase in coercive organization during the past three generations must have brought some increase in stability. But actually the disorder is greater than when the remedy was adopted and there is an overwhelming presumption that it is coercion which is creating the chaos it purports to conquer.

It is no mere coincidence that the cult of a directed civilization should be accompanied by a general foreboding that modern civilization is doomed. Why should it be that, in a time when men are making the prodigious claim that they can plan and direct society, they are so profoundly impressed with the unmanageability of human affairs? Is not one mood the complement of the other? Is not their confidence inflated by despair, and their despair the deeper because of their pretensions?

VIII

These observations have their place in the argument because they are necessary to an understanding of that great schism in the human outlook which has shaken the world. The essential difference between the faith that our generation has embraced and the faith that it has forsaken is to be found in what it thinks some men can do to manage the destiny of other men. The predominant teachings of this age are that there are no limits to man's capacity to govern others and that, therefore, no limitations ought to be imposed upon government. The older faith, born of long ages of suffering under man's do-

minion over man, was that the exercise of unlimited power by men with limited minds and self-regarding prejudices is soon oppressive, reactionary, and corrupt. The older faith taught that the very condition of progress was the limitation of power to the capacities of rulers.

For the time being this tested wisdom is submerged under a worldwide movement which has at every vital point the support of vested interests and the afflatus of popular hopes. But if it is true that men can do no more than they are able to do, then government can do no more than governors are able to do. All the wishing in the world, all the promises based on the assumption that there are available omniscient and loving autocrats, will not call into being men who can plan a future which they are unable to imagine, who can manage a civi-

zation that they are unable to understand.

The fact that the whole generation is acting on these hopes does not mean that the liberal philosophy is dead, as the collectivists and authoritarians assert. On the contrary, it may be that it has relapsed into heresy and reaction. And though men may have to pass through a terrible ordeal before they find again the central truths they have forgotten, they will find them again, as they have so often found them again in other ages of reaction, if only the ideas that have misled them are challenged and resisted.

And since humility is the beginning of wisdom, as repentance is the condition of grace, it is only by seizing and holding firmly in mind the limitations of the political faculty that one can understand what is implied in the cult of the Providential State.

LAST CRUISE OF THE 'FOU-PO'

TOLD BY ERIC DE BISSCHOP TO CONSTANCE WITHINGTON

I

THE valiant little Chinese junk, the *Fou-Po*, having won a thousand battles against the sea and the elements, found her grave, alas, at Kalaupapa, after we imagined we had brought her to a safe anchorage. This curious little craft had carried my mate and me during a three years' cruise in the Pacific in an effort to prove my theory that it was impossible for the Polynesian race to have migrated from Malaysia to Oceania — that is, from west to east.

This expedition of ours almost ended disastrously, for when we anchored at Kalaupapa, Molokai, in the Hawaiian Islands, we were carried ashore almost dead from starvation, and only the kind and skillful care of the attendants at the Settlement hospital restored us to our accustomed strength and vigor. Then, just as we were again beginning to take an interest in life, we were brought the sad news that our little ship, which had carried us safely in and out among treacherous reefs, following savage coasts, bucking high seas, and living through tropical storms, had been blown upon the rocks and pounded to pieces by the waves. Not a thing on her was saved. When I thought of all my papers, records, and photographs, — the result of three years' scientific research, — the energy, privations, and sufferings spent to obtain them, and the monetary loss of the vessel, added to the natural

affection a sailor has for his ship, the tears streamed from my eyes.

The *Fou-Po* was built in Amoy, China, and so named after the great Chinese hero, 'The Pacifier of the Waves.' My reasons for building a junk was that such a vessel embodies the knowledge of the ages, is extremely seaworthy, shipping practically no water, is roomy, easy to handle, and inexpensive to build. The length of the *Fou-Po* was forty feet, her beam seventeen feet, and her draft three feet, or five feet, with the rudder, which acts as a centreboard. Her ample breadth and high poop gave room for a large and comfortable cabin. Three huge bamboo poles were her masts and she carried lug sails with bamboo battens running entirely across. With her hull painted in red and gold Chinese designs from her bows to her overhanging stern, with two big eyes like Spanish onions on her square bow, pink bollards, and timbers of blue, she was reminiscent of the Middle Ages, of Chinese lanterns and firecrackers, and gave an appearance both picturesque and grotesque. In fact, she looked like a painted snail or some monster out of a fairy book.

Under the patronage of the Société Française de Géographie, my mate, Joseph Tatibouet, and I set sail in this strange ship to pursue an idea of mine which had almost become an obsession. For years as a practical sailor

I had pondered over the accepted theory of the anthropologists that the Polynesians had migrated from the South of Asia. I believed that the early navigators, sailing from west to east in their frail boats, with nothing by which to navigate except the stars or that most primitive of instruments, the alleged calabash, with no objective to head for, always fighting against the prevailing winds and adverse currents, would have faced insurmountable difficulties.

The last migration of which one can speak with some degree of accuracy and without great speculation took place between the tenth and twelfth centuries, when the configuration of land and sea and the winds and currents were practically the same as now. I resolved to follow the same supposed routes, studying and recording as we traveled, hoping to help in the solution of this problem by a series of arguments, anthropologic, ethnographic, and oceanographic. Alas, the records by which I believe I could prove my contention lie at the bottom of the sea at Kalaupapa!

The course we sailed took us to the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, the north and northwest coasts of Australia, the shores of Papua, and the Solomon, Santa Cruz, Gilbert, and Marshall Islands. Our voyage was strong in proof of my theory and rich in discovery and adventure. It is only of this last phase of our cruise, however, of which I would write.

Our experience at Jaluit in the Marshall Islands was a most unhappy one. I knew that at the close of the Great War the Marshall as well as the Caroline and Marianas Islands had been placed under a Japanese mandate, but I also knew that a nation charged with such a mandate had to observe certain international obligations and conventions. I had heard that the Japanese had not observed these duties and

that foreigners were forbidden access to those islands, but I distrusted the gossip of the Pacific and the reports of the press, too often prejudiced and sensational. My ship was in serious need of repair, and in the twentieth century what nation would not receive with sympathy a boat in such a condition, even if she were only a Chinese junk? Surely I had nothing to fear in putting into Jaluit for overhauling and provisions.

The *Fou-Po*, with her fine French flag flying above her sails and shrouds, arrived at the pass off Jaluit at dawn on the morning of the twenty-second of July, 1935. About one hundred yards from the breakers we headed into the wind and wisely awaited the arrival of the inspector. Everything went marvelously. The affability, the extreme politeness, and the bowing and scraping of the Japanese officials, the calm of the vast lagoon, the friendly smiles and the shouted welcome of the natives, swept away our apprehension. But an hour after our arrival we had become suspects and, two hours later, practically prisoners. The little Chinese junk had suddenly, in the mind of the governor of the island, become a hydrographical boat disguised. The discovery of my papers with their graphs, the study of the currents, my anthropological notes, and an imposing pile of notebooks (I took six or seven observations a day) were immediately interpreted as undeniable proof of guilt. The governor did not appear to want to understand our reason for coming to Jaluit: our sails in shreds, our damaged rudder, a hull worn out by three months at sea; these seemed to him only a clever pretext under which to approach the Marshall Islands and outline the reefs and passes. He would almost have accused us of making the holes in the sails ourselves, and dismantling the rudder and planting barnacles and salads on the hull.

As a result of the governor's suspicion I was put through hours of questioning, my boat was searched, and the whole reason for our making port, the reconditioning of the *Fou-Po*, was interfered with and impeded. We patched our sails as well as we could and had to be content with only reënforsing the rudder. There were slips at Jaluit, but these were too far removed for convenient inspection by the Japanese, so that in order to clean the hull and examine the copper plates we were obliged to beach the ship and work in shallow water with a jagged coral bottom. Even this we had to abandon when treacherous swells came over the reef and threatened to keep the *Fou-Po* in the lagoon forever in separate pieces.

Finally, owing to the intervention of a man for whom I have the most profound gratitude, the *Fou-Po* and its crew were able to put to sea again. That man was an officer in the Imperial Japanese Navy, commanding a war transport, then at Jaluit. Fortunately he had been requested to act as interpreter during those endless interrogations to which the governor seemed to take pleasure in submitting me. On several occasions this officer could not refrain from showing his indignation at the procedure used and one day he loyally took my side and pointed out the irregularity of such actions and the insult to the French flag. Shortly after this a supposed cable from Tokyo authorized our departure and our freedom.

II

Tati and I were indeed thankful to be able to put Jaluit behind us and take again to the open sea. The sun was just disappearing with brilliant red glory in the west as we weighed anchor, and the night which closed in on us was soft and light; the long swells of the

Pacific, deep as velvet, appeared to take a languid delight in reflecting the whole luminous heaven, and the long row of coconut trees, low and black against the western sky, seemed to add the final line to the adventures we had just experienced. Alone in the silence, my mate and I looked with eagerness toward the open sea and to the dark horizon ahead, which, added to other horizons farther on, meant our refound freedom.

Suddenly Tati shook his fist at the disappearing atoll and angrily said, 'That pig of a governor! He seemed to want to know the route we were going to follow. Did you give it to him?'

'He was as curious as a monkey,' I returned. 'I told him we should steer a course toward the north, into the trade winds.' And then, thinking of the hours of anguish we had spent at Jaluit, I shouted to Tati, 'Come about! Let us go south instead.' Gently the *Fou-Po* pivoted and we headed southward into the depth of the night. And as we sailed the breezes freshened from the northwest and smiled at our little boat, but it was many a long day before we could speak with any complacency about our treatment at Jaluit.

For twenty-five days we cruised about, battling winds and currents, while I continued my study of the counter-equatorial currents, of which little is known in the West Pacific. When we reached 180 degrees longitude I felt my work was finished and we decided to make for Honolulu. This would mean two more months at sea, for although we were only 1900 miles from Honolulu in a straight line, which would take only a few days in a steamer or a motor yacht, in a sailing vessel, which must tack this way and that with the wind and make allowance for the equatorial current throwing a ship from fifteen to fifty miles a day toward the west, the straight line becomes a

crooked one and the number of miles is trebled. And to think the good scientists make the Polynesians navigate from west to east! It looks so simple on the map, to one seated in a good armchair, and with the knowledge gathered only from books.

In reality, in order to sail to Honolulu from the 180 degrees at the equator, it was necessary for us to steer a north-northwest course until, between the latitudes 33 degrees and 37 degrees, we should reach a zone of variable winds dominating from the west; then it would be possible to sail east until we again met the northeast trade winds, when we should be in a position to sail southeast to Honolulu. How I envied those who sail across the Pacific from east to west!

After turning northward we averaged about 110 miles a day, which is not bad for a small ship like the *Fou-Po*. How we enjoyed sailing close-hauled into the trade winds and having once more a steady, fresh breeze and a clear horizon after almost a month in the equatorial zone, where calm alternated with squalls, storms, and heavy showers, the sun was leaden, and the breezes varying.

I looked at the map one day and remarked to Tati, 'Another month and we shall be in Honolulu.' I was happy to be alive and got out my oil paints to touch up the decorative frescoes which ornamented the cabin. 'What a success our little ship will have in Honolulu,' I thought, 'with her fine sculptured woodwork in shades of Ningpo red and gold and with the Buddhas and Kuan Yins I had copied from the pagoda in Amoy.' I also worked on my notes, classifying them affectionately and bringing up to date the scientific observations and the accounts of our cruise. I could not help congratulating myself that I should soon be able to send to the publishers from Honolulu some of my material, and perhaps

the editors would advance me some money; in which case, I thought, my little *Fou-Po*, you shall see with what fine sails we shall cover you, with what shining copper we shall protect your hull, and with what strong Manila rope we shall trim your masts. Ah, you shall be the finest of all the ships sailing the blue Pacific!

There was only one speck to blight my happiness. Tati, my mate, seemed nervous, taciturn, unfriendly. Nothing appeared to interest him. Apparently for him days were only days and life was just a succession of hours, passing by without a trace. I attributed his attitude to the duration of the voyage and to his isolation, for he had nothing to engage his attention, since he had no hobby. As time wore on, the more his rancor seemed to gnaw him, and though it did not manifest itself openly, it gradually made a gulf between us. I had the impression it annoyed him to see me putting my notes in order and redecorating the ship. Several times I said to him, 'If the voyage makes you unhappy, Tati, you will not want to go on with it.' But always he replied doggedly, 'I said that I would finish the trip and I shall go on to the end. Never will I leave the ship, never!'

I foresaw that it would be impossible to go on in a state of unspoken hostility. Still, as Tati had shared the expense of the junk with me, I could see but one outlook and that was to relinquish the ship to him in Honolulu, for he would never give up the boat. And while Tati slept at night I amused myself by making plans for the future. During our stay at Jaluit, I had been able to study — only from afar, unfortunately — the qualities of the native boats, the trim little outriggers. Why should n't I build a boat of that type in Honolulu, modifying it to make it livable and capable of navigating the open sea? Every night I studied my

project secretly, designing this future ship, figuring out the position of the masts and sails, calculating the placement of each thing; and then, before I awoke my companion to go on watch, I would hide the plans. But one day Tati discovered my papers. He realized what was germinating in my brain, and although he said nothing, he became more and more sombre.

III

One day the breeze suddenly lightened, the air became oppressive and heavy, ominous clouds weighed on the greenish-blue sea. The last rays of the setting sun threw on the still ocean sinister, coppery lines. Tati came up from below grumbling, 'It stinks in the cabin.' 'Perhaps it is a dead rat,' said I, but Tati reminded me that we had never seen a rat on board. We raised the floor boards to inspect the bottom, lifted up the mattresses, and emptied out the cupboards, but could find nothing. At last, upon releasing a partition, a sickening odor reached us from the forward hold.

'It is doubtless a rotting flying fish which has fallen in when the panel has been opened for air,' I said. Tati climbed into the hold and, displacing the coils of rope and tumbling over the paints, examined everything. Suddenly there was a fearful curse from below and he stuck his head up through the hatchway to say, 'It is the two soddered boxes — our emergency supply of food!'

Mutely we looked at each other, realizing that we had expected to call upon these reserve provisions in a few days, since our supply in the cabin was nearly exhausted. Anguish wrung our hearts. We glanced anxiously at the map and saw the distance we had covered charted out and the still longer distance yet before us to reach Honolulu.

We always carried two big galvanized tins, hermetically sealed, containing a two months' supply of rice, macaroni, and flour. Three times already these cases had served us well, and now, two thousand miles from Honolulu, we found ourselves face to face with a rotten mass of food. Suddenly the explanation came to us. 'Those beastly officials at Jaluit, when they turned the boat upside down looking for evidence!' exclaimed Tati; and we recalled the one and only time the governor had demanded that Tati accompany me for interrogation. To show our trust as much as our innocence we had obeyed his order, leaving portholes, cupboards, and the doors of the cabin wide open. The questioning had lasted from eight in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon, the object being to make me confess where I had hidden my secret reports and especially where I had concealed the transmission radio set and an electric sounding machine, for the governor remained to the end convinced that I was a spy. The only thing of which he did not seem certain was for which nation I was working.

When we returned to the *Fou-Po* we found her in a state of indescribable disorder. The ship had been searched from bow to stern, my papers had been gone through, all the drawers were open, and all our effects were strewn about. The detectives had not even tried to hide the evidence of their conduct by putting the ship into some semblance of order. I immediately looked over my papers, not in the fear that any might have been deciphered, but to see if any were missing, for I knew these gentlemen were skillful in the art of imitation and I was afraid that they might copy my handwriting and place some paper among mine which during a new search might indeed furnish evidence that I was a spy. Undoubtedly during this search our

tins had been opened, the air admitted, and the heat and humidity of the tropics had brought this disaster upon us. We spread the sickening, rotting mess upon the deck in the sun, but it was useless — it all had to be thrown overboard.

We made an inventory of the food we had left and I wished to ration our meagre store, but Tati could see no need for this. 'We won't starve,' he said, 'for you said we were only twenty days from Honolulu and if we run short of food we can surely catch some fish. We shall arrive in port a trifle thinner, perhaps, but otherwise well.'

I reminded him that at times we had gone months without seeing even the tail of a fish and that our arrival in Honolulu in twenty days depended upon favorable winds.

I placed what provisions we had left upon the bunk in plain sight and ate very sparingly, and tried to make Tati see the desirability of his doing the same, by example, hints, and tact — but all to no purpose. Tati ate as usual and seemed to think I had placed the food on the bunk to keep my eye upon it, to his great resentment.

On October 15 our food gave out. There was nothing left to eat upon the *Fou-Po* except a half bottle of curry powder and salt and pepper. That same day we had a bit of hard luck. We discovered that the rudder which had been temporarily mended at Jaluit, two months before, by means of solidly tied planks, would have to be repaired in some way or other, since the ropes had rotted in the sun and water. The rudder of the *Fou-Po* was an enormous wick, fourteen feet long, the size of a good tree, which reached down two feet under the keel. Deciding that the work must be done at once before our misfortune became complete and before our strength gave out entirely, we pulled the wick out of the water with great effort, hung it

aft, and repaired it under a fiery sky. At four o'clock the work was finished and so, also, were we. But the wind was still good, and little did we imagine what fate had in store for us.

Then occurred a strange thing, a thing which all mariners inclined to superstition would not fail to interpret as a happy omen. The repaired rudder had been put in place, the junk was again on her course, and Tati and I were stretched out at length on the deck, weary and spent, when suddenly a huge flying fish jumped out of the water and landed on the deck at our feet. It was the largest which had ever come aboard. In certain parts of the Pacific, flying fish were caught almost nightly in the sails, but we had never had this happen in the broad daylight. We felt it was a reward of Heaven for having worked all that day in the broiling sun without a complaint, without blasphemy, and without directing any abusive epithets toward the gods of the sea. Men love to inflate themselves with importance and so easily and complacently imagine themselves to be the direct object of Heaven!

That flying fish, from wherever he may have come, was our last big meal. Tati cleaned him carefully, and, thanks to some fat remaining in the frying pan from our days of abundance, he fried him to a turn. Nothing was lost. With the fins, the entrails, and even the scales, I made a soup. I filtered it through a cloth and Tati thought it compared favorably with the best bouillabaisse. 'Only it is too bad,' said he, 'that the golden slices of bread which are the pride of the dish of Marseille are lacking.'

IV

From that day on we lived on a diet of curry powder mixed with water and tallow from a box given us two years previously by the United States Navy for

the purpose of greasing the masts. We never lacked water, thank heavens, for we still had a supply on board and were able to catch more in the frequent showers. How many times, hoping for the impossible miracle, did we turn the boat upside down searching for food, open boxes we knew were empty, and turn out the contents of the cupboards! And for the fourth time, at least, Tati put water in an old rusty tin which had formerly held sugar and imagined the reddish water contained some flavor.

We tried our hand at fishing. Long before, our hooks had been dragged away by sharks, so that it was necessary for us to fashion a hook. I took a Chinese nail and pointed it with a file and, attaching it to a line, dropped it overboard, only to see it disappear along with a fine white net, five minutes later, in the mouth of a shark. The line floated for days in the white wake of the ship, and we had not the courage to pull it in.

The days passed.

The good northeast trade winds on which we had counted to bring us in style to Honolulu turned to the southeast. The sky was black, and torrential rains and heavy winds, alternating with calms, compelled us to keep a continuous watch and to use our waning strength to manœuvre the sails. We were no longer able to find rest in sleep and would lie in a state of half consciousness when we were not on watch. My legs were lifeless, but my arms still contained some strength and enabled me to crawl about the boat. Each day I would pull myself out of the cabin, drag myself along the deck, make my observations, and take our position. My eyes seemed covered with a mist, a film which persisted in showing me food. Only with the greatest effort could I keep them open at all.

One day I thought I saw in the deep

blue of the ocean the clear and metallic reflection of fishes against the hull. Vividly I recalled the time when we would troll at night in the phosphorescent Southern waters and pull on board in the morning all the kingfish we could eat, and how we had become so surfeited we had wished never to see one again. But then I had been able to stand up straight; I had legs then; my hand was sure and my eyes could see. Now with misty eyes I peered at the sea for a long, long time. I called Tati and bade him look. Surely those were fish jumping in the sea about the boat, just too far to reach or to attempt to reach with a harpoon!

We had on board a large, old-fashioned pistol, for which I now saw an immediate use. With feverish haste I contrived to make a tiny harpoon out of a piece of wire, and this I tied to a long line and fastened to the pistol, manufacturing a contraption not unlike the harpoon cannon of the whale fishermen. Tati had little confidence in my invention. 'It will blow up in your hands,' he said. To avoid accident we decided to make a trial, so we tied the apparatus to the rail, pointed the barrel into the open, tied a string to the hammer, and took shelter behind the cabin. I gave the string a short pull, and to my great astonishment and admiration the little steel wire shot off straight into the water, dragging sixty feet of rope behind it.

In the face of such a success, if we had had legs, we should have jumped for joy. I said, 'Courage, Tati. At last we are going to have some beautiful fish to eat.' Our stomachs, so long tired of complaining, seemed to tremble at the sweet prospect. I stretched myself out on deck, the heavy pistol in my hand, and waited for the sight of a fish. I waited for hours. The water seemed to grow blacker and blacker, and there was no trace of the metallic silvery lights I had seen be-

fore. Either I had seen a mirage or the fish had disappeared.

I have often observed that, given a thin nervous type of man and a strong phlegmatic one, the latter succumbs more quickly than the former. So it was with Tati and me. In two days after our food gave out, he was weaker than I after my many days of self-denial and fasting. My mate had probably never known such weakness before, and in this state a dreadful remorse came over him, both for his lack of restraint in the matter of eating and because of his rancor toward me. He seemed to feel that our plight was entirely due to him because he had been unwilling to ration the provisions, but above all he reproached himself for his former smouldering hostility. In his weakness he poured out his heart to me. It is a terrible thing to see a strong man prostrate. But something infinitely precious descended upon us; the horizon was swept clear; the subtle poison was removed, and once more there were trust and mutual frankness between us.

October 21 was my birthday, and Tati took out from the bottom of the cupboard a little piece of paper. In it, carefully wrapped, was half a cracker. 'I had it in reserve for your birthday,' said Tati. Oh, that half cracker! With what sensations of delight we nibbled those last few crumbs of food, our very last. We made of it almost a religious rite. We were not discouraged, however. Land was now only three hundred miles away in the south-southwest. Two days of good wind, not more, and then we should have steak and French fried potatoes.

Slowly our strength had been ebbing away. An atrocious gnawing tortured my carcass during the first week of starvation and then suddenly ceased. It seemed as if my stomach had finally tired of its useless revolt and had at last decided to accept the inevitable.

Then a sensation of calm and peace stole over me and I had the feeling that my body was slowly shedding its material form and was purifying itself, elevating itself, in order to release itself and go down into nothingness. It was a delicious feeling. I seemed to live on another plane. I had no fear of death. How could I when I felt mounting in me a new life, unknown, mysterious, intense, spiritual, and my mind seemed to grasp at something beyond life, something universal and infinite? I knew now the blessing of suffering and the benediction of the test. I saw clearly that it was the road which led to the perfection of the inner life. Going thus to encounter death, though not an orthodox believer, I pleased myself with the thought that one never dies, and I thanked Heaven I was allowed to tread the strange road with eyes wide open and to see and feel the sweetness of entering through death into eternal life.

V

At last my observations showed me that we were about one hundred miles from Molokai, and also that we were in the steamship lane. Since this was the case, was it not possible that we should sight a steamer and that then all our troubles would be over? I lay on the deck and continually scanned the horizon. My eyes became so tired with watching that again and again I imagined I saw a ship. But finally a liner, ablaze with lights, steamed down upon us. This was no *Fata Morgana*. There was no mistaking the full lights of the steamer, and I called feebly to Tati, 'We are saved at last.'

The battery of our flashlight was dead, but we lighted a kerosene lantern and this we waved, mustering what strength we could into our arms. I was so weak I could not raise my arm sufficiently to make signals, but we called frantically for help and were so

near we could distinctly hear voices on the ship helling to us. Imagine our despair when we saw that our signals of distress were not understood and that the steamer was sailing gayly by. Exhausted by our exertions, Tati and I collapsed upon the deck. Following in the wake of the ship were the most delicious odors of cooking. The association of ideas was terrible. 'Oh,' thought I, 'if only I might have the food left between the teeth of one of the passengers!'

Later we heard that the captain of this steamer reported on arriving at Honolulu that he had passed a pleasure yacht one hundred miles northeast of Molokai and that we had waved our greetings!

The next day we sighted the island of Molokai and our courage somewhat returned. I had read in the nautical directory that the prevailing winds of the Hawaiian Islands were the northeast trades, and that a south or west wind only blew for a few days at a time. But for days already we had encountered only southwest winds. These continued. That night we saw first the light at Kalaupapa and later on the lights of the city of Honolulu reflected in the sky. If the trades would only blow, we should be in Honolulu the next day. We tacked all the following day, but at eventide the wind dropped and the currents pulled us back, so that the next day found us just where we had been on the previous morning. The wind persisted from the southwest, and for three days we tacked by day and drifted by night to where we had started.

I had heard that there was much life in the waters around Honolulu, — sampans, yachts, steamers, and planes, — but we did not see a thing. When we were in sight of Kalaupapa, we flew the tricolor at half mast, hoping someone there would recognize it as a signal of distress, but we learned afterward

that, as the light is a mechanical one, there is no keeper, and no one to watch.

It was tantalizing to be able to see the Island of Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, so clearly and yet not be able to make that port. On the fourth day I was determined to make one more attempt, but Tati said no, that in another day I should be dead and that we must make for Kalaupapa, which was within our reach.

I had no charts of Molokai, and as we approached the reef-guarded island, about sunset, I saw a boat apparently riding at anchor. Believing this to be the anchorage, I steered in her direction, only to find the ship, a wreck, perched upon the reef. I veered off, and although I do not know how I had the strength to handle the rudder, I instinctively guided the junk to a spot which I learned afterward was the proper anchorage. When I heard the anchor fall, I dropped to the deck as if dead.

We were quite near the shore, and Tati, though also in a state of total exhaustion, called for help and swung the lantern, but as it was raining very hard no one saw us or heard us. Regaining my senses after some two hours of unconsciousness, and finding that Tati had had no success in summoning aid, I concluded that we might better have tried again for Honolulu, as evidently either the inhabitants of Kalaupapa were all lepers and unable to come to our assistance or else they had no boats. About ten o'clock, however, Tati thought he heard the sound of oars. A canoe manned by four fine-looking Hawaiians came alongside, and so noiselessly did they come aboard that when they appeared before me I thought they were objects of my delirium. We asked if there were any French at the Settlement and were informed that there was a French priest. We told the young Hawaiians

that we did not wish to leave our ship, but that we should be grateful if they would ask the priest to send us some food, as we were starving, having been without food for fifteen days.

The next thing I remember is awaking and finding myself in a nice white bed, surrounded by white walls, and attended by a blonde nurse. The superintendent of the Settlement himself had carried Tati and me off the *Fou-Po* to the hospital, and, thanks to the kindly ministrations of the staff, we soon regained our strength.

VI

I have already told of the sad fate of our little *Fou-Po*. Now, in Honolulu, Tati and I are building the double outrigger canoe which I amused myself by planning while Tati slept, on our last cruise. This new ship will have two deep hulls, each a little over thirty feet long, with a draft of three feet. Each has a main cabin nearly the length

of the hull, with ample headroom. The one on the starboard side will be used as a chartroom, while the port cabin will contain the galley and sleeping quarters.

The two hulls will be joined by four heavy beams upon which two masts will be mounted, with a mainmast nearly thirty-five feet high. They will be rigged with the Chinese junk type of sail, which I believe is the fastest to be found. The hulls will be launched separately and joined in the water three feet apart. We have named our double canoe the *Kaimiloa*, which in Hawaiian means 'The Quest Overseas,' and was the name of the ship that Kalakaua, the last king of Hawaii, sent to Samoa during his reign.

Soon we shall start out again for the South Pacific, in the quest of gathering again the data lost on the *Fou-Po*, by which I hope to present to the world of science my arguments in refutation of the now accepted theory of the Polynesian migrations.

RIDING FOR PLEASURE

BY MRS. WINTHROP CHANLER¹

I

IN the autumn of 1903 we went to stay with Major and Mrs. W. Austin Wadsworth in Geneseo for the opening meet of the Genesee Valley Hunt. Austin Wadsworth, owner of broad ancestral acres, kept a fine pack of English foxhounds. He was an old friend of my husband, who had long been an habitu   of the hospitable Homestead and a member of the G. V. H. From Washington, Tuxedo Park, New York, or wherever we happened to be living, Wintie would, during the hunting season, take a night train that reached Geneseo or a neighboring station in time for the meet, would perhaps stay over for another 'couple or three' gallops, and come home refreshed and rejoicing. 'It is God's own country,' he would say, and add ruefully, 'but it is real country and you would not like it.'

Brought up in Rome, I had spent uneventful summers in Italian villas where one dreamed away the hot months in the shade of ilex trees by moss-grown fountains. Since our marriage we had passed summers at Newport and Bar Harbor, had lived several years at Tuxedo Park. The fact was, I knew nothing of real country life.

In the days when Wintie went to Geneseo without me, Austin Wadsworth was unmarried and kept bache-

lor's hall at the Homestead. I had occasionally been invited, but I was loath to leave the babies, and Wintie, not sure that I should enjoy it, had never urged me to go along. Now Austin Wadsworth, who had become a Major during the Spanish War, had lately taken to himself a wife, the handsome Miss Elizabeth Perkins of Boston and Cotuit, a tall, spirited girl much younger than himself. He could not have found a more appropriate or a more devoted helpmate; she was — and still is, I am happy to say — a fine rider, a great lover of dogs, an enthusiastic gardener, initiated from childhood in the duties and interests, the pleasures and predicaments, of country life. She survived the Major, who died toward the end of the Great War, and brought up their only son, William Perkins, administering the estate until he was of age to take it over. William P. Wadsworth is now Master of the Genesee Valley Hounds, and long life to him!

The Wadsworths have always held their own in their country's history. The house is full of family portraits — a Revolutionary general and worthies of every sort. A well-stocked library contains Audubon's famous folios of birds and the noble army of classics which the present day seems to have so little use for. The whole place has the increasingly rare quality of having been a home for many generations of

¹ Earlier chapters from Mrs. Chanler's new book, *Autumn in the Valley*, appeared in the September and October issues. — EDITOR

pleasant living. It has, since anyone in the Valley can remember, been the centre of cordial hospitality.

Austin Wadsworth was an accomplished horseman and breeder of horses. He kept a large stable of excellent hunters and his guests were royally mounted.

II

It was an amber-gold October morning; the hounds met before the Big Tree Inn on the unpaved village street. I rode Enid, a grand chestnut mare, spirited and kind, warranted an undefeated jumper, she and I both inwardly excited with that delicious tingle of eagerness and apprehension which horse and rider feel together before hunting. As a girl I used to feel it before a ball; the first good waltz with the right partner dispelled it. And so it is with fox hunting. Once over the first jump, all your tremors are gone and the physical joy of living and riding is all you are conscious of.

The members of the Hunt were all strangers to me, but Wintie had long been a favorite with them and they were kind to his wife; I met that day people who have been my friends and neighbors ever since. This first meeting, on horseback, was very gay and informal. I have the impression that, as we cantered side by side over the Oak Lot on our way to the covert, three or four of us burst into song. There were many bold riders in the field: the Wadsworths, Lords of the Manor, well represented by various branches of the family, among them the witty Jim Sam, something of a black sheep, who attached unforgettable nicknames to this and that member of the hunt — 'Red Raven Splits,' 'Angry Mat,' 'Little Potatoes (are hard to peel),' and many more.

From Buffalo came the tall Milburn brothers, of whom Devereux later won fame as a polo player and winner of in-

ternational matches, and the whole tribe of Carys and Rumseys, sportsmen all and hard riders. There were six Cary brothers, most of them generally in the field.

The Carys originally came from Batavia, where they owned a handsome old house now converted into an Historical Museum. Long before I met them, the family had moved to Buffalo, where Dr. Charles, one of the six brothers, married a Rumsey, as did their only sister, Miss Evelyn Cary. The Rumseys owned houses and lands in Buffalo and the two families made a powerful clan. A whole chapter could easily be written about the Carys alone. When the youngest of the seven children was still a baby in arms they had all been taken to Europe by their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Cary, and had made the grand tour in a coach and four — their own four. Dr. Cary was a famous four-in-hand driver and drove himself. The older sons followed, riding extra horses. At some wayside inn where they were putting up for the night, it was found, on getting the children ready for bed, that Baby Seward was missing. Someone then remembered that he had been put to sleep in the rumble of the coach. Search was made, lantern in hand, in the dark coach house, and the baby was found. This same baby grew up to be a great polo player. He is now a grandfather of grown children; I saw him last in the hunting field not many months ago. We pulled out together after we had both had enough.

I found a letter from my husband written about the time we first came to Geneseo; he was staying with Mrs. Wolcott across the valley. 'Last night we were quite a house party. The smaller Rumsey girl, Miss Wilcox, David Gray, were the other guests. To-day brings old Mrs. Cary, who looks like the mother of a battalion, as Mrs. Wolcott says, and her sister, Miss

Maria Love, who looks as if she ought to have been. . . . There will be more later. Old Mrs. Cary said to Mrs. Wolcott, "*This* a bad day! My dear, I would have come if it had poured with rain."

'It seems she is very proud of her sons' various arrests for assault and battery and always sent them the amount of their fine in gold. All of them have been arrested at times. Once at a dinner-party or luncheon George was recalling the different arrests and imprisonments of himself and brothers. The old lady broke in when he was through with the list, "Why, you have forgotten Charlie's arrest in Florence."

Dr. Cary died long ago. It was Madam Cary and her sister who brought up the large family — brought them up with complete fearlessness. When a neighbor rushed in one day to tell them 'Sewardy' (the baby who had been forgotten in the rumble of the coach), who was now about twelve years old, was hanging by his hands from the gutter of the roof of the three-story house, his mother merely put her head out of the window and called to him: 'Come down, Sewardy, you are disturbing the neighbors.'

The two tall gray-haired sisters were a remarkable pair as they drove about in their great barouche with silver mountings on carriage and harness. They kept open house for all the many descendants into the fourth and fifth generation, and made strangers welcome within their gates. They were admirable women and great ladies, more of the mediæval castle type than of the court of Versailles.

In the course of playing an important polo match, Charles Cary had a bad fall; as he lay unconscious from a serious concussion, the game momentarily suspended, Mrs. Cary stood up in her carriage and called aloud, 'Is there no other Cary in the field to take his

place?' Tom Cary, another son, answered the call. The riding boots were stripped from the unconscious Charles, his brother put them on, jumped into the empty saddle, and the Buffalo team won the match.

Trumbull Cary, the oldest son, lived in the old house in Batavia and was president of a bank there. He kept a string of horses for pleasure and profit. He had three daughters who rode with the best; for the hunting season he brought them and the horses to Geneseo. These girls schooled their father's horses, rode them at horse shows, and qualified them as ladies' hunters. Admirable in their courage, skill, and good humor, they were always a pleasure to watch as they mastered their often unruly mounts. To see Margaret dealing with the well-named 'Tête-à-Tête,' a mare so nervous that she had to be kept from the rest of the field, was a lesson in horsemanship.

Charles Cary Rumsey, their cousin, who achieved distinction as a sculptor, was a matchless rider; so was his brother, Lawrence. They were not like any people I had seen before, so careless of danger, so boisterous and light-hearted. If a rider fell, a shout of laughter went up among them. So the young centaurs may have laughed when they saw man and horse come apart. Yet they were not unkind.

An old gentleman, Mr. Robert Brookings, founder of the Brookings Institution, told me not long ago, when he heard I came from Geneseo and knew the Carys, that as a very young man he had gone to Batavia to buy a horse of Trumbull Cary. He had been taken into the paddock and asked to try a lively four-year-old. He took him over a jump, fell off, and broke his leg. The Carys kept him in their house and took good care of him until he was well enough to travel, then lent him a pair of crutches to go home with. The family assembled on the porch to bid

him good-bye, and he saw they were amused at something; on his asking what it was, Mr. Cary replied, 'It is the eleventh time we have lent that pair of crutches to a departing guest.' Loud laughter.

On that first morning, we hunted the beautiful country north of Geneseo, great open fields for perfect galloping alternating with rides cut through primeval forests and steep adventurous scrambles up and down the gullies and hogbacks, the Sugar Bush, the Big Woods, the Oxbow. In those days this part of the country was all fenced with timber — snake fences which had to be taken at the proper angle, and straight board fences where the top board was often broken by one or another of the riders and thus made easier for those who were not overbold. The landscape is lovely in every direction, with rich variety of field and forest, wide pastures and wooded hills. The Genesee River meanders through it in endless curves and 'oxbow' loops, bordered on either bank by fringes of woodland. The country is intersected by deep gullies cut by streams that swell to torrents in rainy seasons and wither to an imperceptible trickle during the summer.

I have now ridden over these banks and braes for thirty years, have cantered happily over the wide, open spaces, and their beauty never fails. As I write, my daughter comes in, flushed with the joy of a forty-five-minute run on the Home Farm Flats. 'And oh, Mummy, it was so beautiful! We were galloping as fast as we could and yet I could not forget how lovely the whole picture was.' I know how she felt, how I still feel, for all my three-score years and ten, though now my love of riding has survived my hunting ardor, and I enjoy an easy canter more than a fast run.

I fell in love with the happy Valley on that bright October morning. I

liked it indeed so well, and Wintie was so pleased with my liking it, that we have lived there ever since.

III

It was riding that brought us to Geneseo and riding became our chief concern; except in the hunting season we rode every afternoon, weather permitting. The children on their ponies would accompany us as far as was deemed advisable. They hated to be sent home, and always assured us they were not a bit tired and did not want their supper, but Knight, the faithful English groom, would take them back and they knew they were missing the best of the ride.

Knight was a good horseman and scrupulously conscientious. He highly disapproved of 'larking' — that is, jumping fences just for fun — on a quiet afternoon ride. The children were of course all for it, as were their elders, and had no objection to risking an occasional spill. 'Ah, but if you get the right kind of a fall, Miss, it is the end of you.' Wintie called him the 'night-blooming cereus,' but valued him for his many sterling qualities.

We grown-ups would go far afield and often came home after sunset and moonrise, threading our way through the darkling woods. To ride with Wintie was always an adventure, always gave one a sense of the wind on the heath. He was more than fearless — indeed, a touch of danger was part of the fun; and he expected the same spirit in those that rode with him. The difficult obstacle must be taken without hesitation — 'Who's afraid?' We swallowed our qualms and were more afraid of his displeasure than of the picket-wire fence or the slippery steep. There were, of course, occasional spills and minor mishaps, but no serious accidents that I can remember — none at least to the children, though Wintie

himself had plenty of them on the hunting field and elsewhere, so many that the company with which he was insured against accidents at last refused to renew his policy. They had paid three compensations in one year, and then he went up in a balloon which made a rough landing and rebroke a collarbone that had barely knit. They would not, they said, have further dealing with such a client. What made him go up in a balloon? He was registered on his policy as a trustee, and a trustee had no business to meddle with aeronautics. He transferred his insurance to another company which took a more liberal view of the sporting life.

I like riders and hard riders — not all, but most of them. They do not, as a rule, take much interest in Shakespeare and the musical glasses, but they must have pluck and skill, they love our brother the horse, are glad to endure a measure of hardships and fatigue, and above all they know it is good to be alive. In the cushioned ease of civilian existence we rarely have the occasion to test our courage and endurance. 'Fox-'unting,' says the immortal Jor-rocks, 'is the himage of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent of its dangers.' So here's to fox hunting!

One of the proofs of its effect on character is that you know the morale of the people you have hunted with as you know that of no others. Their faults and their virtues are as manifest in the hunting field as the color of their coats. As easily distinguishable as good and bad horsemanship are prudence and temerity, generosity and self-seeking, modesty and exhibitionism.

There is, however, one weakness which they nearly all share: horses and their doings become the topic of endless conversation, and few know how to make this amusing. The evenings before and after hunting seem well-nigh

interminable. I used to feel that æons of time had passed over me, and look at my watch to find it was only half-past nine; or get so sleepy that, had a kingdom been mine, I would have given it gladly for a few moments of oblivion. Cards would have been a blessed resource, but the ruling family did not play cards; neither did my husband, and there was nothing for me to do but sit and blink. I always wished the noble animals might be left in their stable to munch their grain in silent contentment, while their riders talked of something else.

'Four things greater than all things are —
Women and Horses and Power and War,'

sang the poet. But the American gentlemen who gathered round the dinner table in their gay pink coats could not possibly talk of women and love before their ladies, and there was no war — so it had to be always horses.

I knew little about riding when I first began to hunt in the Roman Campagna. I have spoken of this in another book.² I had never, properly speaking, been taught to ride, and while hunting had given me many a 'crowded hour of glorious life,' I always felt that my horsemanship was tentative, like the music of one who plays by ear. Following Wintie I managed to get on and over, and we were generally in the first flight. I had by nature light, ready hands and a fairly firm seat, but knew nothing of the art and science of controlling my mount. Horses went well with me; Wintie said I had a soporific effect on them, while his quick and active temper excited them. I could do nothing with a slug that he could get a good ride on. So I often rode nervous beasts I was a little afraid of. No harm ever came of it, but I sorely felt the need — or was it only the curiosity? — for more thorough understanding.

² *Roman Spring.* — EDITOR

I had heard a great deal about de Busigni, a famous old French riding teacher, who had taught two or three generations of Bostonians and turned out excellent riders. Senator Cabot Lodge had learned with him — so had Brooks Adams; and several of his younger pupils, Miss Katrine Coolidge, Miss Abigail Adams, and others, came to hunt with us in the Valley and 'witched the world with noble horsemanship.' They had more style, more finish, than the local riders. So, finding myself in Boston for a week's visit, I went to Mr. de Busigni and asked him to teach me what he could in so short a time. He was a famous *haute école* rider, a great performer in his day, and could make a horse gallop backward; Senator Lodge had seen him do it. I learned many things from him in the six or eight lessons he gave me, but above all I learned how much more there was I should like to know.

IV

Two years later we went abroad for the winter, that Laura might study painting in Paris and Wintie go fox hunting in Ireland. We took a thoroughbred mare along; I found an excellent *haute école* teacher by the name of Émile Gauthier who initiated me and my well-named 'Runaway Girl' in the intricacies of *passage*, *épaule en dedans*, *piaffer*, *pirouette*, and finally the Spanish trot, which put both of us in a lather and was a good thing to finish the lesson with. He found Runaway Girl an admirable subject. She was rather hot and had plenty of temper and resistance, without which it is difficult to teach a horse these things. Where there is no resistance, there is no achievement. Without an opposing will there is no victory. I have heard teachers say the same of children.

It may well sound futile and superfluous to have spent so much time in

studying the subtleties of an all-but-forgotten art, learning to make a horse do things that are not in his nature; but I became deeply interested in the theory and practice of advanced equitation and took almost daily lessons for two winters. Runaway Girl became quite accomplished.

Man and horse have worked and played together for countless centuries. Saint James in his Epistle says, 'We put bits in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us; and we turn about their whole body.' It was perhaps for having said this that he became the patron of riders and a great favorite with crusading knights. They felt confident that a saint who knew about riding would take more interest in them than would another.

Of late years the emphasis is all on the forward seat, on jumping with the horse, adapting your movement to his as a dancer does to his partner. Riding has come to mean cross-country riding and jumping. Children are taught to jump before they know a bit from a bridoon. It gives them confidence and is all to the good; as they go sailing over the little obstacles in the ring they are made to let go the reins altogether and raise their arms in a graceful *ballerine* gesture. I am thinking of a children's class we had in Geneseo not long ago in which several of my grandchildren learned to ride. Three generations of us were all being taught the forward seat; there were at different hours classes for the young, the grown-ups, and one or two *superadultæ* like myself. I for one became enthusiastic about the forward seat for jumping. I had some fifteen grandchildren when I acquired it, and have practised it ever since! But the modern school of riding seems to teach little or nothing about biting and the handling of the reins, about collecting the horse or making him change his feet. Caracol, *passage*, and Spanish trot are long since out of

date. They have gone on the scrap heap with minuets and court curtsies and many other pretty flourishes that have been dropped as superfluous to our practical, time-saving age. We have forgotten the qualities they implied and required, the physical discipline and accurate coördination that made them possible. In learning to put a horse through the various paces of *haute école* the rider acquires great control of his mount, the four reins each have their separate office, and he plays on them with conscious dexterity. '*Ce n'est pas la main légère qu'il nous faut, c'est la main savante*' — not the light hand but the skilled hand that we need, as old de Busigni used to say. Dante says it best of all when he speaks of Virgil's '*mani animose e pronte*' — hands spirited and ready.

I have forgotten much of what I learned from Gauthier during the two winters I worked with him in Paris, but I never regretted the time thus spent. It enabled me to enjoy riding into old age, to ride new horses without tremors, feeling myself to some degree mistress of the situation. To this day I know of no greater physical pleasure than sitting in the saddle with four sound legs under me to carry me whither I choose, instead of my own single pair on which the inexorable Anno Domini has begun to work its spite. Riding is a fountain of youth, a dispeller of care, the pleasure that is altogether innocent and life-enhancing.

V

While I was in Paris with Laura and the younger children, Wintie was happy in Ireland. He and three or four friends lived together at the Club-House Hotel in Navan and hunted the fox five days a week with the Meath Hounds. If that was not enough they could go out on the sixth day with the Ward Stag hounds, a neighboring pack. They all had their own horses and the

sport was of the best. Their cup was full. Wintie first went there in 1902 to stay with his friend, Charles Carroll, one of the original Navan group, who invited him to come over and see how he liked it. He sailed in the beginning of November and came home for Christmas.

Here is his good-bye from the *R.M.S. Etruria* (sent back by the pilot): 'We are off, my Honey sweet, off at last, and I am blue as blue at going but that will pass after a good night's sleep. . . . Lunch is ready, they tell me; I have been put at the purser's table. There are about fifty people on board and each looks stupider than the other. . . .'

The next came from oversea: —

NAVAN, COUNTY MEATH
Monday, November 10

. . . I have had my first day with these famous hounds. Why, O why, have n't we been here for the last ten years? All grass — beautiful going — banks and ditches. You could do it perfectly two or three days a week and not get too tired. Some day we'll try a season and you will love it. The horse Charlie gave me to-day would carry you safe as a church. . . . He is quite the best horse I ever rode in my life, wise as a serpent and gentle as a dove once the hounds are running. He is a queer customer at starting and hates to leave his stable. One could not ride him alone to the meet, they say; he simply would not go.

Well, we had a grand day. The first fox gave us about forty minutes with only one check that amounted to anything. They killed him in a gorse covert. We then found another (you could perfectly well have driven home after the first) who gave us a fair hunting run . . . eventually we lost him or it was getting late, but we had over forty minutes with him and some of it quite fast. You never saw such a day's sport in all your time in Rome, yet here they make nothing of it.

November 15th. . . . I rode another of Charlie's horses to-day, a very stout common-bred beast, hight Mr. Pigg. He was fit to jump out of his skin, so fine was he

feeling, and before the whole field, going down hill, tried to buck me off. Every man and woman present wanted to see him do it. 'Look at that Yankee — now he's gone!' — so Charlie told me. I must admit Mr. Pigg nearly accomplished his fell (or fall) purpose, for he is very big and strong and did his best down a very steep place. Also his mane is hogged and he wore no breast-plate. There was nothing to hold on by. By great good luck I sat him out and clubbed and spurred him into a state of quiescence — to the great disappointment of everyone but Charlie, who said, 'Chan, old boy, I am proud of you.' After this ebullient of spirits, Mr. Pigg went as mild as a lamb and did some very good work.

Such a beautiful day as to-day was you never saw. We were on top of high hills most of the time and it was so clear you could see all Ireland.

You never saw such horses in your life as these Irish hunters — perfectly beautiful monsters of strength and grace — and moreover in a condition we never see at home. Here the going is deep and soft and wet most of the time. The horses are called upon to make great efforts in leaping over wide and high places (ditches and banks) and galloping in deep ground. And the girls! Lawks! what pretty quiet eyes with down-drooping lids, rose and ivory complexions, and voices soft as velvet. They all ride like angels with wings, or devils incarnate. You never saw such seats and hands and courage and nerve. I am quite content to follow them. In fact, whenever I try to give them a lead over, my horse invariably refuses and I cheerfully take second place. . . .

Wintie liked it all so well that he became an habitu  of the Club-House Hotel in Navan, collected a string of hunters, and spent the next four or five winters there.

Here is a letter in a different mood written on a Wednesday in March from the Coburg Hotel, London: —

. . . A most glorious day. England is the most beautiful country, bar Ireland, on this earth, and the good God's peace lay over the bustle of the vast town. I saw Henry

Norman³ or his double at 6.30. I watched and followed him (he was already dressed for dinner), but could not be sure enough of him to speak to him. You know that he is an M.P. now and a personage. Well, I did n't dare! Still, he brought back old days — 'when all the world was young, lads, and all the leaves were green.' . . . So I trudged off to the hotel with my mind far from London town and twenty-one years back next September, in Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, and Peppino's *carrozzella*, and orange-trees and bats, and the ever glorious sea, moon- or star-lit, of that time and place. I was very tired and fagged after so much travel. I had a hot bath and a cold douche and changed into the 'black samite, mystic wonderful,' of convention and so out of the door and into the streets. First I went to Claridge's and learned that Belle Herbert is in France and also Bob Winthrop. Thence I took a cab to the Carlton, for in my mood I wanted lights and music and could not bear to dine gloomily at the Coburg.

A very nice light dinner: a *petite marmite*, whitebait, a half chicken, salad and cheese and one whole bottle of champagne. I was, to tell the truth, back in '86 all the time and in Sorrento at that. While I was munching and meditating on 'the myrtle and ivy of sweet three and twenty,' the most excellent band struck up 'Musica Proibita.' I nearly shouted — 't was so in my mood — all started by a possible glimpse of Henry Norman. They played it beautifully. It is the first time in at least twenty years that I have heard it, except when I have asked chance Italians to play it. Back came the dear old half-mystic Altemps,⁴ the courtyard with the grooms cleaning carriages and singing that song! It was in '84 when I first came to Rome. Do you remember, old Lady mine? Words by Serrao and sung by every ragamuffin in Italy that summer. For once Rome beat the Piedigrotta song.

Ah — dear — Rome has changed since then, has it not? No more music of foun-

³ Henry Norman was staying at Villa Crawford in Sorrento when Wintie and I became engaged there in September 1886. We were great friends at the time, but had lost sight of him of late.

⁴ The house where Wintie first stayed with us, and from which we were married. — AUTHOR

tains in old palace courtyards, no more interminable stairs to climb, no more nice simple people with charming manners and pleasant easy ways, asking little, enjoying much. When we thought it a treat to sit in the Piazza Colonna of an evening and eat ices — not a stranger in the place, no Grand Hotel and mob of rich barbarians. And *You* a little frail white vision in black bombazine, or was it alpaca? I can see you with the light in your eyes dimming the stars, and me 'all overish' with a boy's bubbling joy and love mixed, and he did not know what it all meant or where it was taking him. Well, thank God! it all came out right in the end, 'and so they were married and lived happy ever after' as the story-books say.

VI

When hard frost stopped the hunting, Wintie came to us in Paris and enjoyed the urban life for a change, provided it did not last too long. At the end of a fortnight he would begin to chafe if no thaw were reported. After one of these visits it happened that things were going well with the children and I felt that I could safely leave them and go to Ireland for a couple or three weeks of the glorious life.

I went out on my first hunt with some misgivings. I had heard so much about the steepness of the banks and the breadth of the ditches, of how important it was to let your horse negotiate them without interference; I had been told that the best thing one could do was to shut one's eyes and say one's prayers, above all never touch the curb. In spite of all I had heard, the first ditch surpassed my expectations and I demurred a little at putting my horse at the broad chocolate abyss. 'Your horse can do it, Mrs. Chanler!' sang out a cheery voice behind me, and over we leapt and away we galloped over the springy Irish turf and took the rest of the jumps 'as they came at us.'

'Your Mummy is enjoying herself enormously,' wrote Wintie to one of the children; 'she had her first hunt on the

Thursday after her arrival. . . . There was a good hunt of forty minutes and your Mummy beat me all to pieces, getting in at the death and being given the brush by the Master. . . . Then I took her straight home and put her, babbling blissfully, to bed.'

Hunting in Ireland was by far the most exciting thing I had ever done, true crowded hours of glorious life. The sport seemed more native there than elsewhere; the whole countryside was alive to it. The smart pink-coated member of the Meath Hunt was no keener to know where the fox had gone than were the doctor, the priest, the farmers, and the raggedy peasant lads who managed to keep up with the field on their bare feet. It was the doctor who had encouraged me over my first ditch. Dr. Sullivan was an ardent fox hunter and had a great reputation for skill in mending broken bones. He would make conditional appointments with his patients — 'If the fox runs north you may expect me about half-past four; if he turns south the devil himself does not know when I can get to you.' But everyone was so fond of him that I am sure he got there when the patient really needed him. The priest was an equally familiar figure in the hunting field. I was told of a pious lady, a stranger in Navan, who felt she must get away from the perpetual horse-and-hound talk and had called on the priest in the hope of finding spiritual refreshment. At the end of fifteen minutes he was trying to sell her a horse.

'And are you not the fool, Pat,' said a well-mounted rider to the merry-eyed boy with hardly a shirt to his back who turned up at the check (as they always do), 'are you not the fool to waste your days running after the hounds when you should be at work, earning your living?' 'Ah, your honor, and sure if there were nae fools, there'd be sorra few fox hunters.'

AN APPLE A DAY

BY DELLA T. LUTES

I

THE apple orchard, when I was a little girl in Southern Michigan, was as much an accepted corollary of the farm as the meadow. Farmers did not go in for apple raising as a commercial enterprise. Shipping facilities were limited, and no particular study had been given to apples as a commercial fruit. Everybody had them.

My mother, whose mind sometimes took a fanciful turn for all her practicality, loved the orchard from the first red bud which showed among the young green leaves to the last frost-bitten fruit falling from its rimed branch, and was much diverted by the mellifluous and sometimes romantic names by which they were known. My father, being something of a gourmet, found more pleasure in contemplating the aromatic odor of an Early Harvest as suitable timber for a green-apple pie.

I too hold in memory the rich lusciousness of that queen of desserts, but I partook sufficiently of my mother's more poetic nature to find myself remembering the fragrant sweetness of the bridal bloom and, later, the rich, heady odor of ripening fruit. Hours of childish leisure savoring one ambrosial offering after another, lying full length upon the grass where windfalls spent their opulence, or harbored for hours in some accommodating crotch where the view laid upon the mind unerasable pictures of the various kinds of apples that grew in our orchard — shape of

tree, feel of bark, texture of leaf, fragrance of bloom, contour of fruit, and every shade and hue of the varying degrees of color in which they were dressed.

The Early Harvest was the first to lend spice and variety, both as 'sauce' for the table and in green-apple pie. Now a green-apple pie along in summer after you had had your fill of custard because eggs were plentiful, and especially if yours was the kind of cuisine where dried apples filled in that dismal period between the last of the Baldwins and the first of the Early Harvests, was a matter for benediction. But it is so long since I have set my yearning teeth into a green-apple pie such as were known to my youth that I falter before the contemplation of even the memory lest I be overcome with nostalgia. To buy green apples from the market and blend them, although according to measurement and rule, with spices and sugar, flour and lard, is but to court discontent. The apples lack in crispness and in flavor. The lard does not come out of a crock in the cellar. The flour is ground from wheat grown God knows where. The whole is combined in a state of doubt and by a hand lacking the skill acquired in loving service. What, one asks, can be expected from such poor incipience, and for what, one must conclude, may one hope? The answer is, Alas!

The Early Harvest tree was found in every orchard, large or small. The fruit was yellow; not a thick speckled yellow, — like the Punkin Russet, for instance, — but clear and pale, almost transparent. The flesh was juicy and tender. The green fruit was quite tart, but as it ripened it became better for eating than for cooking.

Following closely upon the Early Harvest came the Red Astrachan, a gentle and beautifully cultured daughter of Pomona flaunting gypsy dress — a Roman veil of crimson stripes over a yellow slip, all misted in bluish bloom.

Then there was the Seek-No-Further — a lovely name, an apple lovely as its name. It is many years since I have even seen a Seek-No-Further tree, but I well remember the way it grew — a well-rounded, low-boughed tree, sturdy and vigorous. And although I have no recollection of having seen or tasted the fruit in an equal number of years, and do not know whether it is still grown in Southern Michigan, I can visualize the apple perfectly — roundish in form, with a somewhat tough skin, greenish yellow in color, wearing a top skirt of bright red which, when rubbed against your sleeve or skirt, took on a fine bright polish. When you bit into it the meat was just a little yellow, but nice and crisp, breaking off in neat chunks with a fine crunch to them, juicy and tart.

But the Seek-No-Further was only one in an opulent roster of names that enrich the memory of one whose early days were blessed, amid a wealth of country sights, sounds, odors, and tastes, with the living friendliness of an orchard.

By late September the different varieties of early fall apples were coming on. One that I remember with keenest pleasure was what we called the Greasy Pippin. There is, it seems, quite a large Pippin family — the word meaning a pip or seed. A Pippin, then,

originally meant a seedling, and there are, by name, the Newton Pippin, the Fall Pippin, the Missouri Pippin, and innumerable other progeny. Nowhere, however, can I find reference to any of such questionable origin as one might suspect from the descriptive term 'Greasy Pippin.'

This was quite a good-sized apple, with a rind thin but tough (with teeth and tongue you could do a pretty thorough job of skinning), pale greenish yellow in color; and the skin was decidedly greasy — although I suppose the horticulturist would refer to it as waxy — to the touch. The flesh was yellowish, tender, and very juicy, and made excellent sauce and grand pie before the fruit got too ripe. The apple bruised easily, and when very ripe fell to the ground with a wet sort of plop — and squashed. When buckwheat was planted in the orchard and the apples fell upon the stubble, they would often lie there pierced to the core by the stalks, their honeyed juices exuding for the delectation of bees.

Another favorite of those days — but whether for actual flavor or because of its name I do not know — was the Maiden Blush. This was a handsome apple, clad in a mantle of greenish yellow, with, as one would expect, a fine healthy flush on one cheek. It was good for cooking, but not for keeping; housewives favored it for drying, since the flesh was tender and juicy.

II

I am inclined to pass over the entire subject of drying — and dried — apples with the same tactful disregard which I have sometimes shown to other unlikely subjects — as, for instance, tripe. Still, the housewives of my childhood's day did dry apples. Even my own mother, who had a high regard for the flavor and excellence of all food, did, in her day, stoop to that

ignoble economy. Hour after hour which, to my father's mind and mine, might have been spent in any one of a dozen more profitable ways, she would sit and peel, quarter, and core apples for drying — perfectly good apples that might better have been eaten fresh, as they stood, and then remembered for what they were.

But no! Peeled they must be, cored, quartered, and flung into cold water — not to be washed, I think, for what was a little unnecessary laving now, fresh from the impregnable protection of skin, as against the days of slow drying in a hazardous exposure to dust, and worse?

But washed they were, and then strung by darning needle and cord into long dangling ropes which were hung over the stove, behind the stove, in the sun, wherever they would dry. When, finally, the shrunken sections resembled nothing so much as a bit of chewed, spewed, and dried leather, they were stripped from the cord, stored in cloth bags, and slung to nails in the garret against that unhappy day when the last apple in the bin, the last in the apple hole outside, were gone, and a withered, insipid, soulless substitute must take their place.

Stewed, as in sauce, this unsavory impostor was sometimes bolstered up by a slice of lemon in an attempt to de-lude the hankering appetite, but with vain result.

My father hated dried apples — as all right-minded people should — and would have no part in their preparation. He disliked seeing my mother spend pleasant hours in what he called a wicked waste, to make something that he declared a hog would n't eat.

'But,' contended my mother, 'we can't use the apples now — and they won't keep. Come spring we shan't have any. Ain't dried apples better'n none?'

'No,' replied my father promptly,

'not by a jugful. *Nothin'* is better'n a dried apple' — a statement literally meant.

One day while the orgy of apple drying was at its height, Father came home from town bringing a supposedly time-saving contrivance which you fastened to the edge of the table, and on a fork of which you impaled an apple; then you turned a crank and a projecting knife did the peeling. He amused himself for a while experimenting with the thing, and to his surprise found that it worked better than he expected. Barring a few instances when the apple split and went on the floor, or when he managed to cut his finger on the blade, the contraption seemed to go very well, and he was quite pleased with himself for the discovery. Not content, however, with a reasonable success, he must try it on turnips and potatoes. The blade skipped and jumped. Attempting to hold the object under abuse by main strength, he dislodged the machine from the table. It fell to the floor, striking his most susceptible toe, and was promptly kicked across the room.

'Tarnation fool thing!' he exploded, and laid the blame, as usual, on my mother. 'If you was n't everlastingly tryin' to do what the neighbors do,' he thundered, 'I would n't of got it. Dryin' apples because Mis' Bouldry does!'

My mother took up her pan and knife and proceeded to peel, quarter, and core her apples, after the usual custom. 'I've dried apples,' she said tranquilly, 'ever since before Mis' Bouldry moved into the neighborhood. And I've peeled 'em with a knife and I'm goin' to keep on.'

Our lack of enthusiasm for dried apples, however, finally convinced my mother of the futility of her effort, especially when my father declared that he would rather have 'an old frozen apple 't had laid under the snow till spring 'n a dried apple any day.'

III

The sweet apples that came along in late summer and fall have a decidedly fragrant place in the orchard of my memory. Sweet Bough was the earliest of these. That was the tree that grew nearest the house, and when the apples were fully ripe you would sometimes hear them dropping in the night. It would be in the first hour before sleep when all was very still, so you could hear the guttural drumming of old Jug-a-rum down on the river bank and a forehanded cricket feebly predicting an early fall. And then, all of a sudden — *ker-plop!* And you knew another Sweet Bough had grown too heavy for its parent stem — honeyed food for ants and bees.

Then there were Pound Sweets, better baked than raw, and the Tolman Sweet, latest of all and cherished for its excellent amalgamating qualities, being of a temper that harmonized well with quince, the combination being one of the favorite preserves for our table.

Bellflower and Gillyflower — ah, the Black Gillyflower, an apple that may be, for all I know, entirely extinct. A strange and foreign-looking fruit, conical in shape, with a deeply indented and wrinkled nose, and rather dry, the flesh growing mealy as it ripened. But a handsome fruit withal — purple rather than black, an effect gained by a wash of deep red over green and a dark blue bloom.

Greenings, Russets, Jonathans, Rambos, Snow! Time was when I thought the Snow apple, as once grown in Southern Michigan, was unexcelled as an eating apple except by what seemed to us then the queen of all apples, the Northern Spy. We could hardly wait for the Snow apple to ripen, so beautiful it was to gather — a rich red skin with pure white flesh often veined with crimson threads. It was a tender, juicy, delicious apple, but not much

good for cooking. Certainly the Snow apple was one of the Michigan orchard's favorites of that day, and yet I do not find it listed as Snow apple at all, but as only one of a great variety under the general family name of Fameuse. I think even then farmers sometimes called it 'Famous.'

Greenings, Spitzenburgs, and Baldwins were the late fall apples, the first two lasting until late winter and good for both cooking and eating; the last, then as now, the staple for keeping qualities.

Early winter apples were kept in bins or barrels in the cellar, but — at least by my father — the late winter apples were buried in an 'apple hole' outside, as were vegetables. The pit was dug near the house where the ground was mellow, and lined with straw. Then the apples were put in, covered with straw and earth, and finally with the blanket of snow that was the best protection of all. Late in winter you went out and dug away the snow and frozen earth, clawed down into the straw, and brought out fresh, cold, crisp apples.

Take a pan of these on a snappy evening, along with a pitcher of cider and a plate of friedcakes, and sit down by the stove, — or maybe to a game of pitch or euchre when the neighbors drop in, — and who could ask for better entertainment?

IV

I aim to tell of certain apple dishes that came out of that old bee-laden, fragrant orchard, dishes that even a modern cook might concoct, but I despair of bringing before you with clarity of word sufficient for emulation that best of all desserts — apple pie. For only the born cook can make an apple pie, and even the born cook must know her apples before she can translate them into that luscious triumph.

That is one great advantage of owning an orchard. You start at birth, practically, to understand apples, and can proceed in what you might call apple-pie order, straight through the season from Early Harvests on until you reach that sublime pie timber — the Northern Spy.

With such an honorable succession as this at hand, with flour in a barrel, lard in a crock, sugar and spice in the butt'ry, a woman does, of course, have a handicap over the apartment dweller who buys four pounds of apples for a quarter, depending upon the grocery clerk's judgment as to their quality, and is beaten before she starts. The only way to ensure perfect success is to own an orchard. The matter of flour and lard can be taken care of more easily, although we do recommend a hog or two, to make certain not only of proper shortening, but also of a spare-rib to precede the pie.

However, and although we do for the moment despair of tasting that rarest of all perfections, a green-apple pie at its best, we might expect even from the average cook some measure of palatable pleasure in the lesser combinations of the same ingredients. Take, for instance, an Apple Dowdy. The Apple Dowdy, now, is a homely dish; and while the rule for apple pie is more or less static, although governed by individual artistry, that for a Dowdy is variable. But because of such allowable indulgence let no one think that *any* old apple-and-dough mixture can be thrown together and bring forth an Apple Dowdy. The intrepid Mrs. Rorer, now, assembles a mixture of apples and bread crumbs and calls that a Dowdy. To my mind this is infringing upon the rights of an Apple Betty. The Dowdy that I favor is composed of a bed of thinly sliced apples, spiced and sweetened, enriched with butter and counterpaned with an enscrolled circlet of

dough that will flake at a touch when baked. The principle would seem to be that of a pie — and the surmise would be not far wrong. The difference lies in the depth of the bed, and in a thicker and less short crust. Also, you might season with nutmeg or allspice, instead of cinnamon, if you want to go this far. The length of time for the baking differs with the period in which the recipe was written. One old one, devised when a woman gave freely of her time and her heart to the art of cooking, calls for three hours in the oven! But as women 'came out of the kitchen,' the recipe weakened. The other day I talked with a woman (a good cook, too) who actually had the effrontery to tell me that her Apple Dowdy calls for a deep layer of apples, a biscuit crust, and thirty minutes' baking! The Apple Dowdy, alas, has finally succumbed to the times. However, if there are any lovers of *good* Dowdy left, bake it at least an hour, very slowly, and when you serve it, cut a wedge of crust from the top and lay it on the plate upside down. On this, spoon some of the apple and syrup. Serve with cream, or a nutmeg sauce.

If the Apple Dowdy went pretty well, you might try your hand at an Apple Frump. We are now, as you can plainly see, dealing with the bourgeois among apple desserts. An Apple Frump is in reality but a whit less attractive in appearance than an Apple Dowdy. In fact, appearance has little to do with it (and so has the name), but a Frump might be recommended for wash days while the Dowdy could be moved up to cleaning days.

To make the Frump you put a layer of buttered and browned bread crumbs in the bottom of a baking dish — the same, indeed, that you used for the Dowdy. On these you place hot stewed apple — sliced apple, that is, stewed until tender, sweetened with brown sugar, and spiced with nutmeg or cinnamon, with the juice of one lemon

added. Over the apple sprinkle a layer of seeded raisins, and on top of all put slices of bread, trimmed and generously buttered on both sides. Set this in the oven until the bread is well toasted. Serve with or without cream.

And now, just to make both Frump and Dowdy feel at home, let us have an Apple Fool. For this you simply bake some tart apples — according to the number you want to serve — and, while they are hot, remove pulp from skin with a fork. Mix one-half tablespoonful of confectioner's sugar, the raw yolk of one egg, and one small individual sponge cake or lady finger to each cup of the pulp, and beat all these together. Finally rub this through a coarse sieve and put in a baking dish in which it can be served. Whip the whites of eggs to a meringue, spread evenly over the Fool, and place it in the oven to brown. Serve warm or cool — not hot — with cream.

V

Having thus disposed of the more plebeian members of the Apple Dessert tribe (of which there are something less than nine hundred and ninety-nine, which shows you what an orchard could do for you), we will step up a limb or two into the Dumpling Class.

As between a Dowdy and a Dumpling — baked or steamed — there is what might not perhaps be called a *far* cry, but something of a cry nevertheless, or at least a yelp. An Apple Dumpling is a mysterious affair.

'Very astonishing indeed — strange thing!' (Turning the Dumpling 'round, rejoined the King.)

'T is most extraordinary, then, all this is. It beats Penetti's conjuring all to pieces; Strange I should never of a Dumpling dream! But, Goody, tell me, where's the seam?' 'Sire, there's no seam,' quoth she: 'I never knew That folks did Apple Dumplings sew.' 'No?' cried the staring Monarch with a grin, 'How, then, how then the devil got the Apple in?'

An apple dumpling, after an apple pie, was my father's favorite apple dish, and he preferred his boiled. Moreover, he wanted individual dumplings boiled in a flannel cloth. An old English cookbook, whose contents afforded me much pleasure, in giving a recipe for boiled dumplings suggests that knitting the squares in which such dumplings are to be made will provide pleasant — and useful — occupation for a lady's leisure, and will give the puddings a 'very handsome appearance.'

My mother, never having heard of such employment for her leisure, had to rely upon any old piece of flannel at hand. She did, however, wash and preserve her pudding bags after the manner of any thrifty housewife. Once, in acceding to my father's sudden request for boiled dumplings, she faced disaster: the pudding squares could not be found! Nor could a single piece of any kind of white wool whatever. The apples were peeled and cored, and anyone versed in apple lore knows that an apple once peeled must be used immediately to preserve both color and flavor. And not a piece of flannel to be found! Even the last of the only old flannel sheet in the house was gone.

My father, never far distant from the scene of action when one of his favorite dishes was in preparation, stood watching my mother's frantic search in a fever of anxiety.

'Ain't you got *nothin'* you can sew a dumpling into?' he inquired impatiently.

'I can't find a thing!' Desperation tinged my mother's voice. 'And I can't see *where* the pudding cloths —'

A spasm as of shocked recollection crossed my father's face. His mouth fell open. He leaned on the table.

'Have *you* done anything with 'em?' Quick to discern his passing moods, my mother flung a suspicious eye his way.

'If they *was* pudding bags,' the

guilty voice admitted, 'why, I — one day I wanted to clean my gun —'

'Lije Thompson, you're enough to kill a saint!' My mother glared at him wrathfully. 'Now there's nothin' to do but bake 'em. And serve you right.'

'Wait a minute!' Fired with sudden inspiration, he fled the room. Mother proceeded to roll and cut her dough. An apple — cored and its centre filled with mingled cinnamon and sugar and topped with butter — was placed in each square of dough, the corners brought together, the seams flattened, patted into shape.

The door burst open and my father returned, his white fringe of hair flying, his eyes alight.

'Here!' He held aloft a garment, spread it out. 'Here's a pair of my old drawers,' he said triumphantly. 'The seat's all wore out anyway. Can't you use these? They're flannel, and they're clean!'

My mother snatched the garment from his hand and flung it on to a chair. 'I'm goin' to *patch* those,' she said tartly, 'and you're goin' to wear 'em till spring. You'll eat your dumplings baked.'

And he did, with nice hot lemon sauce — a not too great strain on even an impetuous man's disposition, although I cannot vouch for the results, since the rule for a boiled pudding differs from that of one to be baked. Moreover, the boiled dumpling calls for a brandy sauce, which may account for some prejudice in its favor.

VI

By no means is the subject exhausted. Pies, Puddings, Dowdys, Dumplings, Frumps, Fools, Tarts, Nests — in almost limitless succession the luscious list runs on. But when all is said and done the best way to eat an apple is to eat it raw, sitting, if you can, on the ground underneath the tree on

which it grew, or, if you are still able, in a crotch of limbs suited to your form. A late October day is recommended, with blue sky, warm sun, air a pure distillation of fruity harvest. Or a day later in winter, with fruit from the apple hole outside the door, where snow and straw and good sweet earth have preserved the flavor in its finest form.

And next to the apple in its natural state comes apple pie — apple pie and a piece of nice mild American cheese. But, while you may find the apple and the cheese, where will you find the pie? Such pie as my mother — and probably your mother — made.

I cannot even tell you how my mother made her pie, for she had neither measuring spoon nor cup. If you had tried to pin her down to directions she would have told you that she never measured anything. And yet the fact is that she made more accurate measurements by far than most modern cooks will do with all the paraphernalia at hand. Her measurements were of touch and sight, guided by long experience, — a most unsafe rule for the beginner in cookery, — and by high standards of excellence. All I know about her method is that she took flour from a barrel, lard from a crock, a little salt from a jar, and blended them together into a rich crumbly mass. Then she poured water into it from a cup until she had enough. But only the 'born cook' would know when there was enough.

After the merest tossing together of ingredients on a floured board, she broke off a portion and rolled it out to exactly the right thickness, swept it deftly up with her rolling pin to fit the tin, patted it down with her fingers, and cut off the overhanging edges with a knife. She peeled her apples as she used them, peeled, quartered, and sliced them into the waiting crust; filled the tin to a rounded nicety,

pocked it over with cinnamon, butter, and sugar; rolled out the other piece of dough, and with a swirl and a dash cut an S-shaped scroll in the centre, flipped it over the pie, pinched down the edges with a capable thumb, and consigned it to the oven. Its exit from that fervored cavern was heralded by the fragrance which preceded it, growing in grace as amalgamated fruit, spice, and sugar were blended together into one harmonious and odorous whole.

The pie was made early in the morning and eaten for dinner at noon, not hot, but by no means cold, fresh and reeking with honeyed sweet. It followed upon a meal sufficiently lacking in solidarity to warrant generous appreciation of its parts, and it was accompanied by cheese, a mild, pliable cheese of velvety texture, primrose in color, faintly reminiscent of rennet and stony-cool dairies, and served to the table in a goodly wedge with a knife to cut it.

My mother always cut the pie in half. One half was then divided into thirds, one of which fell to my share, one my mother took. The other half was cut in two, and one piece was deposited on my father's plate; nearly a fourth of the wedge of cheese followed it. As the knife slid its pliant way through the tender crust little creamy flakes thin as a moth's wing broke from the parent crust, too well related to the whole to drop away, too delicate in texture for blind adherence, while in its wake the golden syrup made a liquid thread of amber sweet.

My father savored his pie leisurely, sniffing it at first lest he miss any delectable portion of its honeyed mead, however small. He ate with his knife and fitted it to his lips with a nicety unbelievable in modern dictatorial eti-

quette. The first quarter he ate without comment, giving himself wholly to the sensuous delight of zestful appetite; the second, to which he helped himself with leisurely contemplation of its grace, being now, as you might say, in a more discerning mood.

'These Greenings,' he once observed critically, 'make a pretty good pie, 'Miry, but they don't come up to a Spy. I'll get you some Spies to-morrow.'

'I had n't meant to make a pie to-morrow,' my mother observed, tentatively. 'I'm going to wash quilts and I thought we could get along.'

My father's eyes reflected shocked amaze.

'No *pie*?' Aggrieved dissentience thinned his voice. 'You've made pies before now on wash day, ain't you?'

'Yes,' agreed my mother, contentiously, 'I have. But I'm going to do extra washing to-morrow. You can eat spice cake.'

Silently my father returned to consideration of the present. A third of the second half still remained.

'Ain't either of you goin' to finish it up?' he inquired solicitously. We shook our heads. 'Might's well eat it,' my mother told him — as he had expected she would. 'Apple pie ain't fit to use after it's stood.'

And so the pie was finished. The last rich drops of syrup were spooned from the tin, the last downy flake of crust knifed from the pan, and the wedge of cheese was gone. Coffee cups and milk mug were drained.

My father drew back from the table with a gesture of fulfillment seldom allotted to mortal man.

'Pretty good pie,' he admitted with a last judicial lick of the lips, 'but I'll get you some Spies for to-morrow.'

A REPLY TO PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD

BY ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

I

PROFESSOR WHITEHEAD's article in the September *Atlantic* on the future of Harvard deserves the study of everybody concerned with higher education. It presents a vision of intellectual leadership. It does not deal with athletics, social life, building programmes, or 'public relations.' It does not discuss the size of classes, entrance examinations, or the grading system. It takes for granted that the task of the universities is intellectual leadership. It points out that this responsibility is especially heavy in this country and at this time; for we are entering a new cultural epoch, and one which will be dominated by the American universities. Mr. Whitehead begins and ends by asking whether Harvard will fashion the intellect of the modern world as the University of Paris fashioned that of the Middle Ages.

The question, then, is how Harvard and her sister universities can give intellectual leadership to the modern world. Mr. Whitehead finds the answer principally in suggestiveness. The tradition of learning is the solid ground upon which the university must be founded. But the real problem is to suffuse the activities of the learned with suggestiveness. A first-rate faculty is, of course, indispensable, but it is hard to get; and it is not enough. A faculty does well because of the stimulus of the atmosphere, and the atmosphere results from suggestiveness.

From what does suggestiveness result? It comes, even in mathematics, from action. Celibacy is not for a university; it must mate itself with action. This marriage is consummated chiefly by the absorption into the university of those schools of vocational training for which systematized understanding has importance. Mr. Whitehead reminds us that the mediæval universities were intimately in touch with the life around them. 'It is midsummer madness on the part of universities to withdraw themselves from the closest contact with vocational practices.' The end that Mr. Whitehead proposes is intellectual leadership; the means he emphasizes are vocational schools and association with practical affairs.

We may first ask whether this emphasis is a timely one. It is something of a shock to hear that the American universities should try to be practical. The words of de Tocqueville are in point: 'In the present age the human mind must be coerced into theoretical studies; it runs of its own accord to practical applications.' Under the pressure of the professions, of occupations wanting to be professions, of parents, donors, students, legislatures, and the public, our institutions of higher learning have absorbed schools of vocational training of incredible diversity and insignificance. For some of them systematized understanding

has importance. For others such understanding, if not impossible, is at least improbable. Their subject matter is too frivolous to encourage it.

In those vocational schools for which systematized understanding clearly has importance, such as those preparing for the learned professions, the communication of such understanding is now a negligible part of the course of study. Theology plays no great rôle in the education of a theological student; and the faculty of a well-known law school recently voted down the suggestion that a course in jurisprudence be introduced into the curriculum. The reason for this is that the demand for instruction in vocational practices is so urgent as to reduce instruction of any other kind to a peripheral status.

The pressure of the practical appears everywhere in our educational system. The result has been trivialization. Courses in how to drive an automobile have lately appeared in an excellent Middle-Western university. The newspapers report an effort to institute courses in bicycle riding in the public schools of South Bend, Indiana. These are simply two of the most recent instances of the general trend of American education. It is so full of action that thought seems fated to disappear from it. The danger of the American universities is not celibacy, but polygamy. They are mated to so many different kinds of action that nothing but a few divorces can save them from the consequences of their ardor.

II

Mr. Whitehead imposes no particular limitations upon the range of a university's interest. In ancient Greece, he says, whatever occupied a free citizen was worth study. In modern America, free citizens are occupied in killing one another with automo-

biles and in getting killed on bicycles. They are raising chickens and selling insurance and running typewriters. Are all these activities worth the study of a university? Apparently they are, for Mr. Whitehead reminds us that the divine Plato was interested in drinking parties, and in the dances suitable for old men.

On the other hand, it may be said that Plato was interested in love and used a drinking party as the dramatic background for a discussion of it, and that he was trying to construct a good state and came upon the subject of the dances suitable to old men in the consideration of the activities of various groups in it. So the most light-hearted of the Socratic dialogues, the *Ion*, deals with the question whether the interpreter needs knowledge of the subject of his art. At any rate, we are concerned here with the curriculum; and I doubt if Plato would have made drinking parties or old men's dances a required course for the Athenian youth. The educational programme elaborated in the *Republic*, at least, contains no mention of either.

If Socrates, Plato, or, in modern times, Mr. Whitehead is the teacher, then truly bicycle riding and drinking parties may suffuse suggestiveness. In the hands of such masters as these no aspect of human activity is trivial, for it is never more than a few dialectical steps from any action to the discussion of the ideas in the light of which that action is intelligible; or, to express it in terms of Whitehead's doctrine of prehensions, no subject can be intrinsically trivial, because each actual occasion reflects all events in the universe, and may, properly treated, contribute to the knowledge of anything in the universe. But even on the supposition that no subject is intrinsically trivial, it would require a dialectician of the skill of Socrates to discover the significance of some of

the themes now popular in the American classroom.

Teachers of such skill are so rare that a course of study cannot be constructed on the assumption that they will be in charge of it. With the majority of the teachers who are in charge of the curriculum the irrelevant detail must remain irrelevant. The philosophy of education that regards all things as potentially of equal significance thus results in the presentation of miscellaneous dead facts. In vocational schools it leads the teacher to emphasize technical routines at the expense of systematized understanding. In the traditional realm of scholarship it supports the practice of accumulating items about the lives of authors, the influences to which they were exposed, and the dates of their labors, without regard to the contribution which such studies may make to the understanding of their works.

This philosophy, which, when it is held by the inspired few, suffuses suggestiveness and illumination, is, when it is the doctrine of the rest of us, dangerous, uncontrollable, and easily perverted. Far from summoning us to the task of intellectual leadership, it may serve to justify quite another view of a university: it may be used to uphold the position that the university, instead of being 'an agent of unification,' should mirror the chaos of the world. I fear that this is exactly the situation of the American universities to-day. It is for that reason that I doubt the timeliness of Mr. Whitehead's emphasis.

III

The goal which Mr. Whitehead sets before the universities is the one they should strive to reach. The road he has pointed out seems unlikely to take them there. What is the path by which they may hope to come at last to the

kind of leadership exerted by their predecessors in the Middle Ages? Mr. Whitehead invokes the example of the mediæval universities, calling particular attention to some aspects of these institutions which, it seems to me, American universities do not need to be told about at present. It is true, for example, that the mediæval universities were in intimate touch with the life around them. So are ours. But, as we have seen, contact with daily life in itself is not a guarantee of intellectual leadership, or even of intellectual activity. Mr. Whitehead's historical model is striking; his analysis is suggestive. A consideration of either, however, makes it apparent that the solution he offers would be ineffective. It would be ideal in an ideal state in which not only the rulers but the professors were philosophers, and in which the citizens had been educated to a point at which making dialecticians drink hemlock would not seem the best solution of their moral problems.

In looking for a path to Mr. Whitehead's goal we notice, in the first place, that he mentions two aspects of the contribution which a university can make: it can perpetuate and advance knowledge, and it can stimulate, through the suggestiveness of its manner of treating knowledge, the use of knowledge in action, whether practical or speculative. 'Fundamental progress,' Mr. Whitehead says, 'has to do with the reinterpretation of basic ideas.' For long ages, during the Greek and Hellenistic periods, during the Roman republic and empire, during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, indeed until only a generation or two ago, men studied the masterpieces of human thought as examples of excellence and to familiarize themselves with the leading ideas that have animated mankind. To be sure, in different periods there have been important changes in

the list of works that were called classics, but if one compares the classics esteemed by various ages, with due consideration of the works made available by the state of learning in each age, one is struck more by the constancy displayed in the judgments of men of learning than by the changes.

If the tradition of learning is the solid ground upon which the universities must be founded, then the American universities have a difficult task ahead. The tradition of learning is now fighting an uneven battle for continuation in the American educational system, and the time seems to be approaching when only the last remnants of that tradition will survive, and only in the remoter corners of the graduate school.

Simply to advise the reinterpretation of basic ideas is not enough. Such reinterpretation requires a technique and a method. The Middle Ages and the Renaissance inherited such methods from antiquity and developed them further: the learned techniques of grammar, rhetoric, and logic for the interpretation of the writings of men, and the techniques of mathematics and the various branches of logic for the study of nature.

If the difference between certain and probable knowledge is as important as Mr. Whitehead says it is, and it seems to me difficult to overemphasize it, then it is important that men have the training to discover and assess that difference in the various subjects they study. If it is important to reinterpret basic ideas, it is important to have the training by which to understand the ideas expressed by other men and to express one's own version of those ideas or of the ideas alternative to them as clearly as they permit. What is important in any age, in fourth-century Athens, thirteenth-century Paris, or twentieth-century Cambridge, is not necessarily a common

agreement on what ideas are basic, but a common acquaintance with the ideas which can seriously pretend to be basic, and a commensurate ability, derived from a common training, to appraise and understand those ideas.

A glance at the subject matter of the American course of study will show that the classics and the liberal arts have almost disappeared from it. A few students may still make the acquaintance of their fragmentary and isolated remains. The community produced by common training has vanished. The basic ideas that might have been recovered from the classics are unknown. Instead we are greeted daily with sensational discoveries which were old in the time of Erasmus and Leibniz and which are hailed as new to-day only because those who announce them and those to whom they are announced have forgotten the tradition of learning.

Mathematics has survived, because its practical applications in the sciences are so apparent that it is permitted the idiosyncrasy of a difficult symbolic apparatus and an elaborate theoretical organization. But it has survived at the expense of becoming an item of technical or advanced study, suited only in its more elementary or popular forms to general education; hence the student of the arts is usually allowed to glory in the possession of an 'un-mathematical' mind.

I do not insist on the classics, and still less on grammar, rhetoric, logic, or mathematics. It may be that we can find some better way of transmitting the accumulated wisdom of the race than having young people study what wise men have written. It may be that mathematics is too difficult for the bulk of our students, and that grammar, rhetoric, and logic are so dead that they cannot be resuscitated. I do insist that the ideal pursued in ancient Greece and mediæval Paris

is unattainable without a contemporary substitute for these disciplines and for the classics.

In the second place, Mr. Whitehead emphasizes the relationship of knowledge and action, and illustrates his point by the example of the mediæval university. The fact that the mediæval universities entered into the practical affairs of their time is less important for us than the manner of their entrance. Here we are concerned primarily with the nature of professional education in the Middle Ages. Not every vocation was a profession then. A profession was a body of men trained in a subject matter which had intellectual content in its own right. The aim of the group was the common good. These two requirements must have had something to do with limiting the professional disciplines to three: medicine, theology, and law.

If these standards were invoked to-day, there would not be many more professional disciplines now than there were in the Middle Ages. Only a Socrates could give intellectual content to some of the curricula now called professional. It is forty years since anyone would seriously ask the question put in 1896 by an old Wisconsin lawyer to a young one from the East: 'Is it really true that there are men in New York who are practising law for money?' A Chicago business man lately said in announcing an important deal, 'Our only motive is to make a profit.' Under these circumstances it may be doubtful whether business is yet a profession and whether the law has remained one.

Whatever effect the effort to achieve the mediæval ideal proposed by Mr. Whitehead might have on the number and variety of a university's professional and vocational interests, certainly it would change the course of study and the attitude of teachers and students toward it in those profes-

sional schools that remained. The purpose for which any action was studied or taught would be to increase our understanding of that action and what it implies. The primary object of our course of study would be to give the student a grasp of the theory of the discipline. It would not be supposed, as it often is to-day, that the university should familiarize him with vocational practices. It would be supposed, as it too seldom is to-day, that he should learn the principles of the subject. Armed with these, he could familiarize himself, after leaving the university, with the practices of the vocation.

With these modifications I should be willing to accept the moral which Mr. Whitehead draws from the participation of the mediæval universities in the life about them. There was then no 'university' which was presumably speculative, with professional schools that were presumably practical. The whole institution was both speculative and practical. The insight that produced this organization was that everything speculative has significance in the practical dimension, and everything practical, to be worth study, must have a speculative basis. Our professional schools are so definitely committed to familiarizing the student with vocational practices that they have diffused themselves all over the realm of the practical and have emphasized immediate utility to the exclusion of their intellectual tradition. One consequence of this is that a student who does not enter the vocation after graduating from a vocational school has largely wasted his time. If such a student had studied at Paris, or in the Academy, or even if he had listened to Protagoras, he could at least feel that he had had an education.

The course of study and the spirit in which it was administered in our early universities could lead to the

consideration of law, medicine, and theology as sciences. A university experience could be the guide either to a professional career or to an enlightened life, or both. If vocational schools are to contribute now to the effort of the universities to fashion the intellect of the modern world as the University of Paris fashioned that of the Middle Ages, it would seem that such changes in them as would make them almost unrecognizable to contemporary eyes might be required.

IV

In the third place, Mr. Whitehead underlines the unity of knowledge and the consequent unity which should be aimed at in education. He says that science, philosophy, and religion express three factors belonging to the perfection of human nature; they can be studied apart, but must be lived together. The great triumph of the mediæval university was precisely here: the major disciplines were studied to a certain extent together. The three factors were studied together because they must be lived together. They were reconciled in the university and 'in the one life of the individual.' The community of learning begun with the classics and the liberal arts was extended to the highest levels of the university. Within the American universities we have confusion, discord, and division. Witness the fragmentary and scattered course of study and the extremes to which the departmental system has been carried. If the new epoch now opening is to be anything but an epoch of collapse, if the universities are to exert intellectual leadership, they must repeat the triumph of their forbears. It will be much more difficult now than it was then; for the great gains we have made in science are matched by the losses we have sustained in philosophy and religion.

It seems idle to hope that unity and harmony can flow from a policy of treating all subjects as of equal importance. The consequence of this policy must be conflict and competition. Unity and harmony involve organization. In any organization there must be order; and order involves subordination. The mediæval universities found order through theology. I do not see that we can do so. But unless we are willing first to admit the necessity of some principle of order, and second to seek for one, we cannot expect the universities to be helpful in ushering in the fourth European cultural epoch.

In seeking for a principle of order that will serve contemporary needs we come at once upon philosophy. Mr. Whitehead's philosophy, his conception of an organic universe, which seems to suggest to him the educational principle that all things are potentially of equal significance, will hardly be effective, as we have seen, in making the American universities agents of unification and harmony. Let us try another approach, in terms of the distinction to which Mr. Whitehead refers between certainty and probability, knowledge and opinion. We cannot abandon this distinction because clear-headed men have disagreed. To the extent that men are rational they have found and will doubtless continue to find that they can and should agree on matters of knowledge, though they may still disagree on matters of opinion. The object of a university is to increase the domain of knowledge and the extent to which men are rational. It is in this sense that a university acts as an agent of unification, struggling through discord to harmony.

Nor can we abandon what Mr. Whitehead first calls the indubitable distinction between knowledge and opinion because of his later remark that the important characterization of knowl-

edge is in respect of clarity and vagueness. Mr. Whitehead does not abandon it himself. Even Hume could not hold to the bitter end the position that the only distinctions in cognition are in terms of degrees of clarity. He never questioned that there was a difference in kind between knowledge of the relations between ideas and knowledge of matters of fact.

Mr. Whitehead's condemnation of skepticism as self-destroying carries with it the insight that the skeptic must presuppose a distinction between knowledge and opinion. There must be some certain, clear knowledge. If there is knowledge, it should be taught as such, and it should be taught first. Let us then enumerate the disciplines in which there is certainty and let us place them at the beginning of our curriculum. Where we have no certainty, let us teach in accordance with the weight of the evidence, giving our doctrine such probability as can be found for it by appropriate arguments.

One result of this programme would be the reordering of the course of study. To-day most fields of learning are treated as matters of opinion, except mathematics; and in certain quarters even mathematics is regarded as arbitrary and postulational. Another result of this programme would be the reduction of the number of subjects; for when we realized how much opinion we were teaching as knowledge we should be compelled to eliminate some of it, or at least to seek and teach a rational basis for it. A third consequence of this approach would be the alteration of the content of courses: matters of fact, which are probable, would be subordinate to and illustrative of laws and the relations between ideas, which are knowledge.

In order to obtain these results you must have a faculty which can distinguish knowledge from opinion because of having been trained in the liberal arts or their modern equivalent, whatever it may be. Such a faculty, for example, would know what its own metaphysical presuppositions were, or would be able to eschew metaphysics. Its members would know that they were engaging in metaphysics when they enunciated metaphysical propositions; they would try on these occasions to use a method appropriate to such speculations; and they would be as conscientious in acquiring proficiency in these methods before announcing their conclusions as they would be to practise the method of mathematics before coming to a mathematical conclusion. Under such conditions we may have a unified university, not because an official dogma has been imposed upon it, but because teachers and students can know what they are talking about and can have some hope of understanding one another. In this view the ideal of a university is an understood diversity.

In such a university great teachers could play their part; they would find no restrictions placed upon their powers of suggestiveness and revelation. Lesser souls, administrators and competent teachers, would have some light to guide their decisions and their instruction. Methods would be rigorous, techniques would be purified, the pieces of that puzzle which is the curriculum would fall into place. Such a university might be an agent of harmony and unification without suppressing the vagrant intellect or violating the claims of freedom. Such a university might in the modern world repeat the brilliant leadership of the University of Paris.

LETTER TO A TEACHER OF ENGLISH

James B. Munn

BY ROBERT HILLYER

YOUR learning, James, in classics and romance,
Sits lightlier than most men's ignorance;
But often do I see in our profession
Learning a mere extraneous possession,
An undigested mass of dates and sources
Roll'd round in academe's diurnal courses,
Where scholars prepare scholars, not for life,
But gaudy footnotes and a threadbare wife, —
Keen eyes for errors in a worthless text,
But none at all for this world or the next.
Your modesty, that even tops your learning,
Forbids what I would say of you, so turning
Not, as I hope, from Ghibelline to Guelph,
I will discuss, as is the vogue, myself.

I fall between two stools — I can't say Chairs —
A bard too learn'd, a scholar in arrears.
The critical reviewers, week by week,
Damn poets who command their own technique.
Professor is a title that to them
Begins in laughter and concludes in phlegm.
A careful rhyme, a spondee nobly planned
Is academic, and the work unmanned.
Would that these critics lived in houses fashioned
By carpenters congenially impassioned.
I'd love to see the rooftree fall on . . . no,
The name is Legion; let us leave it so.
But as a teacher I have equal luck, —
In ponds a chicken and on shore a duck.
My wretched memory, for all my pains,
Drops tons for every ounce that it retains;
Far wiser now, I have less factual knowledge
At forty-one than when I was in college. . . .

Yet there is recompense for knowing well
One language, if it be incomparable.
Disdainful, the Athenian would speak
No other language than his native Greek.

Now his provincial literature is prized
 In every barbarous tongue that he despised.
 The learned Roman, who knew Greek by heart,
 Had twice the scholarship, and half the art.
 The great Elizabethans' education
 Thrived less on lore than on superb translation.
 Our scholars, to whom every root is known,
 Command all languages, except their own.
 For confirmation, but consult the theses
 That year by year bankrupt the college presses.

When poets go, grammarians arrive.
 Is Virgil dead? Let commentators thrive.
 The gift of tongues without the Holy Ghost
 Becomes a Babel, not a Pentecost.
 In short, dear James, by now you plainly see
 I find no virtue in philology;
 At best a sterile hobby, often worse,
 The plumes, when language dies, upon its hearse. . . .

Now, James, I stop complaining, I will plan
 An education to produce a man.
 Make no mistake, I do not want this done, —
 My limitations are the cornerstone.
 Plato's *Republic* may have served some use
 In manuscript, but not in Syracuse,
 So let my dream Academy remain
 A dream; — I'm sure I do not ask in vain.
 First would I have my scholar learn the tongue
 He never learned to speak when he was young;
 Then would I have him read therein, but merely
 In the great books, to understand them clearly.
 O that our living literature could be
 Our sustenance, not archæology!
 Time is the wisest judge, who folds away
 The surplus of a too-abundant day.
 My scholar shall be brilliantly forbidden
 To dig old garbage from a kitchen midden.
 Far better Alexandria in flames
 Than buried beneath unimportant names,
 And even Sappho, glory that was Greece's,
 Lives best, I blasphemously think, in pieces.
 Surely our sprite, who over Amherst hovered,
 Would gain if no more poems were discovered.
 That Chinese emperor who burned the books
 Succumbed to madness shrewder than it looks;
 The minor poets and the minor sages
 Went up in smoke; the great shine down the ages.
 The Harvard Library's ungainly porch
 Has often made me hunger for a torch,

But this not more to simplify a lecture
Than to appease the Muse of architecture.

When music and sweet poetry agree,
Who would be thinking of a Ph.D.?
O who would ablaunts bear, when Brahms's First
Is soon to be performed or but rehearsed?
My scholar must have music in his heart,
Bach and Beethoven, Schumann and Mozart,
Franck and Sibelius, and more like these,
Their works, if not their names, sweet symphonies.
Ah, James, I missed my calling; I would turn
To that one art toward which the others yearn, —
But I observe my neighbor's cow, who leaves
Her fertile pasture for my barren sheaves.
The field next door, the next-door art, will thus
Always attract the mildly covetous.
Yet some day I will play you the main theme
Of the immortal counterpoint I dream:
Clear melody in fugue and canon rises
On strings, with many structural surprises.
No letter, but a prelude, for your sake
I would compose beside this tranquil lake.
Its line should rise toward heaven until it broke
Halfway between the sky and the great oak;
Then waver, like a flock of homing birds,
In slow descending flights of minor thirds.
Music alone can set the spirit free
From the dark past and darker things to be.
Could Man be judged by music, then the Lord
Would quench the angel of the flaming sword.
Alas, the final tones so soon disperse
Their echoes through the empty universe,
And hearers, weak from following Beethoven,
Relax with Gershwin, Herbert, and de Koven.

But to return to Polyhymnia,
And incidentally to my student. Ah,
Where is the creature? No, but is that he?
A saxophone is nuzzling on his knee!
His eyes pop out, his bellied cheeks expand,
His foot taps 'Alexander's Ragtime Band.'
Ungraceful and unpardonable wretch!
Was it for you my eager pen would sketch
A new, a sensible curriculum?
Burst with your Panpipes! and we'll both be dumb.
I was about to urge philosophy,
Especially the Greek, I was to be
Your godfather in recommending Faith
To you, fit godson for a Sigmund Spaeth!

Of history and time I was to tell,
 Things visible and things invisible,
 But what to you are echoes from Nicea,
 Who never prayed nor cherished an idea?
 And what have you to gain from education,
 Blown bellows for unceasing syncopation?
 Learning and life are too far wrenched apart,
 I cannot reconcile, for all my art,
 Studies that go one way and life another,
 Tastes that demoralize, and tests that smother.

James, what is this I find? an angry scowl
 Sits on my brow like a Palladian owl!
 Let me erase it, lest it should transform
 The soft horizon with a thunderstorm.
 I would you were beside me now, to share
 The sound of falling water, the sweet air.
 Under the yew a vacant easy chair
 Awaits your coming; and long-planted seeds
 Begin to bloom amid the encircling weeds.
 I bade my student an abrupt adieu
 But find it harder to take leave of you.
 May we not some day have a mild carouse
 In Pontefract instead of Warren House?
 The distance nothing, — in two hours' time
 Another land where that word's but a rhyme.
 Would I were Marvell, then you could not harden
 Your heart against a visit to my garden.
 I'd write those happy lines about the green
 Annihilation, and you'd soon be seen
 Hatless and coatless, bootless, — well, my soul!
 He's in the lake with nothing on at all!
 To sink, to swim, that is the only question:
 Thus ends my treatise on — was it digestion?
 Farewell, and yours sincerely, and yours ever,
 The time has come for the initial shiver.
 When into lakes, as into life, we dive,
 We're fortunate if we come up alive.

A CHALLENGE TO BIG BUSINESS

BY WILLIAM FEATHER

THOSE who view with alarm the growth of Big Business in this country have never seen fit to cite the building industry as an example of the blessings of small business. We are thinking of small-house construction, which has remained in the hands of countless independent enterprisers while Big Business has been expressing itself in chain stores, automobiles, telephones, radio, electric light and power, and transportation.

The consequence is that small-home building is still in the horse-and-buggy days, whereas nearly everything else has stepped into the electric age. We have therefore given this article the title, 'A Challenge to Big Business.' We also regard the plight of the small-house industry a challenge to those who criticize the methods and achievements of Big Business.

What this country needs at this moment is the development of an intelligence in the small-house field that will rival and equal the intelligence that has been manifested in those fields where Big Business has flourished. Unless this intelligence is found and encouraged, it seems likely that the American people will soon be living in automobile trailers, and moving about the country like gypsies, for the building of trailers is now said to be our fastest-growing industry. This ironic situation should be a matter of grave concern. It would be laughable were it not so serious.

Those who have studied the problem of mastering the building and sale of low-cost small homes contend that the approach heretofore has been all wrong. To those millions of employables who have incomes of \$2000 or less a year we have been selling speculative building sites and jerry-built shacks. Real-estate salesmen, second-mortgage lenders, and unscrupulous contractors have made a living out of the business, but nobody has made enough to excite envy, and the buyers of small homes have received less for their money than the buyers of any other commodity.

We have used the principles of mass production to reduce the price and improve the efficiency of automobiles, radios, electric refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, women's dresses, men's suits, tires, gasoline, and typewriters, but in the field of home construction we have stood still.

Consequently to-day only 4 per cent of owner-occupied homes are in the price range that 50 per cent of the employables can afford. Three fourths of the employables have incomes of \$2000 or less and cannot afford homes that cost more than \$4500, complete.

Big Business must tackle this problem. It is not a problem that can be solved by steel men, lumber men, cement men, brick men, or sheet-metal men. It is not a problem for real-estate men. It is a problem for small-house men, and the intelligence for its

solution can only be found and generated by a business that is organized and operated to build small homes that can be sold for less than \$4500. Not only must \$4500 be the top price, but the down payment must not be more than \$900, and the carrying charges, including interest, amortization, taxes, and insurance, must not be more than a family with an income of \$2000 can afford to pay for rent — namely, \$35 a month.

All this is definitely realizable with our present knowledge and intelligence, but if a Hartford, a Sloan, a Ford, or a Gifford could be persuaded to bring the kind of thought to the small house that has been focused on the automobile, we should have a revolution in living conditions in this country.

The small home must be treated as a piece of packaged goods. The package must include a generous lot at least 50 feet wide and 100 feet deep, a five-room house, a garage, central heating, sidewalk, drive, lawn, shrubbery. The buyer must be able to move in as easily as he now drives off in a new car from the dealer's salesroom. The bother about deeds, insurance, and financing must be refined until it approximates what we encounter when we buy an automobile on time.

Such a house, we insist, cannot be conceived and marketed by an organization that is thinking primarily of finding an outlet for steel, brick, wood, or electrical appliances. Our automobile builders think in terms of automobiles. They use the materials that give users the best car for the money expended. Steering wheels may be made from wood, steel, or soy beans.

This is inevitable in Big Business operations, as has been proved by Ford, Woolworth, Sears, General Motors, General Electric, Philco, Standard Oil, and scores of others. Big Business concentrates on serving the ulti-

mate consumer, giving him what he wants, demands, and needs.

The waste, inefficiency, and crookedness that have flourished in the field of home building are a scandal. We have allowed one set of speculators to take farm land and subdivide it into narrow lots. These lots, improperly planned, too small, unrestricted, badly situated in relation to schools and factories, have then been serviced with water, sewer, gas, electric light, and telephones, at great cost to the bond buyers, lot owners, taxpayers, and utilities. Every large city is surrounded by these unoccupied building sites, so overburdened by taxes and assessments that they will never be used until they are put through the wringer. Shacks go up on a few. Undesirables move in, who put the property to uncivic uses. Taxes and assessments become delinquent, penalties pile up, and one more blighted area is created.

None of this is necessary, because, according to the experts of the Federal Housing Administration, there is an opportunity, with the facilities and knowledge now available, to do the job properly at a great saving to the small-home buyer and at a substantial profit to the enterpriser.

That here is a Big Business, awaiting the magic touch of modern intelligence, is clear. A tremendous shortage of small homes exists. Vacancies have nearly disappeared in the cities, and such vacancies as we have are, for the most part, uninhabitable dwellings that should be condemned. The need will exist for 700,000 new homes a year for at least ten years. At \$4000 each, that means an annual turnover of \$2,800,000,000.

Whoever supplies this need, however, must have a different kind of mind than has heretofore operated in the field. Gone are the days of speculative lot selling, with profits of 300 to 400 per cent on the raw land. Gone are the

heavy financing charges. Gone are the concealed assessments. Gone are the charges for the renewal of mortgages. Gone are the innumerable middlemen, each taking a cut out of the wage earner's capital. Gone are the individual contractors who take one job at a time. Gone are the rows of identical shacks. Gone are the unrestricted, badly situated developments.

Bigger lots, pleasing variations in architecture, cheap and honest financing, are the new order. A ten per cent profit on the whole transaction is easily realizable and is now being obtained by builders in numerous cities where the Federal Housing standards and financial programme are being used.

If such a profit can be had now from furnishing low-cost homes to people with modest incomes, imagine how much better houses can be supplied after Big Business has mastered the art of home construction on a mass scale. By buying in great quantities, prices of many materials can be reduced to a fraction of what they now cost at retail. The principles of mass construction will mean huge savings in labor charges. The utility and cost of every square foot of space, every length of pipe, every pipe connection, every foot of lumber, will be rigidly studied. Little savings, when multiplied by thousands, mean big savings. Small improvements, when there are enough of them, mount into big improvements.

Thousands of minds have concentrated on the improvement of the automobile. Once the production of the low-cost house reaches a construction scale of 500,000 a year, cost-saving ideas and gadgets that effect comfort and convenience will multiply so fast that in a few years the buyer of a low-cost house will either get a much better house for his money or have a substantial percentage knocked off the price.

Big Business, whenever it has taken a mass-production job in hand, has never failed to give the buyer more and more for his money. Not only should this field for useful enterprise challenge Big Business, but it should challenge engineers, architects, builders, inventors, and bankers. It should challenge the operators of public utilities and the officials of our municipalities. Slums must be cleaned up and empty urban acreage put to profitable use. The profit motive will do it. The intelligence of Big Business will do it.

When the job has been done, as it surely will be done, we shall probably hear the usual cry from the croakers that Big Business has driven the little man out of one more field of enterprise. But if five million families are living contentedly in well-built homes in happy neighborhoods, they may be able to read the balance sheet of the company that served them without wanting to write to their Congressman to demand an investigation.

DOWN LOGS

BY OLAUS J. MURIE

I

As I have viewed the great heaps of logs and sticks here and there to be burned, the open woods, cleaned and combed, dead trees removed, live trees thinned, underbrush cut out, a nationwide activity suddenly come to life, I wonder if I am the only one who is concerned. Perhaps I am alone. If so, I suppose I should not object to this country-wide cleanup in our forests, but seek some obscure corner, as yet untouched, for my enjoyment. But I do see other protests. People are beginning to be concerned over widespread interference with the wilderness picture.

A recent article in *Bird Lore*, 'The Depression Army Takes to the Woods,' quotes newspaper comments and letters from correspondents, all in the same vein. One of these writes, in part: 'As one who has a great and enduring love for the rapidly diminishing wilderness areas of our country, I was shocked beyond measure at what I saw in one of our great National Parks of the South . . . in the Smoky Mountains National Park in Tennessee. . . . The magnificent natural beauty of the Smokies was rapidly going, under the process of being "landscaped" by alien hands.'

He describes the 'improvement' of the Appalachian Trail by the CCC boys, and says, 'No longer will the Trail serve as a sanctuary to adventurous Americans, who will seek in vain

for a natural pathway on the mountain summits of this Park.'

An editorial in *Nature Magazine* discusses possible plans for Isle Royale and remarks: 'When he [man] sets about to "clean up the forest" he despoils it.'

These and numerous other comments, written and spoken, indicate that those who enjoy wilderness enjoy it as it is, and any attempts to 'pretty it up' for their benefit are most unwelcome. The recently organized Wilderness Society is an expression of public concern over this question.

II

I recall boyhood experiences in a sparsely wooded section of Minnesota. A group of us boys spent all our spare time in the woods. Most of the woods along the river were open, heavily grazed by cattle, and not very wild for a group of would-be savages. But a few miles from our home was an area which had been neglected. On each side a barbed-wire fence was the boundary. On the outside was the thin, open woodland, with mostly bare ground; on the inside a dense wood with huge trees, heavy underbrush, and down logs — a delightful jungle. To the east lay a piece of original prairie. The smell of those prairie grasses and flowers lingers to this day. There the prairie chickens boomed in the spring and

we watched the red foxes hunting mice.

The wood itself we called The Wilderness, a name that still remains among those of us who were chums at that time, although the wild aspect has now largely disappeared through 'improvement.'

In that jungle we built our cave, carefully hidden from chance passers-by, and there we played our bow-and-arrow games. We noticed with some wonder that in The Wilderness we could find the largest flowers, the finest beds of bloodroots and violets, and some flowers we could not name and which we found nowhere else. Only here did we meet chipmunks and the colorful red-backed mouse. The other woods were too 'clean' for them.

But the greatest charm for us lay in the profusion of down logs and hollow trees. Raccoons lived in the big trees and we saw their tracks in the mud by the river. We were always alert for a mink and sometimes cornered one in a hollow log. We could never pass such a log without looking in, expertly, for a possible inhabitant, and adventure. Sometimes a cottontail would scuttle out. It might be a woodchuck. Once in a while we saw the shiny red of a skunk's eyes in the dark interior, and the next hour might or might not be exciting, according to our mood. Flying squirrels could be seen on a moonlit night, soft shadows among the upper twigs, sometimes floating off to another tree and landing with an audible 'tick' on the bark. We listened to the screech owl in the dusk. In winter the prairie chickens sat in the elm trees or, during a blizzard, huddled up in plum thickets, or burst from the snow at our feet in the evening.

Such an assemblage of wild life was the direct result of the abundance of cover and food in this bit of woods, left in its primitive state through some accident of ownership. We never knew

the legal owners, but The Wilderness was ours and is to this day. In our memories the old logs still remain and we knew most of them individually.

We always made a point of going by an old elm log, with a small cavity, lying at the foot of a large tree which had a crack in its side. We would snoop about these openings for possible adventure, but never found more than a red squirrel. Anyway, it was somehow comfortable to walk along it, perhaps reaching out to touch the crumbling bark, a gesture which I now recognize as an unconscious boyish caress.

The old reddish one that had lost its bark long ago, checked and falling apart, had never held a hollow, but we always walked by it, perhaps because it was a harmonious feature in the woods, perhaps just because it was 'kinda fun to go past it,' incidentally crumbling a chunk of it in our hands.

Another, a smooth one, was also without a cavity, but we would linger inquiringly in passing, perhaps swing a leg over it and scramble across, instead of going around, just to get the feel of it.

And so it went in this boys' paradise providentially left to us through blessed neglect. We knew the trees by their bark as well as their leaves, knew many of them individually, and loved it all in our boyish way. Is it not likely that such an experience and such an environment left their imprint on us all? In my case that early life, in which The Wilderness stands out so vividly, wove a soft and mellow fabric which more than once has helped to absorb the occasional bitterness and to soften the disappointments of later years.

What parent in this complex age would not be grateful if his or her boy could have access to a bit of primitive wildwood and there find interests, perhaps deep and permanent influences, that would help to mould his life and steady him on his uncertain path

through crowded civilization? A touch of solitude now and then will foster self-reliance and independent thought. Youth is often impatient of æsthetics as such and scorns to put tender thoughts into words; but, willy-nilly, youth responds to wholesome influences, absorbs them and nurtures them, to give them expression in later years, perhaps — if not otherwise, then often in the form of a serene philosophy, a capacity for deep contentment.

III

But the enjoyment of untouched wilderness is not the exclusive privilege of youth. The appeals heard on every side to spare the primitive charm of natural forests come from adults. Indeed, those desires and tastes that have their roots in recreation have no doubt been nurtured in the period of youth and have been handed up to adult life — somewhat modified, to be sure, sometimes enhanced by more mature capacities and understanding, sometimes confused and warped by grown-up complexities. But certain it is that the yearning for simplicity is general.

A cowboy, going up a famous mountain with me, in lurid, picturesque language deplored the passing of the day before the comfortable *de luxe* trail had been built into the mountain fastness. A group of Eastern vacationists, gathered at dinner in a rustic cabin, regretted the artificialities that were being injected into their 'Western wilderness.' When a rumor arose that a road was to be built into a certain wild area the supervisor of that forest informed me that he was 'flooded with protests.'

I have dwelt much on down logs as an attractive and essential feature of the true forest. After all, this is but an item, which I would have symbolize all the efforts that are being made to paint the lily. When well-meaning programmes to 'improve' the wilderness

creep into the administration of public recreation lands there is great danger for the whole domain of the out-of-doors, as we know it, especially for the areas we can still designate as somewhat primitive.

The problem is not simple. Human relationships, all the commercial accessories to the recreation industry, and numerous cross-currents of human thought and endeavor present a confusing complex for the administrator. To be sure, we must have our picnic grounds, our roads. We already have them. But we should also accommodate those who seek the solitude, who wish to 'go places' by their own efforts, 'adventurous Americans.' And there are other considerations. Wild game must have food and cover. The ruffed grouse loves his drumming log and we love to see him there. Our valuable fur bearers do not thrive on a glorified picnic ground. Here the simplest and cheapest administration is the best.

Two of us were climbing far back in the mountains one late summer day. We sat down to rest at times, for the way was steep, and we idly gazed about us, over the green slopes among the lodgepole pines, dotted with bits of color: the white of bistort and caraway, the magenta of wild geranium and yellow and red of its leaves, deep red paintbrush, purple asters, and the butterflies — little blues, gaudy yellows, and the high-ranging *Parnassius*. Overhead, white clouds drifted silently by in the blue. All about us was quiet and peace.

We had reached the high country, and, looking casually up at a range of cliffs, one of us had caught a movement, something stirring up there in the crags. In a moment a mountain sheep came into view, then another, and still another. We sat down and trained our glasses on them, three ewes picking their way along the ledges.

My companion was a young man of

athletic type, with a zest for the far places, eager for life. He had already seen mountain sheep, semi-tame ones near a tourist road where they had been enticed by an artificial salt lick. Satisfying enough, in a way. But here on this old trail in the mountains, where, by our own efforts, we had come upon free-ranging, wild mountain sheep, how his eyes shone! Little grunts and half-spoken exclamations burst from his lips. I have seen the same earnest look on the face of one who was enjoying a great painting. I recall two young Germans, visitors to this country, who stood gazing at an illuminated capitol in one of our Western cities, in the cool freshness of evening, one of them uttering in a low, vibrant voice, '*Wunderschön!*' Artists all.

We said little, as we sat there on the mountain trail. The mountain sheep walked and ran, cool-headed and sure-footed, occasionally stopping to look in our direction, statuesque, until at last they disappeared around a point. While we lingered, loath to leave that place of quiet adventure, a golden eagle soared into view and sailed across the face of those same cliffs on veering pinions as he expertly took the air currents.

That afternoon, when we at last turned back for the lowlands, we spurned the trail and took off down the mountainsides, leaping over the talus

slopes, scrambling down low cliffs that barred our progress, and slanting off through the pines and spruces, exuberant, buoyant with a seven-league-boot feeling as we scrambled downward, laughing at our slips and mishaps from the sheer joy of living.

IV

In the town of Jackson, nestled in the southern part of the historic Jackson Hole of Wyoming, is a modern hospital, built of logs. Enthusiastic Eastern visitors have assisted in its building. The operating room is spacious, well equipped, complete in all details, a blessing to the community and to many of the thousands of visitors who come into the valley on recreation bent.

The operating room was given as a memorial to a girl who came to Jackson Hole repeatedly for recreation. A hardwood tablet placed at the entrance to the room by the BC Dude Ranch bears the following significant inscription: —

THIS ROOM ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
HELEN METTLER
WHO LOST HER LIFE
TAGGART CANYON
TETON MOUNTAINS
AUGUST 30, 1926

IN HER SIXTEENTH YEAR

'GOD BLESS WYOMING AND KEEP IT WILD'
THE LAST ENTRY IN HER DIARY

BEFORE RETURNING EAST THE PREVIOUS YEAR

MY BEST HOUR OF FISHING

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

EVENING is the best time to cast for trout in the small stream which runs down the valley, a few yards away from my cottage door. For, as the low sun lengthens the shadows of the oaks in the deer park, the spinners appear over the trout stream.

A spinner is a water fly rising and falling regularly in flight as it prepares to lay its eggs on the water. It is a beautiful, delicate, ethereal creature, subsisting only on air and sunlight during its brief winged life since hatching from the river bed in the morning. These ephemeral flies live, usually, only a few hours; and at evening you see them rising and falling over the water, dropping their eggs until, exhausted, they sink down and, with wings spread flat, drift away with the current, and so out of life — their cycle or racial purpose completed.

I was standing still by the bend of the river, a rod in my hand, and watching the fast run of water slowing up into deeper water below. I was about to make my first cast into the run. The river running through the deer park is only a few miles from its source on Exmoor, and in summer the water is usually low, and generally clear, except when cattle in the morning and afternoon heats have been cooling themselves under the shade of alders. Toward evening any slight cloudiness has settled, however, and the river runs clear, so that in the glides one can see every stone and speck of gravel, every

tiny red-spotted samlet of that spring's hatching. During January and the early part of February the water had been high, and salmon coming in from the Atlantic had been able to run much farther up the river than usual at the beginning of the year. As the river became smaller in April, they sought the deepest water they could find. And as the river shrank during May and June they were forced to spend most of the daylight under the muddy roots of the waterside alders, waiting for twilight and cooler water and safety from the glare of day.

There was a solitary salmon lodged under a clump of roots a few yards below where I was standing at the bend. The water was about two feet deep only — and that salmon was trapped.

I had been watching that fish for more than two months. Its life was one of solitary confinement. When it had first appeared, it had been a bluish silver, and very lively; now it was a pinkish brown, and obviously dejected. I could usually see its tail sticking out of the roots about eleven o'clock in the morning, before the shadow of a branch hid it. And if I went to the bridge again about noon I was likely to see the salmon sidle out of the roots, turn slowly into the shallow current, idle there like a great trout for a few moments, its back fin out of water, and then gather way while it prepared for a leap — a great *splash*, and it had fallen back, and the narrow river rocked and rippled

with the impact. After remaining in midstream for a minute or so, the fish would drift back toward its hiding place, in obvious dejection, and push itself under the roots again.

Now on this particular evening I was standing beside the run, a small seven-foot rod of split cane in my hand. I was about to drop lightly an imitation of a red spinner, tied to a cast of single horsehair, into the run. To a trout this lure of steel and silk and twisted gamecock hackle gave the effect of a live fly; and by this trick I hoped to get my breakfast. But for nearly twenty minutes I had been standing motionless at the bend of the river, hardly daring to move. For when I was about to make my first cast, standing still in water about ten inches deep, the salmon had swum slowly up the run, and paused within a few inches of my feet.

Very slowly I turned my head to watch it. After a while it turned on its side, and sinuated on the gravel, as though trying to scrape away the itch in its gills — from minute fresh-water maggots which were beginning to cluster there. It actually pushed itself against my left boot. Then it idled awhile, before beginning a series of gentle rolling movements, porpoise-like. Then it swam up the run, pushing waves from bank to bank; and, making a slashing turn in water shallower than its own depth, it hurtled down the run again, making a throbbing or thruddling noise as it passed. Entering

deeper water again, it leapt, and smacked down on its side. Then up it came once more, lifting half of itself out of water, and idled in the run, maintaining its place with the slightest of slow sinuating movements, scarcely perceptible. I saw a bit of crowfoot weed drifting down. As it passed the fish, it was seized, held in its mouth, then blown out suddenly.

Then the salmon turned round violently to seize it again. It was playing with the weed. I stood there more than an hour, the finest fishing hour of my life, watching that lonely salmon playing by itself — a fish a yard long, imprisoned in a few square yards of space, threatened by asphyxiation in warm water, by gaff of poacher, by beak of heron, by eels which would eat it alive, by disease, by otters, by many other dangers. I watched until dusk, when it moved down into deeper water below.

If it survives, if rain comes to widen and deepen the river, that salmon will wait there, or in a like place, until October, when with others it will spawn, — which means it will spend itself for the future of its race, — and then, in all probability, being a male fish, it will die. Meanwhile it lies there stagnantly throughout the long hot summer days, waiting until the going down of the sun, and twilight, and darkness — full of glowing life, and stars, and cold running water which is its very life.

ALL-MAN PERFORMANCE

BY LUCIEN PRICE

YOUR average American male is comically gun-shy of the arts. He blames it on his pioneering origins; but pioneers are not timorous. Neither are ten men who have driven across the Great American Desert for the past three years. Their frontiering is the rediscovery of the dance as an art-form for the athletic male. Of course that is what it originally was and normally is. Oldest of the arts, in ages more robust than our own it was the function of men, and of men only, to celebrate in the dance every momentous experience from war to harvest. An age when the ballroom dance is a languid walk-around which can be performed by elderly invalids with heart disease naturally forgets that the dance is universal language and the most masculine of the arts.

When Dr. Archibald Davison proved with the Harvard Glee Club that college men can sing good music and that people will pay good money to hear them, he created a situation in which other colleges could no longer let their boys go on singing about a girl, a guitar, and a sofa cushion. They had to come to the classics or lose face. Likewise, the late Professor George Pierce Baker, finding drama on the academic dissecting table, resuscitated its study into a living art. What that cost him may be guessed from an incident which he once told me. With his professorship of public speaking, which he did not like, and his drama courses, which he did

like, he found himself overworked and said so to President Eliot. 'Well,' said Mr. Eliot, 'why not drop your drama courses?'

One evening at Symphony Hall, while listening to a concert of the Harvard Glee Club, it struck me that although Dr. Davison had found a way to release the æsthetic imaginations of young men into an art-form, still the job was only half done. What was wanted was another art-form to unite the athlete with the artist, the doer with the thinker; for we Northern peoples tend to be men of action first and become men of thought only in our later blooming.

In March 1933, at a theatre directly across the street from Symphony Hall, the thing happened. That other half of Davison's idea leaped into life. There, for the first time in any contemporary chronicle, was performed an entire evening's programme for men dancers — by Mr. Ted Shawn and his company, then numbering eight young athletes, already artists of the dance, and dance of a style that could be as austere classic as the music of Brahms to which some of it went.

This venture was not hasty. The idea had been jotted in Mr. Shawn's notebook as early as 1911, about the year when the Harvard Glee Club began to turn intellectually respectable. Its originator had experimented with it in 1916 at the Greek Theatre of the University of California in a Pyrrhic dance for men, and repeatedly at the

Lewisohn Stadium in New York City. Although these men performed by themselves only once in mixed programmes for women and men, invariably it was the men's dancing which most warmed the blood of audiences.

One who saw the electrical performance of those young men, in March 1933, knew that the lightning had struck close by, but could not quite be sure what it had hit. It had hit the other half of Davison's idea — perhaps the more potent half. Here was a bridge across that chasm between athletics and the academic curriculum: strenuous exercise plus æsthetic imagination. Skeptics from football field and gymnasium, these boys had come out from their first 'dancing lessons' dripping with sweat, their muscles trembling from unaccustomed coördinations, to testify, 'I'll say it's a man's job!' and later to testify that, unlike many sports, it puts more into them than it takes out: 'No matter how fagged from travel we are when we begin a programme, we always end it feeling refreshed — as if our bodies had been massaged and our minds rinsed.'

Now the American boy who will drudge joyfully at palette or fiddle bow is a white blackbird to be pecked at by his mates. But give your average boy an art-form which is also an athletic sport strenuous enough to disabuse him of his contempt for the artist; then watch him, through having learned how hard it is to master one art, learn to mind his manners with all the arts and to treat them as his friends if not his betters. One of the young college men in Shawn's company has proved this whole process in his own person: 'I liked athletics and music, but "a boy does n't play the piano." Next I tried the violin. That went better, but not well enough to make a violinist of me. Then I had become football captain and wrestler — when Shawn made me an athlete to music.'

In that spring of 1933 it was resolved to adventure a season's tour of these men dancers. Shawn's friends secretly hoped the railroad ties would spare his sole leather till he could trudge home. Economic depression was wallowing in the trough of its wave. No regular manager would touch the hazard of such a tour. Its financing would have to be as slender as the proverbial shoestring. The nine young men who spent that summer with Shawn rehearsing their winter's programme had to scrimp even on groceries and cigarettes.

But how shall male dancers erase the stigma against males' dancing? By dancing like men and not like women. Then how *does* a man dance? Their programmes are built from those rhythms of bodily movement which are recognizably peculiar to the male: hunting, war, ritual magic (tribal); planting, harvest, threshing floor, wine press (labor); play, sport, ceremonial (folk); and based on these, — as sonata and symphony, 'pure music,' derive in part from folk dance and folk song, — the dance as pure art-form. Such dancing is, of course, as different from women's as the *Iliad* is from an ode of Sappho. But the tussle would be to get people to find this out by coming to see it.

On the eve of their tour, what little booking they did have blew up. A student from Columbia University, who had joined the company to dance, volunteered to go on the road as booking agent. In place of experience he had enthusiasm. He managed to keep about one month ahead of them with engagements.

That winter's Odyssey on tires was 23,000 miles and 111 performances. Local managers met them with lamentations: the public was indifferent to men's dancing, or frankly hostile. Yet those who did come were converted: 'Everywhere the enthusiasm of audiences warms our hearts. Even where they are a pitifully small group, they are of

rare quality, and we give to the handful an *extra* quality in our dancing. . . . The boys are magnificent; my greatest corroboration is the spirit with which they carry on. October 24 to November 27 continuous blizzard — we seemed to follow some plan of the weather man always to be at the storm centre. Money was dangerously scant a couple of times (and will be again), but, through it all, they ate fifteen-cent lunches when necessary, changed tires when blowouts occurred in lonely places in the midst of snowstorms, unpacked the show, hung the scenery and lights, and gave a fine performance, then packed it up again — with never a complaint. With such soldiers how can I help but win?’

Their amateur booking agent got them into weird spots: where the piano fell to pieces, or the stage curtain tumbled down, or stage hands were drunk, or a fuse blew out and the house went black, or heat was off and the theatre so frigid that make-up cream froze solid in its jars — and they dancing in nothing but cinctures! At Austin, ‘an organization of fifty wild Texas boys had announced that they were going to break up the show, objecting “on principle” to men dancers. But the kick-off of the Polonaise [to MacDowell’s music] so paralyzed them that no one heard a peep out of them the whole evening. I was told about this only afterwards.’ Complications with a trade-union in South Carolina once nearly wrecked the tour. On a midnight in the mountains of West Virginia the costume truck was shot at: ‘Has a neat bullet hole in its back door. Mac was driving. Says he did n’t wait to find out whether it was moonshiners, striking miners, or just a social gesture.’

Halfway through this tour the tide turned. Teachers’ conventions experienced conversion, athletic coaches surrendered hands down and asked for

instructors, college presidents volunteered endorsements, sports-page writers waxed lyric, and even dance critics began to relent. Men who came to scoff remained to pray in amusing rubrics: ‘My wife dragged me here, but it has been an event of my life. Boy! If I were twenty years old you could n’t keep me out of this company.’

But tribulations kept on: ‘I have just heard that we *cannot* take the costume truck into Canada. So to-night we drive to Ogdensburg, — the only place the river is open, — and to-morrow figure out how we can unload and ship the baggage by train to Toronto, and get it through the customs. I am doing some of the best quailing right now that I have ever done in my life — at this prospect. It is snowing large furry flakes. After the show we pack up and drive. This may be the last word you ever hear from me — unless St. Bernard dogs come along with the well-known flasks.’ Yet reach Toronto they did, on tires over roads of eleven-inch refrigerator ice, and played to a packed house which vociferated for repeats until it had to be asked to stop. After a winter of this, ‘a professor of philosophy in an Ohio college asked me if my dancing was an “escape”!’

Summers, hardly slackening pace, they spend in their centenarian farm homestead up a lonely mountain road in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts, studio an ex-barn with hardwood floor and one end walled with mirrors. Here it is rise at six, into studio at eight, drill till noon, then tray luncheons on the sun-bath platform with reading aloud (authors range from Plato to Havelock Ellis) till two; afternoons, farm labor, study, or individual choreography in the studio till dinner at seven. The machine age goes up that mountain road only in the automobile engine. Not even an electric wire.

Their light is kerosene; their fuel wood axe-hewn by themselves; their plumbing an icy pool in the mountain brook where they bathe from May to October. This new pioneering girds its loins with the regimen of our old pioneering. What helped meet their grocery bills that first summer were weekly dance recitals in the barn studio. Beginning with forty guests, the attendance multiplied to two hundred, and the recitals became a laboratory to test new programmes.

Their second tour was even more rampageous. Two more men had been trained in the company. Eager for the fray, they came with their parents' blessings — none of your kissing a sad farewell to children bent on the stage and their own perdition. Programmes now stiffened — into a Labor Symphony in four movements (field, forest, sea, machinery); *Molpai*, studied from the ancient Greek after Gilbert Murray's *The Classical Tradition in Poetry*; and music visualizations (Bach, Beethoven, Brahms), with a sprinkling of bravura pieces in costume for sure-fire hits. That second tour traversed 25,000 miles and 115 performances in North America, and wound up in London with eleven special performances during the King's Jubilee in June 1935. From weird dust storms in Nebraska they would next be 'going through a mountain pass 9000 feet up, behind a snow plough, then down canyon roads that wind like mad, covered with ice, no fence guards, drops of hundreds of feet to the ravines below. . . . And speaking of altitude, the performances have been frightfully difficult. Our hearts seemed as if they would burst out of our bodies, and breath is hard to get. Last night at Denver we had a huge audience and a great reception, but it was a physical ordeal for us.' In London their welcome was from both extremes of society: fêted at West End cocktail parties

whence they were among the few who emerged sober, and cheered by galleries of folk who had camped on folding stools in the ticket queue outside of His Majesty's Theatre for cheap seats.

Back on their Berkshire farm that summer, doing their own chores and rehearsing a new programme, the company incorporated. They bought fifty-five more acres and four buildings for their supplementary Summer School of the Dance, doubled the size of their studio, and multiplied their weekly recitals by two. Land, buildings, cars, costumes, and scenery are owned in common; living expenses, from clothes to dentistry, are assured for all before anyone draws a surplus, salaries are equitably graded, and decisions made by majority vote. It is communal living for the practice of an art.

Their third tour was *crecendo*: 38,500 miles, and 118 performances, to audiences that totaled 100,000 persons. At times the pace would be 'ten cities, ten performances, in ten consecutive days, and 2000 miles in doing it.' In a Texas sand storm the roof blew off one of the trucks and disappeared over the horizon. 'There have been the usual cuts, split feet, and bruises — but a divine providence watches over us, when you think of the constant danger of our life.'

By this time critics in the large cities were reversing their verdicts handsomely and saluting the group as unique artists. Even in the Northwest, 'when you think that this "he-man" cowboy and mining country is hardly a generation from frontier and Wild West, to come through here at all with a company of men "classic dancers" is an achievement. Yet audiences are enthusiastic, fees and bookings better, and we do not have some of the terrible places to play in that we had the first two seasons. I still have to listen to hard-luck stories of how difficult it is to get an audience to an *all-man per-*

formance. This reversing of a national habit of thought is not done without travail of body and of spirit. Yet you remember that our Thanksgiving dinner in 1933 was coffee and sandwiches, and that we slept in tourist cabins on the roadside after playing to an audience that netted \$22.00 — but we gave them a good show! Here in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, we are at an excellent hotel and have had our 1935 Thanksgiving dinner in a private dining room. . . . There is such a happy, genuine, unforced harmony in the company now, and we enjoy one another's companionship and laugh and talk for hours.'

Before that tour ended, Divine Providence intervened for them twice. Two shocking accidents befell one and the same motor truck: once in Oregon, where it slid off an icy curve, dropped thirty-five feet, turned over three times, and lodged against big trees. Excepting a sprained ankle, neither of the two boys were hurt. But the second time they were struck by a speeding car in Chicago, their truck demolished, and both of them hurt painfully, one so badly that he played one-week stands in hospitals for a month before he could rejoin the company.

On that Thanksgiving Day in 1933, in a North Carolina city (the dressing rooms of the theatre were so filthy that the boys had made dressing space behind the moving-picture screen), Shawn was seated back stage on a costume trunk reading Whitehead's *Adventures of Ideas*. He and his men are themselves the adventure of an idea. 'All-Man Performance,' it is applauded from tank town to orchestra hall, earns its livelihood and increasingly comfortable profits, wins public and press from seaboard to seaboard, is eulogized

by headmasters and college presidents, blessed by clergymen, apostrophized by poets, painted by artists, and even acclaimed by Rotary. It takes root in several colleges where men now study the dance and perform publicly; hundreds more have applied for training at the summer school in the Berkshires — which accommodates only two score. The most potent adherents are numerous authorities in the teaching of physical education who can institute dance training in primary schools before the boy is self-conscious and habituate him to it as a language to be spoken throughout life; for colleges could, as one already has done, send a dance club on tour like a glee club, or dance teams to compete and be adjudged winners, not by stop watch, but by artistry; and any adult male sound of wind and limb might enjoy this sport as much as tennis or golf.

The problem of teacher training is now the high hurdle. An art-form is not mastered in a summer. The man who is to teach dancing to men must be schooled as rigorously as any other artist or practitioner of a learned profession. Requests for members of the company as teachers are a recurring embarrassment, but are refused out of loyalty to the group. The suggestion is, naturally, that one of the educational foundations endow such teacher training, preferably in a college which already has a school of physical education.

Shawn did once apply to one of the endowed foundations for money to adventure his idea, but, being denied, went ahead and did it on his own. That same year the aforesaid foundation awarded a fat stipend to a Ph. D. which staked him to a summer in Norway investigating the sex life of the evening primrose.

THE BRITISH LION AND THE DUCE

BY E. H. CARR

I

THE British Lion has had a bad summer. He has not been wounded or attacked in any vital spot, but he has suffered a certain diminution of pride and prestige. All last winter he had roared impressively at the troublesome covenant-breaking Italian who was skirmishing on his flank, and thought that this demonstration, combined with a policy of abstinence from lemons and Gorgonzola, would suffice. It did not. The Duce went resolutely ahead, and twisted the Lion's tail. It was not particularly painful for the Lion, but it was none the less humiliating.

Nor was the twisting confined to one short sharp operation. It was not over when Haile Selassie fled from his country, and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy was proclaimed Emperor of Ethiopia. Signor Mussolini protested that he could not be expected to sit at the same table with British and French delegates so long as sanctions were in force. The British Government took the lead in withdrawing sanctions.

Still unsatisfied, Signor Mussolini proclaimed that the presence in the Mediterranean of a strongly reënforced British fleet was an eyesore to Italy. The reënforcements have been brought back to their home stations.

Then Signor Mussolini made a protest against Mr. Eden's declaration at Geneva that Great Britain would maintain, during 'the period of uncertainty' which would follow the with-

drawal of sanctions, the special undertakings which she gave last winter to come to the help of Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey if Italy attacked them. The Duce gave a solemn assurance that nothing was further from Italy's mind than to attack these Mediterranean countries. Nobody was rude enough to compare this assurance with Italy's assurances of her pacific intentions in regard to Ethiopia not much more than a year earlier. The British undertakings have been allowed to lapse.

The effects were soon seen elsewhere. When a conference met in June at Montreux to consider Turkey's demand for permission to refortify the Straits, the Turkish Delegation put itself firmly under the protection of M. Litvinov, and Great Britain was completely isolated. Admittedly no vital British interests were at stake; but it is rare for British delegates to retreat from so many positions as they did during that conference.

Herr Hitler drew the same moral. He felt that he could afford to pigeon-hole that rather superior British questionnaire about his intentions, and made a deal with Signor Mussolini over the defunct — or almost defunct — body of independent Austria. Herr Hitler's mind is a sensitive barometer. His action registered that Britain counted for less in Europe than he had thought a few months before.

II

But what of Britain herself? The British are not an introspective people. They think far less about their prestige than any other European nation. They have been told so often (mostly by British politicians belonging to the Opposition of the day) that British prestige has touched vanishing point that they no longer take that charge quite seriously. Something more substantial than a little mild tail-twisting and loss of face is required to move them.

The Englishman has for more than half a century regarded the Italian with a kindly, tolerant liking, mixed with just a spice of contempt. The Duce has gone a long way to kill the liking, without, fundamentally, having much diminished the contempt. The British public has not yet learned to think of Italy as a potential danger. At most, she is a potential nuisance. The famous 'Maffey report,' which the Italians stole and so obligingly published, declared that it did not matter to British interests whether Italy conquered Ethiopia or not. In some respects Italians might make rather better neighbors than Ethiopians, in others rather worse. It is significant that nearly all the prognostications about Italy's threat to British supremacy in the Mediterranean and in Africa have come from foreign observers.

Nevertheless there is a growing uneasiness among well-informed people in Great Britain. When in the past the Duce assured the world that 'fine words are good, but guns better,' and that 'the future of Italy lay in Africa and Asia,' few Englishmen took these remarks seriously; for there has always been a strong disinclination to believe what Signor Mussolini says. After all, the Italian himself never believes other people's official pronouncements. But it seems that in this case the Duce was

perfectly frank. War, and colonial war in particular, is Italy's policy. The realization of this fact has at length begun to sink in. There is as yet no desire in Great Britain to retaliate on Italy or even to take concrete precautions against her; but there is a certain undercurrent of anxiety.

Two days after the Italian troops occupied Addis Ababa, Signor Mussolini sent for the correspondent of one of the only two London daily newspapers which had supported Italy over the Ethiopian question, and gave him an interview for publication. He said, in brief, that he had no more colonial ambitions and that 'the conquest of Ethiopia put Italy into the group of satisfied Powers'; that Italy 'had not the least or remotest hankering after Egypt'; that she had no political interest in the Sudan; and finally, that she had no responsibility for the troubles between the Jews and Arabs in Palestine. These declarations increased rather than allayed the anxiety. The Duce had put his finger on some of Britain's most vulnerable points; and the British public has, as I have said, a long-standing inclination to disbelieve what Signor Mussolini says.

III

It is a commonplace of international politics that the Suez Canal is to the British Empire what the Panama Canal is to the United States. The Mediterranean is the corridor leading to the Suez; and access through the Mediterranean is no less vital to Britain than the Canal itself. Gibraltar looks safe enough, though an unpleasant impression was made by the discovery that Italian airmen were giving help to the Spanish Fascists in the civil war. Malta, on the other hand, is in a highly precarious position, and will hardly avail, in these days of air power and submarines, as a

permanent bulwark against a hostile Italy. There are alternatives — Cyprus and Haifa among them. But Britain will have to take a bigger hand in Mediterranean politics than she has taken in recent years if she wants to remain secure.

Egypt remains, of course, a crux. There are 60,000 Italians in Egypt — more than twice the number of British subjects; and Italian propaganda there in the past has been active and none too friendly to Great Britain. Happily, however, for Britain, recent Italian policy has had an unpremeditated result. When Signor Mussolini shipped troops to Italian Libya and massed them on the Egyptian frontier, his motive was to impress Britain. In fact, he frightened Egypt. Egyptians who, ever since the proclamation of Egyptian independence in 1922, had been protesting against the presence of British troops in their country now began for the first time to see some virtue in this solid defense asset.

Fear of Italy greased the wheels of the negotiations for an Anglo-Egyptian treaty. Common interest suddenly became more apparent than the petty causes of friction which had held up the conclusion of the treaty for the past fourteen years. The signature of the treaty — which, at the moment of writing, seems almost certain — will mean a substantial benefit to Egypt and increased security for Britain. Italy's annexation of Ethiopia gives special importance to the more harmonious working of Anglo-Egyptian relations over the Sudan.

But even if the British position in Egypt becomes internally more secure, this does not altogether blunt the edge of the Italian threat. A recent writer in a Berlin newspaper spoke of the 'Italian pincers' which now hold Egypt and the Sudan in their grip. A glance at an up-to-date map (if one already exists) will show that he is right. On the west,

Egypt is wholly bounded by the Italian province of Libya; and since January 1935, when M. Laval visited Rome and gave away a slice of French Equatorial Africa, the Italian frontier runs for some distance down the western border of the Sudan. On the east, the land frontier of the Sudan is now entirely covered by Italian possessions. Italy has a solid block of territory on the Red Sea.

The western arm of the pincers is the less immediately threatening. Except in the coastal region, the frontier runs through a tract of almost uninhabited desert. But the most impenetrable of deserts is no barrier against movement by air; and it was the Italian air force that gathered most of the laurels of the Ethiopian campaign. It will be surprising if one or two of the Libyan oases do not soon blossom with a new form of vegetation: the landing ground and the hangar.

More uncomfortable pressure is likely to come from the eastern arm of the pincers. Here, thanks to the Italian annexation of Ethiopia, British colonies and dependencies have now 2000 miles of common frontier with Italy. If Italy should turn out to be an inconvenient neighbor, the opportunities for friction have been multiplied tenfold. British Somaliland and French Somaliland form a tiny enclave surrounded by Italian possessions. They could certainly not be defended against a hostile Italy. The Cape-to-Cairo 'All-Red' air route will now skirt Italian territory on the hop from Kenya to Khartum.

Across the Red Sea, Italy looks with whetted ambition and with enhanced self-confidence toward the Arabian peninsula. It has always been a bitter grievance that she did not participate with Great Britain and France in the share-out of the former Turkish dominions. The secret Treaty of London held out hopes to Italy of territorial acquisitions in Asia Minor. That

promise could not be fulfilled, and Italy failed to secure compensation elsewhere. Alone of the Principal Allied Powers, she received no colonial 'mandate' at the Peace Conference.

This circumstance has always made Italy a rigorous scrutinizer and critic, at Geneva and elsewhere, of the doings of the 'mandatory Powers,' particularly where ex-Turkish possessions are concerned. At one time the French in Syria bore the brunt of Italian jealousy. But when Great Britain took the lead in the sanctions policy last autumn, the picture changed. Throughout the winter the Italian wireless station at Bari poured out a flood of virulent anti-British propaganda in *Arabic*. Whether, like the boy in the nursery rhyme, they 'simply did it to annoy because they know it teases,' or whether these broadcasts were part of a deep-laid plan of anti-British intrigue in Arabic-speaking countries, will probably never be known. This form of activity appears to have been dropped for the moment. But it would be rash to predict that Italy will miss any opportunity of counteracting and, if possible, supplanting British influence in the Arab world.

It is significant that Signor Mussolini should have gone out of his way to deny to the *Daily Mail* correspondent that he had any part in stirring up the troubles between Jews and Arabs in Palestine. I have before me as I write a recently issued Jewish propaganda leaflet which asserts that 'it is now certain that much of the financial assistance that has reached the rebels in Palestine has come from Italy.' The grounds for this certainty are not stated; and Jewish propagandists have an obvious motive for wishing to show that the Arab disturbances in Palestine have been fomented from without. Nevertheless, it is not improbable that Italian agents have been discreetly at work. Such activities accord sufficiently well with the time-honored

Italian policy of turning to good account any temporary embarrassment of the British Government in the Near and Middle East.

IV

Much of this, it will be said, is speculation. These are some of the cards which Signor Mussolini holds in his hand; there may be others of the same kind up his sleeve. But will he elect to play them? This is a question which, in all probability, he is not yet in a position to answer himself. Let us speculate a little further about the answer.

The Duce has told us that from now on he intends to be a good European and citizen of the world, and looks forward to 'a new period of mutual co-operation among all nations.' For the moment he probably means it. But will he continue to mean it? Some people think that he will; and there are certain strong arguments in support of that belief.

In the first place, his new empire may keep his hands full for some time to come. History teaches that it is often a long step from defeating an army to conquering a country. The military pundits in the present case exaggerated the difficulties of the first operation. Perhaps, argue a good many experts, we are now underestimating the difficulties of the second.

There are 350,000 square miles of territory in Ethiopia, and seven or eight million inhabitants. Italy holds the three or four towns (if such they may be called), the few roads, and the one railway. The rest is primitive chaos. Throughout the summer the rainy season prevented the Italians from extending 'pacification' beyond the occupied area. It also precluded any organized attack on the Italian positions by Ethiopian bands. But now Italy must make a move to extend

her effective control; otherwise she can neither govern the country nor develop its resources. You cannot make your empire a paying proposition — and this Italy certainly needs to do — unless you have it thoroughly in hand. This operation will require large bodies of men and material, and will absorb Italian energies for more than one winter.

That is the strongest argument for supposing that the Duce may be content for some time to come to play the good boy. Exactly how strong it is will depend on the course of events in Ethiopia this winter, and on how easily the Italian plan of conquest is realized. Other arguments are of a less tangible kind. Signor Mussolini, it is said, needed glory — above all, the glory of a colonial empire. Now he has got it, he can afford to rest on his laurels. He has liked to talk big in the past. But in action he has shown sufficient sense of reality to go only for objectives within his reach. However pleasant the pastime of twisting a lion's tail, his native shrewdness will keep him out of the temptation to try serious conclusions with the forces of the British Empire. His position in Europe — where Yugoslavia sullenly watches Italy across the Adriatic, and Germany keeps a covetous eye not only on Austria but on the Southern Tyrol — is not solid enough to permit of more dangerous ventures overseas.

But it is time to look at the arguments on the other side. Some of them are permanent and fundamental. Italian soil is among the poorest in Europe in natural resources, especially in minerals. Coal, oil, and copper are lacking; and the iron ore of Elba is not of the best. Yet Italy is an industrial country, and carries more than three hundred and fifty inhabitants to the square mile — a greater density of population than any other European country except Great Britain and Bel-

gium. Its population of some forty millions is increasing by four hundred thousand every year. The Americas, North and South, which used to absorb the surplus prior to 1914, are now virtually closed. There is little possibility of more intensive economic development in Italy itself. The standard of living is already so low that it cannot be depressed much further without reaching famine level. Italy must expand — and where, if not in Africa or Asia?

Ethiopia is, no doubt, a first attempt to solve this problem. But will it be enough? The hard-working, hard-living, much-enduring Italian can admittedly establish himself in conditions and climates where the Anglo-Saxon, the German, or the Frenchman could not hope to survive. But there has been no colonization worth the name in Eritrea or Italian Somaliland. It is difficult to believe that there can be a large influx of Italian settlers into Ethiopia, even when the country is completely subjugated.

On the contrary, the reestablishment of peace in Ethiopia will face Signor Mussolini with the problem of what to do with the 300,000 Italian troops now under arms there. They cannot remain indefinitely mobilized and on a war footing. But the heroes of a victorious war are apt to expect, when they return home, to find a land fit for heroes to live in. Italy already has too many mouths to feed, and there is unemployment everywhere, except perhaps in the armaments industries. A quarter of a million demobilized soldiers will not ease the situation.

This brings us to Italy's economic problem. The war, reinforced by sanctions, has played havoc with her foreign resources and her credit abroad. Her gold reserve has been halved, her foreign credits and foreign securities have gone, and her exports have sunk to an insignificant figure. She has large com-

mercial debts in all the important trading centres, and no means of liquidating them. In Great Britain alone her unpaid coal bill, dating back to the pre-sanctions period, amounts to more than a million sterling. Despite her strenuous efforts during the past year to develop self-sufficiency, Italy must have foreign imports unless her whole economic life is to break down. How to get them is a problem which is likely to give Italian economists and Italian financiers a good many sleepless nights in the near future.

Unfortunately poverty is not, in international affairs, the guarantee of a stay-at-home policy. The Duce, flushed with military success, will not be content to sit by his own fireside and wait for a domestic explosion. He is far more likely to seek the remedy in another bout of glory, which will at any rate have the merit of carrying the explosion abroad. One suspects that a good many régimes to-day enjoy the same kind of equilibrium as the spinning top. So long as they keep moving fast enough, all is well. The difficulty is to keep them upright in a state of repose.

V

If this diagnosis is correct, the danger lies in the fact that the Duce's next move must almost inevitably bring him into conflict with some 'vital' British interest. In the eastern Mediterranean, in Egypt, in Arabia, in Central Africa — everywhere he will find British garrisons or British influence ensconced at the important strategic points. His sense of a righteous grievance will be once more kindled. And next time it will be not merely the twisting of a tail, but a pinprick somewhere in the flank. Then the reaction may be very different. Will Signor Mussolini risk it?

At first sight, anyone who measures the opposing forces will reply: 'No, it would not be a risk; it would be sui-

cide.' And that perhaps is, after all, the right answer. But there are hints of another possibility. The Italian newspapers during the past year have been full of disquisitions on the familiar theme of British degeneracy: the British Empire, that overripe fruit, is decaying and is almost ready to drop into the lap of young and virile Fascist Italy; Ethiopia is only the gateway to tropical Africa; Italy's future is over the seas; the Mediterranean must become an Italian lake.

A good many of these journalistic diatribes were, of course, only examples of the familiar process of cheering to keep one's spirits up. But they are nevertheless uncomfortably reminiscent of the writings of the late lamented Bernhardt and other German patriots of the pre-war epoch. The growth of pacificism in Great Britain has made a profound impression in Italy. To a nation whose leader professedly regards war as the noblest form of human activity, a country which attaches so much importance to peace must necessarily seem degenerate. A British correspondent in Italy was told recently that the Italians were not afraid of British rearmament because most young Englishmen would refuse to fight. Up to a point, the Italian calculation may be right. It will take a lot of provocation — a good deal more than before 1914 — to rouse the lion. But, taking a long view, any such calculation would, nevertheless, be the most dangerous of illusions.

The future of Anglo-Italian relations is not an isolated problem. It is intertwined with the whole course of European, or perhaps of world, history during the next thirty years. Italy, if she saw before her the prospect of becoming involved in serious trouble with Great Britain, would quickly look for allies. It might not be altogether easy to find them. Italy has pursued too consistently her policy of 'sacred ego-

ism' to have a good record as a friend. Last winter France, under M. Laval, was ready to impair her good relations with Britain for the sake of Italy. It is hard to believe that she would do so again. For Italy, once she had achieved her purpose, soon turned her back on her new friend; and the last few months have deprived France of all that she thought she had gained by the Rome agreements of 1935.

Would Germany be ready to support Italian designs? She has not forgotten how Italy turned against her in 1914, and again in 1933. Herr Hitler's policy has been to avoid at all costs the cardinal error of 1914, and to eschew any course which might embroil Germany with Great Britain. It would be difficult to induce him to abandon this sheet anchor of common sense. Moreover, he too has his colonial ambitions; and two claimants for the same treasure, if they are in agreement at the beginning of the quest, are not unlikely to

fall out by the way. A joint lion-hunt by the two dictators does not seem on the whole a very probable contingency.

This article can, then, only be rounded off with a question mark. Signor Mussolini as a docile citizen of Europe, and a loyal, law-abiding supporter of a revived League of Nations, is a picture which carries no conviction. Such a transformation would be as much at variance with the laws of nature as for the leopard to change his spots. Unless the devil is very sick indeed, he will not turn monk. That seems a safe prediction. But how long will Ethiopia keep the Duce occupied? How long can he rest on his Ethiopian laurels? Where next will his restless ambition light? All these are questions which the future must answer. But geography tells us that his next shaft, at whatever target it is aimed, is likely to land somewhere in the imperial British flank.

ELIZABETH FRY GOES TO NEWGATE

BY JANET WHITNEY

I

ON a cold January day in 1817, in the gloomy vestibule outside the women's yard at Newgate, two turnkeys might have been seen arguing with a lady. The row inside the yard was as great as usual. Even while they talked, a woman rushed wildly out of a doorway and, with shrieks of furious laughter, snatched off the caps and headgear of every woman that she could reach.

'And she would n't stop at doing that to you, ma'am. Tear off your things — scratch and claw you — that's what they'd do, ma'am.' The turnkeys felt that delicacy forbade telling all that could be done by these harridans to a lady that ventured alone into their midst. They themselves knew better than to go in alone. They always went in two together; the Governor himself went in guarded. But the lady was obstinate. She had in her hand a powerful permit from the prison Governor. She smiled, and gave the men a little money. But she talked to them with an unconscious authority, as she would have talked to her gardeners at home. 'I am going in — and alone. I thank you for your kind intentions, but you are not to come with me,' was the purport of her speech. At least, then, she must leave her watch behind. They could see the glittering chain on the quiet richness of her Quaker dress. But the unreasonable lady would not even do that! 'Oh, no, I thank

you. My watch goes with me everywhere.¹ I am not afraid! Open the gate for me, please!'

Reluctant, sullen, and very much alarmed as to results, the turnkeys pressed open the gate against the begging, scuffling crowd, and Elizabeth Fry went in. The gate clanged and locked behind her. There was an instantaneous silence of sheer astonishment. Then every woman in the yard surged forward. Curiosity can be as dangerous as violence in a rough crowd. The lady was surrounded; the turnkeys could only see the tip of her white cap. But no one was snatching. Now was seen one benefit of Quaker dress. It was not provocative. There were no feathers, no flying fancy scarves to tempt a mischievous finger or an unsatisfied cupidity. And the Quaker dress was an outward and visible mark of religion. All these wicked women respected religion and believed in God. Yet Elizabeth was in great danger. If she should now show fear, or say or do the wrong thing — but she had never been less afraid in her life. Look, what is she doing now? She has picked up a filthy little child and it can be seen fingering her bright chain. She lifts her hand for attention, and is attended to.

'Friends, many of you are mothers. I too am a mother. I am distressed for

¹ Joseph Fry, when Elizabeth Gurney's suitor, had made this watch and chain the symbol of their engagement. — AUTHOR

your children. Is there not something we can do for these innocent little ones? Do you want them to grow up to become real prisoners themselves? Are they to learn to be thieves and worse?’

Ah, she has touched the spot. She has pierced their armor to the very heart. What, save our children? Sobs and tears answered her appeal. They gave her a chair, and brought their children to show her. What tales they told in their inarticulate way, of wickedness, remorse, injustice, and despair! She remained with them for hours. She tried to cheer them up by mention of a mysterious person called Christ (some of them asked who He was) and by telling a curious story about a man who owned a vineyard and hired laborers by the hour, and paid the people who came in at the eleventh hour as much as the people who came in at the first. But chiefly she was showing them how to do something that had been in former days the chief sign of their humanity and that had been crushed out of them by harsh bondage. She was making plans with them. And when at last she bade them farewell, and the barred gate opened for her civil egress, she left behind her an inhabitant very strange to Newgate, one usually as much abandoned at its doors as at the very gate of Hell — that revivifying spirit of human vitality called Hope.

II

What, then, was Elizabeth Fry’s remarkable project? It was very simple. Hardly anyone could disagree with it. It required no Act of Parliament, nor any great outlay of money. In short, it was nothing more nor less than to start a school, in Newgate, for the children of prisoners and for juvenile criminals.

This idea appeared to her so natural, so modest in its scope, that she did not think it necessary to invoke the aid of

the noblemen’s committee or of her stately brothers-in-law.² By the genius of her common sense and practical simplicity, she took the shortest way to her end.

But it was much more than the shortest way.

By invoking the aid of the women themselves, she put herself more than a hundred years in advance of the most advanced thinkers of her time. She set going in that instant the most genuine ‘reform’ that any have been able to approach. It was a renaissance of soul.

On her next visit Mrs. Fry was welcomed as already a familiar friend. Remnants of lost manners returned to the women in response to her serene courtesy. They proudly presented to her the schoolmistress they had chosen from among themselves, a young woman called Mary Connor, recently committed for stealing a watch, but in other respects well qualified to instruct the young. Mrs. Fry praised their progress, and talked over with them in detail the necessary rules that would have to be established for the school. She could not go forward without the assurance of their complete coöperation. Armed with this assurance and with consequent definite suggestions and regulations, she then approached the authorities. They met her at the Governor’s house — the two Sheriffs of London, the Ordinary, and the Governor of Newgate himself. It was one of the occasions when it was an advantage to be regarded as ‘richer than we really are.’³ Only a lady of wealth and standing could have commanded the ear of these important men. As it was, they gave her every attention, but displayed, with all politeness, the usual official attitude. Her plan was a very

² Fowell Buxton and Samuel Hoare, both interested in prison reform.

³ Elizabeth’s husband was already beginning to suffer from the money troubles which led ten years later to his bankruptcy. — AUTHOR

nice plan; it did both her heart and her mind credit, but, alas! Mrs. Fry did not know Newgate as they did. These bad women were incorrigible, irretrievable. It simply would not work. Mrs. Fry still pressed for an experimental trial, and the badgered gentlemen promised her to look into it and to see her again. But at the second interview they expressed their regret that the experiment was impossible; after a thorough examination of the prison they were assured that there was not a single room that could be spared for it.

With an astuteness worthy of her brother Sam Gurney, the great financier, and with that other quality common to them both that had been known in their childhood as obstinacy, Mrs. Fry persuaded the gentlemen to commit themselves to the statement that the absence of a room was now their only objection. She then politely withdrew, and went down to her allies, the women prisoners.

To state her problem to them was to solve it. They felt they had space to spare. When Stephen Grellet, the French-American Quaker, had seen them four years before, they had been crowded into two rooms and part of a yard. Now — owing to the pressure of investigation — they had six rooms and a cell or two, and the whole yard. One of the smaller rooms was found to be, by common consent, unneeded for any other purpose, and Mrs. Fry therefore appropriated it as a schoolroom. 'Upon this she returned to the Sheriffs, who told her she might take it if she liked and try her benevolent, but almost hopeless, experiment.'

The very next day was appointed for the start. Mrs. Fry was as impatient to begin as the prisoners themselves. No Gurney could ever see the virtue of delay.

She left the women full of business, occupied — happily and virtuously — in tidying and preparing their chil-

dren and themselves for the great chance.

The next day she returned accompanied by a friend, Mary Sanderson, laden with old school books, installed Mary Connor as teacher, and formally opened the school.

So, casually and simply, Elizabeth Fry began a work that within a few months had grown to a dimension which carried her name all over the country, within three years was to place her in correspondence, as prison adviser, with most of the crowned heads of Europe, and which since her death has given her a niche among the great women of history.

She opens her neglected journal at Mildred's Court, February 24, 1817, and makes a hurried entry. 'I have lately been much occupied in forming a school in Newgate for the children of the poor prisoners, as well as the young criminals, which has brought much peace and satisfaction with it; but my mind has been deeply affected in attending a poor woman who was executed this morning. I visited her twice. This event has brought me into much feeling, attended by some distressingly nervous sensations in the night. . . . This poor creature murdered her baby; and how inexpressibly awful to have her life taken away! The whole affair has been truly afflicting to me; to see what poor mortals may be driven to, through sin and transgression, and how hard the heart becomes, even to the most tender affections. How should we watch and pray, that we fall not by little and little, and become hardened and commit greater sins.'

Thirty pupils, mostly children of seven and under, were enrolled in the school; and the 'narrowness of the room' would hold no more. But the door was besieged with girls in their teens and women in their twenties and older, beseeching, with tears, to be allowed in and taught. It was heart-

breaking work to dash their hopes and to deny a desire so right and so reformatory. Elizabeth comforted herself and them by promising that the denial, forced from want of space, should be only temporary.

She would try to do something for them, if they would be patient and help her to plan. In her daily visits to the school, with various of her friends, she passed through the appalling life of the yard, and saw it from many angles. There was no question now of danger — she was known by all, respected by all, and loved by many. But she saw and heard and was aware of all kinds of filth, drunkenness, and degradation. She knew that, under the care of men gaolers, the utmost abuses were rife. She knew that men prisoners were let into the women's quarters at night. She knew things 'too bad to tell,' so that she never dared take any 'young person' into that place. She was not dulled by habit or frightened away by horror. And she neither despised nor despaired. Her eyes and ears, her heart and mind, were wide open; and the question that she asked herself and them was, 'What can be done?'

The more intelligent ones told her the very first day what they needed — employment. And what they wanted to be taught — to read and to sew. The enforced idleness, the dreadful ennui of prison, was worse to them than its other miseries. It was itself a direct incentive to vicious behavior, as a relief from intolerable monotony.

But if Elizabeth Fry was to start, as she first called it, 'a school' for the women, there were various difficulties to be faced. They wished to sew; and how understandable, how right. But sew what? Clothes for their children and for themselves. And after that, what?

None of them had thought beyond

that. But Elizabeth mentally proceeded to the conclusion that they should sew things to sell. And, being herself of the merchant class, she realized that she must answer the questions: Sell to whom? And by what means? Money also would be needed to buy the initial materials. And where was the money to come from?

She consulted Fowell Buxton and Sam Hoare, and to her distress they threw cold water on the whole idea. Quite, quite impossible. All materials given out to prisoners for such work would be stolen. The women, even if they did a little work at first, would soon be tired of it. Countrywomen, accustomed to labor, might be more persevering, but most of these Newgate prisoners were the very scum of the city, prostitutes and thieves from their youth up, whose every friend, every connection, every influence, was and had been of the lowest and most criminal description. Old habits and violent passions would soon assert themselves against a temporary desire for betterment or novelty. Elizabeth Fry and her friends would only waste their time and money, and get their feelings hurt, by attempting such an extraordinary experiment. Why, what authority could they invoke against creatures who had already set at defiance the law of the land? What punishment could they appeal to, in order to subdue beings already under penalty?

No punishment at all, said the unreasonable Elizabeth. It was no use even Buxton's talking to her in his large, noble, and emphatic way about female felons. She persisted in regarding them as women.

If Buxton and his committee could not help her, she decided to have a committee of her own. Several of her friends had already become actively interested in the Newgate school. She got together ten of them, all Quakers

but her friend Mrs. Angelzaark, and explained to them her scheme. The ten ladies united under her leadership and formed the Ladies' Association for the Improvement of the Female Prisoners in Newgate; usually briefly called the Ladies' Newgate Committee. They bound themselves to take turns in going daily to Newgate to oversee and instruct the women, to provide funds for the necessary work materials until the city should relieve them, to arrange for the sale of the work, and to pay the salary of a matron who should be on the spot night and day.

Elizabeth Fry always had her plans fully shaped before she approached the entrenched conservatism of authority. Then objection after objection could be met because foreseen and provided against.

But now that further step was necessary, and she dreaded it. 'My mind and time,' she wrote in her journal, 'have been much taken up by Newgate and its concerns. I have been encouraged about our school, but I find my weak nature and proneness to be so much affected by the opinions of man bring me into some peculiar trials and temptations; in the first place our Newgate visiting could no longer be kept secret, which I endeavoured that it should be, and therefore I am exposed to praise that I do not the least deserve; also to some unpleasant humiliations — for in trying to obtain helpers I must be subject to their various opinions; and also, being obliged to confer at times with strangers and men in authority is to me a very unpleasant necessity.'

Her husband came to her rescue. He knew, and he only, that beneath the stately air, the slower movement of the handsome matron of thirty-seven, there beat still a heart that was subject to girlish tremors. When it became evident that the development of affairs in Newgate would require further sanc-

tions and coöperations from the Governor and Sheriffs, Mr. Fry invited the daunting officials to meet his wife in the wealthy atmosphere of his own house and under the dignity of his protection.

Not that Joseph Fry was a dignified man in the sense in which the Gurneys or Fowell Buxton was dignified. They were natural princes. But Fry was a man of consequence. His farmerish figure was well known in the city, and it meant money. It meant credit, and honesty and success. Fry's Bank, backed by Gurneys', was to weather the storm for many years to come. And in those days it gave a wife 'countenance' to have her husband show openly that he favored her activities.

Mr. Cotton, the Ordinary, and Mr. Newman, the Governor, came together; and Mr. Bridges, the Sheriff, came alone. They listened, they argued, they discouraged — and they consented. They had, in fact, handicapped themselves by the admission of the school. That had been, it turned out, the little end of the wedge so justly dreaded by conservatives. Mrs. Fry's new proposals were but driving the wedge a little farther in. Yet within a fortnight it had split the rotten timbers of prison administration clean asunder.

On the following Sunday, at Mrs. Fry's suggestion, the two Sheriffs, with Mr. Cotton and Governor Newman, met the ladies at Newgate. 'Upwards of seventy women (prisoners) were collected together.' Mrs. Fry then addressed the women, reminding them that only by their coöperation could the desires they had expressed to her be fulfilled; and that if they were to be taught and employed as she hoped, it would be necessary for them to agree to keep to certain rules, in order that everything might be organized for the good of the whole. She told them that

the ladies who proposed to come to their help and teach them and provide them with work did not come with any authoritative pretensions; that it was not intended that they should command and the prisoners obey, but that all should act in unity and by agreement; 'that not a rule should be made or a monitor appointed without their full and unanimous concurrence; that for this purpose each of the rules should be read and put to the vote; and she invited those who might feel any disinclination to any particular' to express their opinion freely. She then read the rules, which she had talked over with the women beforehand in many visits, and each rule was voted on separately by a show of hands. They were all unanimously adopted. The Governor then made a brief speech of confirmation, reminding the prisoners that this innovation was an experiment, and only their good conduct would justify its continuance. He then turned to Mrs. Fry and her committee with a shrug and a gesture — 'Well, ladies, you see your materials!'

One of the ladies replied — and closed the proceedings — by reading the parable of the prodigal son.

IV

The rules were chiefly propositions in relation to organization. A matron was to be appointed for general superintendence. The women were to be provided with materials and instruction in needlework, knitting, or any other suitable employment. They were to be divided into classes or small groups, of not more than twelve, with a monitor over each — the monitor to be chosen by the women themselves from those among them who could read and who showed themselves capable of responsibility. A yard keeper was to be elected by the women to inform them when their friends came, to go with

them to the grating, and to see that they did not spend any time there except with their friends. This was an aid to the enforcement of the rule that begging, drinking, and other bad habits should be given up.

At nine in the morning and at six in the evening the women were all to assemble in the workroom for a short Bible reading by one of the visitors, and to have the work for the day distributed and collected. The monitors were to keep a check on the work of their groups, and the matron was to double-check this by 'an exact account' of all the work done by the women, and of their conduct. The monitors were to see that their charges came to work with clean hands and faces, and behaved quietly while at work. Any monitor found unsuitable was to be deposed, and the next most suitable member of the group elected in her place.

No penalties were attached to these rules. Any infringement was to be 'reported to the matron,' but the ladies had of course no power to punish, and the matron was at the beginning their employee. Later, Elizabeth Fry instituted a system of rewards for good behavior, but never any punishments, other than the losing of the rewards.

Governor Newman, who, shrug as he might, was by this time entirely under Elizabeth Fry's peculiar, grave fascination, sent down the carpenters and had the prison laundry cleaned, white-washed, and fitted up as a workroom. There Elizabeth Fry started what she still called a 'school.'

One third of the women in Newgate were unable to read at all; another third could only read 'a little.' Mrs. Fry believed then, as she believed and wrote ten years later in her little book on prisons, that 'they ought to be taught to read, write and cipher, as well as to make a ready and profitable use of the needle.'

Within a month of the start of the experiment, the Lord Mayor of London, the Sheriffs, and several of the Aldermen came down to Newgate by invitation to see how it was getting on. 'Many of those,' says Buxton, 'knew Newgate, had visited it a few months before and had not forgotten the painful impressions made by a scene exhibiting perhaps the very utmost limits of misery and guilt. They now saw what, without exaggeration, may be called a transformation. . . . They saw no more an assemblage of abandoned and shameless creatures, half naked and half drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. . . . This "hell upon earth" exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory or a well-regulated family. . . . The magistrates immediately adopted the whole plan as a part of the system of Newgate, empowered the ladies to punish the refractory by a short confinement, undertook part of the expense of the matron,' and of course said very flattering and enthusiastic things to Mrs. Fry and her helpers.

On February 21, 1818, the Grand Jury of the City of London drew up the following memorandum: 'They cannot conclude their report without expressing in an especial manner the peculiar gratification they experience in observing the important service rendered by Mrs. Fry and her friends, and the habits of religion, order, industry and cleanliness which her humane and benevolent and praiseworthy exertions have introduced among the female prisoners; and that if the principles which govern her regulations were adopted towards the males, as well as the females, it would be the means of converting a prison into a school of reform; and instead of sending criminals back into the world hardened in vice and depravity, they would be restored to it repentant, and probably become useful members of society.'

V

Very early in her Newgate career Mrs. Fry found herself in great demand by women about to die. And her opinion of capital punishment was formed then. The first woman she tells of was a child murderess. Another was one Elizabeth Fricker, executed for robbing, or being accessory to robbing, a dwelling house. Mrs. Fry's journal for March 4, 1817, reads: 'I have just returned from a most melancholy visit to Newgate, where I have been at the request of Elizabeth Fricker, previous to her execution to-morrow morning at eight o'clock. I found her much harried, distressed and tormented in mind. Her hands cold, and covered with something like the perspiration preceding death, and in an universal tremor. The women who were with her said she had been so outrageous before our going that they thought a man must be sent for to manage her. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed. But is it for man thus to take the prerogative of the Almighty into his own hands? Is it not his place rather to endeavour to reform such, or to restrain them from the commission of further evil? At least to afford poor erring fellow-mortals, whatever may be their offences, an opportunity of proving their repentance by amendment of life. Besides this poor young woman, there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom has a wife near her confinement, also condemned, and seven young children. Since the awful report came down, he has become quite mad, from horror of mind. A strait waistcoat could not keep him within bounds: he had just bitten the turnkey. I saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell. I hear that another, who had been tolerably educated and brought-up, was doing all he could to harden himself, through unbelief, trying to convince himself that

religious truths were idle tales. . . . He sent to beg for a bottle of wine, no doubt in the hope of drowning his misery and the fears that would arise, by a degree of intoxication.'

In the case of Elizabeth Fricker, the man convicted with her declared, the night before his execution, that she was innocent, and that 'a boy concealed had let him into the house.' But she was executed none the less. And so was the pregnant woman forger, when she had recovered from her confinement, thus leaving eight orphans on the hands of the state. This woman, Mrs. Woodman, was a great worry to one of Elizabeth Fry's helpers, who tried to read to her in vain. 'So unnatural is her situation that one can hardly tell how to meet her case. She seems afraid to love her baby.'

Cases of this sort were like personal sorrows to Elizabeth Fry. They haunted her in the night. And as she gained more weight in the world she used it to obtain pardons and reprieves wherever excuse seemed to offer. She boasted gently to the Parliamentary Committee about 'Lord Sidmouth having been very kind to us whenever we have applied for the mitigation of punishment since our Committee has been formed.' But in that she made a mistake.

Henry Addington, Viscount Sidmouth, was a petty and narrow-minded man, the tool of the Conservative interest, a notorious anti-reformer. His first rise in Parliament, under the wing of Pitt, caused a catchword to be coined about him: 'As London is to Paddington, so Pitt is to Addington.' McCarthy says of him, 'Neither Lord Liverpool nor Lord Sidmouth had ever given any evidence, we will not say of statesmanship, but even of parliamentary aptitude.' Yet this pompous nonentity, as touchy of his dignity as a raw police sergeant, was Prime Minister of England (as the pawn of Pitt) during the first years of Elizabeth's

marriage, and in 1818 was Home Secretary. As Home Secretary, he was the final resort in matters of life and death, and the first appeal Elizabeth made to him after her unwise words to the Parliamentary Committee was promptly refused.

The case in point was a particularly glaring one. A young woman, Harriet Skelton, had been arbitrarily chosen for execution out of a number condemned for forgery, and the whole Women's Side at Newgate felt the shock. Harriet was not a criminal type. Her charm, her quiet demeanor and good behavior, her superior refinement, and the fact that her only crime had been to pass a forged note at the imperative instance of the man she loved — perhaps not even knowing it was forged — had made all the women certain that she would be one of the greater number reprieved.

Astonished and chagrined at Sidmouth's first rebuff, Elizabeth pressed the point with all the ardor of her nature, all the conviction that right was on her side, all the urgency of knowing that a life was at stake. She did not know her man. She supposed, in the innocence of her heart, that the Home Secretary was trying to judge the case on its merits. Her letters were in vain, and he refused to see her. Time was passing, and Elizabeth made one last desperate effort. Her old friend the Duke of Gloucester was in London, now safely married to the faithful Princess Mary, daughter of King George III, for whom he had waited so long. Surely the Prince would help her, remembering those old days of heartfelt gayety at Earlham.⁴ Indeed he would. He went with her to Newgate, saw Harriet Skelton, and heard their statement. He went with her to

⁴ The Duke of Gloucester's regiment had been stationed at Norwich in 1797 and he had been a frequent visitor at Earlham Hall, Elizabeth's maiden home. — AUTHOR

the Directors of the Bank of England and begged their favorable intervention and he went with her and Lady Harcourt to the Home Secretary's Office.

It was useless. Sidmouth had entrenched himself in sulky obstinacy. The consciousness of pressure, and the fact that he was, in the eyes of all those who were aware of the circumstances, being put in the wrong, made him peevish. Not even at the request of a prince of the blood would he see that odious, that dangerous, that too fascinating woman, Mrs. Fry. In fact, he dared not see her. And he rudely and curtly refused.

It was a good morning's work for Viscount Sidmouth. Elizabeth Fry was humiliated and Harriet Skelton was doomed.

VI

That twenty-eighth day of April, 1818, was, as Elizabeth recorded in her journal, a day of ups and downs in a remarkable degree. 'When under great humiliation in consequence of this [affair with Sidmouth], Lady Harcourt took me with her to the Mansion House, rather against my will, to meet many of the royal family at the examination of some large schools.' So the lady who could not be received by the Home Secretary in the morning was in the afternoon presented to the Queen.

'It was a subject for Hayter' — the platform ablaze with bishops, ladies, fans, feathers, jewels, and orders; the hall lined with spectators, 'and in the centre hundreds of poor children brought there to be examined from their different schools.' But young Katharine Fry tells it best, in a letter to Aunt Hannah Buxton, 'a description of our day at the Mansion House.'

With infinite difficulty we got into the ante-room. In a few minutes some men in very grand liveries came in a great hurry to

clear the way and lay down a piece of scarlet cloth; the cry was 'The Queen is coming!' We looked through the entrance-door and saw mamma (!) with the Bishop of Gloucester (!) and Lady Harcourt with Alderman Wood. Silence had been previously ordered as a mark of respect, but a buzz of 'Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Fry' ran through the room. It was to our utter astonishment that we saw them come in and walk along those spread carpets, Lady Harcourt in full court-dress on the arm of the Alderman in his scarlet gown, and secondly the Bishop of Gloucester (Ryder) in lawn sleeves leading our darling mother in her plain Friends' cap, one of the light scarf cloaks worn by plain Friends, and a dark silk gown — I see her now! her light flaxen hair, a little flush on her face from the bustle and noise she had passed through, and her sweet, lovely, placid smile. In a few minutes the Queen passed, followed by the Princesses, the Royal Dukes, the Lady Mayoress, and other official personages. . . .

The Lord Mayor placed us behind the hustings on which the Queen was. We asked him for mamma. He burst out laughing: 'There she is on the bench of Bishops!' There were eight of them there. We heard people pointing her out to one another: 'That is she, with her hair over her forehead.' — 'That must be Mrs. Fry, with the Bishops!' — 'Look now! you may see Mrs. Fry; she rises to receive the Queen's salute.' Towards the close, after 'God Save the King' had been sung, everybody began to clap violently, and we asked the cause. 'Why, the Queen is speaking to Mrs. Fry!' When Queen Charlotte arose to go, she paused and passed to the side where the Bishops sat, — of course all had risen, — and Lady Harcourt presented our mother. The Queen, who is so short, courtesying, and our mother, who is so tall, not courtesying, was very awkward. Her Majesty asked mother if she were not afraid of going into prisons, how far she lived from London, and how many children she had.⁵ The shouts in the hall were tremendous, and were caught up by the crowds outside. It was told why they shouted, and it was repeated again and again, till it reached our father, sitting in his office at St. Mildred's Court, that 'the Queen is speaking to Mrs. Fry.'

⁵ She had at this time nine. — AUTHOR

'THE OUTSIDER'

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME

I

WHILE you work all day long in the open air, you do not hear sounds consciously; you draw them in with your breath: the voices of birds, the long murmur of insects, the rustle and splash of falling water. Only when I heard the soft crush of gravel under the sandals of a brother, I would lift my head to greet him; but often I was not conscious of any sound until the chapel bell summoned me into silence. My work absorbed me. My mother often used to say that from my earliest childhood I had had 'green hands,' so that plants always grew willingly for me.

All the vines in our great vineyards were under my care. They ran down, in terraces, from the mountain top, and in the hard winters they were on my mind as a sleeping baby is on his mother's mind. The snow lay heavy upon us for four months out of the year, nor had we the certainty of great heat in summer, as they have in Southern lands.

It was not my business to answer the visitors' bell; but one morning in July, I think it was in the second year of my novitiate, I had been told to do this service for Father Thomas, who was wanted elsewhere.

I was a little anxious, for I had had no dealings with visitors since I entered the Kloster, but I thought, 'No one will ring the bell this morning. The peasants come in without ringing; and it is too early for pilgrims.'

When the bell rang, I hurried down the hillside, knowing that it must be a stranger.

He stood in the gateway, with his bare head shining like kingcups, and a rucksack on his back. His spine, his head, and his heels made one straight line together, without rigidity.

I looked once at him; and then I turned my eyes away from his face; but it was no use. I knew that I should always see him.

I do not know that monks are uglier than other men; as they grow older, if they are true children of God, there is a beauty to be found in all their faces; but it has to be looked for. The beauty of this stranger could not be avoided; it was shattering. Nor was it only the shape and color of his features, or the depths of his eyes (the color of them I never knew), but in the whole person there was no contradiction. He was all beauty, as the sun is all light.

I have been in the Kloster since I was seventeen, and though I have not seen much of the outside world, I have seen many pilgrims; but pilgrims are seldom beautiful, and one is so busy attending to their needs that one is not disturbed by anything they look like; and though the intentions of a pilgrim are good, his manners are rarely attractive. This man was a prince among men.

To make Tokay you take only perfect grapes. He was of that vintage.

In the years that followed I often tried to recall that first meeting, but I could only remember the sun burning upon the apricots.

He asked to see our Father Superior, though it was not the hour for visitors; and I was rebuked because I forgot this, and took him at once to see our Reverend Father.

I went back into the garden to dig as I had been digging when he rang the bell; and it was then that I noticed how sharp and clear were the light summer sounds. The birds' songs penetrated my heart; and the whole valley beneath me sent up a kind of music.

I did not confess this change in me, because I had no wishes; and to this day I think that to love without a wish is not a sin.

Our guest did not stay very long with us, nor did he speak to me.

I saw him sometimes at sunset, or in the early mornings before the first Mass, standing on the topmost peak of our mountain, under a group of silver birches close to where our monks are buried. We have a very small *Friedhof*, and all of us lie, looking towards the east, at the same distance one from the other and with the same small carved crucifix of wood.

Beneath where he stood the mountain drops a thousand feet into the valley, and the Danube winds through the blue plains, glittering like the tail of a dragon.

Our stranger looked like the Blessed Michael standing there, with the light on his golden head, and the Dragon at his feet.

Father Theodosius had given him the rooms which were used long ago for the Emperor's yearly retreat, so it was suspected among us that our guest was a member of the royal family, perhaps the son of an archduke. He spoke to none of us but our Father Superior, and not often to him. He may have been

under a vow of silence, or doing some penance; it need not have been pride.

He spent much time in the chapel, kneeling erect, as if he were frozen to the floor; and more time still climbing on to the mountains, which rise beyond our special peak, and wandering there alone, for hours.

The others became accustomed to his presence among us; but to me, whenever I saw him, it was as if the moon suddenly rounded a peak and shone out with all her light.

One day, when I was digging a trench between the vines under the study window of our Superior, I heard the stranger's voice.

The words floated out into the air like living things, and I could not stop them by proclaiming my presence, any more than I could have put up my hand to turn back the flight of a bird.

'Father, I want to stay here always,' our guest said. 'You know my history. The world of to-day has no use for me; nor does it contain anything that I desire. I love beauty; and to me God is beauty; and here I have found God. I can give myself up to Him in this Kloster, and it may be that in return you can make use of me. I will take any vows! Only let me stay here where for the first time I have found a beauty which is untravestied!'

There was a silence that seemed longer than the pause between the beats of my heart.

Then our Father Theodosius said: 'My dear son, you have said that you love beauty, and that by beauty you mean God. That you win pleasure from this faith I can well believe, but such pleasure is not love.'

Our guest cried: 'What do you mean, Father? Do I not show my love by my content? Why, I need nothing else but beauty. I am her tireless worshiper! I ask only to be allowed to stay upon my knees.'

I thought our Father cruel when he

spoke again, although his voice was gentle.

'Lovers give,' he said. 'They are without needs. There is no other way of showing love but service. You could not serve beauty here, my son, for here she is free — she has no need of servants. But below, where beauty is chained, where you have found such ugliness, such great misery, and so many slaveries — you can serve beauty there! Go down again, my son. Fight for what you love; live for it; and when you have fought and lived until the strength in you is vanquished, then you may come back to where beauty need not be fought for, but is open, without penalties, to all who have eyes to see.'

There came a great darkness over my mind so that I could no more hear what either of them said, if they said anything.

It was the hour of vespers.

When I reached the chapel, the lights upon the altar were already lit.

It was high summer, but I felt the blood drain out of my body, and my hands and feet grew cold.

I thought that I had wished for nothing, but I must have wished that he should sometimes be visible.

II

The years pass very quickly when you are doing the same thing in the same place.

I had nothing to complain of; the seasons shifted without menace one into the other.

Between me and the sound of the voice there were many summers. Even the winters passed. There is much to fight against here in the winter — cold and sickness; while among the peasants the teeth of poverty are bared.

The little events of life fell muffled upon my heart, as sounds when snow is falling. I can easily understand how life passes into sleep; sleep into death;

and death into eternal peace. It is resurrection that I find difficult to understand — and sometimes painful.

He came again. One day in early spring, in the wake of the March king-cups which run down over our vineyards following the line of the melting snows. The lambs, newly born, tried to dance upon the air; they were so active with surprise and so willing to make sure of their unknown powers.

I should have recognized him anywhere, though time had left a thousand marks upon him; and he had been wounded in a great war. He had known and made changes; and he had been betrayed by great disasters. He had overcome defeat and known how small victory can be; but though he looked worn, and as a sword that has been used too often, his beauty burned on in him.

I think he was glad to come back to us. He did not, of course, remember me; but from the hour of his return we became friends.

He spoke now to all of us. He lived with us, and took our vows.

It seemed to the whole community that his ripeness, and world wisdom, gave to our Kloster a fresh lease of life.

Our Father was growing old, and was often silent, as if he had nothing more to say.

Usually when we are reborn to God we choose our own names; but brother Martin did not choose his. Father Theodosius said to him one day: 'My son, let us call you Martin. For Martin gave away half his cloak to a beggar, and you have given away half of yours to that poor old beggar, the world; but I do not yet know what you will do with the other half of it.'

I felt angry, for surely it was to us and to the service of our rule that Martin was giving the other half of his cloak. Besides, I had hoped that he would be called Michael.

Father Martin was a great preacher. The first year that he became one of us

the pilgrims doubled in quantity. The work in August was so heavy upon us that help had to be brought in from outside. We had to buy food for the pilgrims beyond what we could make out of our stores, and they wanted more wine than the vineyards could give; but many souls were brought to God, so that we were thankful.

I do not know how long it was before Father Martin began to talk about a new rule — stricter than ours; but this thing was a great concern to him. Our daily tasks, he said, were too easy and we prayed less than many monks.

In the winter we never got up before five o'clock in the morning, whereas in many Klosters the brothers serve God on their knees in the heart of the night.

'For,' Martin often told me, 'if we give God only our comfortable moments, we give Him only half of ourselves — and that the weaker half. A man's soul and body in discomfort also belong to God.'

But Father Ambrose, who had been long with us, and was much beloved, spoke differently.

'Let God alone,' he said. 'It is His business to make us more comfortable or more uncomfortable. We need not add anything to our rule; we have not yet followed it perfectly if we are not satisfied with it!'

Some of the brothers accepted Father Martin's ideas, as I must confess I always did, for they seemed reasonable, and in spite of the strictness of his life he had time to spare for any fresh duty or act of kindness; and some of our brothers accepted Father Ambrose's opinion. We took this question to heart so greatly that we strove among ourselves as to which rule was best; and anger came among us, so that we looked without pleasure into each other's eyes, and I sometimes thought that we wasted what might have been given more serviceably to God.

At last our Reverend Father, who

had grown very old, and almost altogether silent, sent for us all and asked us to vote upon the subject of our rule. He said that he was too old to judge of a new matter, so that he would not vote himself, but that he was willing to carry out faithfully, and with love, whatever the majority of us thought best.

Nevertheless we all begged him for his opinion, for we knew him to be very wise; and he was bound to us by many years of love and obedience.

For a long time he was silent, looking away from us, through a great window that opened over the yellowing vines. It was autumn and the trees were thin, so that you could see through them down into the valley.

At last he said: 'My children, you have asked me to tell you if I think an easy or a stern rule more pleasing to God. But how can I — a poor monk like yourselves — tell what is in the mind of God? His laws are open to us to observe; His life is in us; but what is in His mind we cannot know. A fragment of a rainbow cannot tell you where light is born. But though I cannot tell you what God would wish us to do, I have lived a long time with His children, and I have observed that what we love most we do best. Let those, then, who love our old rule best follow it; and let those who wish to live more strictly have our respect and blessing, and harden the rule for themselves as they see fit.'

But Father Martin said: 'With due submission, Reverend Father, could it not be that strife might come of this, and that those who believe in the stricter rule might look down upon their weaker brothers who prefer the easier rule, while those who prefer the easier rule might resent the greater strictness of their stronger brothers, and feel themselves provoked by it?'

The Reverend Father was silent for so long that we wondered if he slept; but he spoke at last, looking at Martin

as if he deeply loved him, and was expecting something in this love to reach him beyond agreement or disagreement.

'I think that might very well be so, my dear son, for we are all human, and few have learned that if their aim is to please God solely it is of no account what others do; nor what others think of them for doing differently. But, my son, do you not speak as if strength is more pleasing to God than weakness? But what can we know of this? A lamb is God's handiwork as well as a lion; and He has never told us that He prefers His lions to His lambs.

'Since all we know is that we are in an imperfect world and very worthy of it, through our own imperfections, let us think well over this question of our aim; and, praying God that the issue may be blessed, let us vote each for the rule which he believes will be of most service to our Community. For surely it is in Unity that man must live, and what is best for all is best for each of us.' And, having spoken, the Reverend Father sank more deeply still into silence.

But I was in anguish, for after the Reverend Father had spoken I could no longer see my way so plainly as to voting for the new rule.

Ten of our brothers voted for the old rule, with Father Ambrose for their leader; and ten voted for the new rule, with Father Martin as their leader; but I sat with the empty paper before me and Martin's eyes upon my face.

The others when they had voted went out; and after a while Martin too rose, and smiling down upon me, as if he were sure of my support, he went after the rest.

The Reverend Father slept. After a long time he woke, and found me still beside him. 'My son,' he asked me, 'what is on your mind?'

And I said: 'Father, I would gladly accept this harder rule. It was in my heart to do so; but since you have

spoken I feel a trouble about my aim. I do not know whether I want to please God, or if I want only to please Father Martin.'

'My son,' Father Theodosius said, 'go into the chapel and pray and God will show you whom you most wish to please.'

I went into the chapel, and my heart was like a fiery darkness; I felt all the pains of fire, and could see nothing.

I knew that I was between my friend and God, and it seemed to me that I loved my friend most; and that if I failed him, he would punish me with less love; and that God — if I failed God — would not punish me so much because He had not the power. I loved Martin most. I was ashamed when I knew this, and wept bitterly.

The brothers came into Compline, and prayed more earnestly than usual, and stayed longer on their knees; but at last they all left the chapel except Martin. The altar was between us, but I could see how arrowy straight he kneeled, like a knight, to receive the accolade; and though it was twenty years since he was young, his gold and silver hair glistened like the Danube, winding in sunshine, through the distant plains.

I could feel with what passion his prayers beat upon my defenseless heart. It seemed to me that if he had had faith in me, and had left me alone, I should have cleaved to him; but now that I felt the weight of his prayers against me I knew that I must vote for our old rule. If Martin's aim had been to please God solely, he would not have prayed against me; and with the easier rule we should be constraining no one.

We need never prevent our brothers from being stricter than we; but if they chose the new rule they would force us into a strictness our wills had not accepted; and suddenly, although my heart was heavier than lead, there was light in my soul.

I rose from my knees and Martin turned and looked at me. He knew what I was going to do; and in that look his soul left my soul alone, forever.

My feet took me into the vineyards, but my eyes saw nothing; and I stumbled against the wood of old vines and bruised myself; and once I fell into a pit, which I had dug, and lay there wishing it was my grave.

At last I came to the birches, which I have often thought in autumn were like the Holy Ghost; above their white and slender stems their leaves move lightly, like gold and silver wings.

From them I looked down into the valley, and cursed my life. I asked to have it taken from me; but before nightfall I went back and gave my vote against Martin.

The Reverend Father knew that I had done this thing; but he said nothing.

III

The motions of life went on the same, but the spirit of it had escaped. I noticed nothing that I did and saw nothing that went on about me. I did not even notice that the Reverend Father was failing fast all winter long; nor was I with him when the end came.

I had loved him greatly all my life; but when I heard that he had passed away I was glad. 'Martin will have his way now,' I thought; and though I knew that Martin could never forgive me for having failed him, yet I was happier because now he could make our rule what he wished.

I had no doubt in my mind that Martin would be made our new Father Superior, though there were some of our brothers who thought Ambrose might be chosen because he had been longer in the Kloster than any of us. But Martin had brought our fame to all the countryside, and to the big towns as well. He was everywhere be-

loved for his great sanctity and his golden tongue. In our Kloster, it is the custom for the Father Superior to name in confidence, to the Father Provincial, the most likely of the brothers to take his place; if the Father Provincial is of the same mind, their choice is final; should they differ, the Bishop is asked to give them his aid and counsel; but we knew that in this case the Bishop had not been called in.

I worked all day in my vineyards, for it was a dangerous moment for my vines, and I was spraying them with peroxide of lime against phylloxera. I thought: 'This will be a good year. We shall be able to make Tokay, for there will be perfect grapes.'

Suddenly I saw one of the novices running across the terrace. 'The Father Provincial is here,' he told me breathlessly, 'and he has sent you this!' And he thrust a letter into my hands, and stood with his head bowed, submissively, as novices should; but he was watching me — as they also do, and should not; so I turned my back upon him, and the western sun flamed against my eyes, making the words turn black.

'My son,' I read, 'you will take my place, because you could not vote against our rule, although your heart desired to. When you had not yet made up your mind, I knew that it was already made up, for we only feel undecided when we have decided not to change.

'You will rebel against this order, but only those who do not wish for power can safely use it; so use this power, my most beloved son, that you love your brother more for loving God most.'

It was from Father Theodosius, written before his death. I had not known that he loved me with any special love. I covered my face with my hands to shut out the words, but they spun in my mind like the wheels of a torture

engine, going round and round against raw flesh.

A voice cried out in me: 'Martin! Martin! Martin!'

I saw his face as he stood outside the gate when he came to the Kloster, so proud and young, in its first beauty. He was alive in my heart, with no one thing forgotten, no one grace denied. I think I knew then that he was dead.

He had thrown away the other half of his cloak.

When they told him that I had been

chosen as Father Superior, Martin went to his cell and hanged himself.

We had a doctor who loved us greatly, so there was no scandal; besides, Martin had been a prince.

I buried him as close as I could to the rest of us. You will see the grave under the silver birches. He had the sacred earth from Jerusalem sprinkled over it, and the same crucifix that marks the graves of the brothers. He lies only a few feet from us; but there is the wall between, and this I could not alter. He must lie outside the wall.

VERSES

BY R. S.

If life to these, your verses, I could give,
 Into their lines my own strong life bequeathing,
 So that forever vivid they might live,
 Breathe with my breath when I have long ceased breathing,
 Speak with my voice, old tenderness repeating,
 When I am still; rereading many times,
 You would be moved, as though my blood were beating
 Warm through the measured pulses of their rhymes.

Sometimes it seems as though you held my heart
 Between your slender hands, calmly reflecting;
 Observing with cold eyes a thing apart,
 Like some wise alchemist at his dissecting;
 Exploring scars of ancient laceration,
 Impersonally, as you have often used it;
 Then starting, as you view with consternation
 The thin red trickles where your fingers bruised it.

FOREIGN TRADE IN THE PUBLIC INTEREST

BY GARDNER HARDING

I

WHEN the Roosevelt Administration first came into power in 1933, it adopted for many months the attitude of alternately blowing hot and blowing cold on our foreign trade. The President himself possessed a long and intelligent acquaintance with the plain facts, as well as with many of the remoter intricacies of international trade in its effect upon the lives of ordinary Americans. The Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull, was the ablest student of the tariff in political life, a proponent of its downward revision, and a fervent believer in international security by means of a general economic disarmament. The platform demanded measures ensuring the recovery of our foreign commerce. The largest surpluses accumulated in the modern history of our agriculture gave point to that demand, and the lowest farm prices in more than a generation heavily underscored it in terms of lost markets abroad.

Yet the Administration's two most conspicuous courses of action in 1933 brought our foreign trade to the point of lowest prestige since long before the war. The trained personnel of our foremost foreign-trade-promoting agency, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, was singled out to become the first victim of the policy of economy. Though created by President Wilson, this exceedingly efficient unit, which never received more than five mil-

lion dollars annually of the taxpayers' money, had become regarded as Mr. Hoover's particular offspring. Its outgoing director had never been reticent about its virtues, nor had he refrained from using this fact-finding bureau as a vehicle for justifying the high tariff; and a reform, possibly a sound rebuke, was in order. But the punishment was so swift and so immoderate that the Bureau has not yet recovered from its demoralization. With the abrupt dismissal of almost half its foreign staff when no other nation was reducing the services of its trade personnel abroad, the incident acquired a significance far beyond the two or three million dollars saved from the government's expenses. And when this same government thereupon poured out, not millions, but four billions on the swollen giant of the NRA for recovery at home, in which only one subsection out of hundreds prescribed for our foreign trade, the conviction became exceedingly plausible that, along with the gold standard and the stabilization of the currency, foreign trade had become a stepchild of the Administration.

Even more disturbing during this first summer of discontent was the failure that was allowed to come upon the Monetary and Economic Conference at London. Here again it was not merely the outcome of that unhappy conference that was significant. The conference might never have succeed-

ed, but a currency and tariff truce might at least have redeemed its failure. But its continuance for any useful purpose was absolutely doomed when Secretary Hull, on July 3, 1933, read to it these words from the President of the United States:—

‘I do not relish the thought that insistence on such action [stabilization] should be made the excuse for continuance of the basic economic errors that underlie so much of the present world-wide depression. . . . The sound internal economic system of a nation is a greater factor in its well-being than the price of its currency in changing terms of the currencies of other nations.’

These were indeed truisms, but they should have been said, if at all, six months before the conference met. Their inference that distrust of the rest of the world and isolation of the United States in its own monetary system were ruling policies in the United States was completely devastating to a conference largely called by American initiative. And so Mr. Hull, bowing coolly to Mr. Moley as his all too probable successor in guiding the President’s policy, gathered up its scattered fragments and came home.

Mr. Hull, however, still retained his conviction that no fundamental inconsistency lay in promoting the recovery of both domestic and foreign trade at the same time and within the same policy. The first sign of his determination to fight out the issue along these lines was when Mr. Moley somewhat inexplicably left the State Department. Mr. Hull then courageously undertook another foreign mission and this time crowned an unmistakable personal success at the Pan-American Conference in Montevideo by giving form and substance to the Good Neighbor policy. With more nearly the respect and friendship of Latin America than at any time since we evacuated Cuba, Mr. Hull then embarked upon the mature development of his programme, which

was focused in the Trade Agreements Act of June 1934. Its passage as the enabling act for the subsequent Hull agreements attested at last that the Democratic Party, the party which has produced so much that will endure in American foreign policy, had found a working method consistent with its preëlection promises for promoting the recovery of our foreign trade. The complete support President Roosevelt gave the programme from its inception slowed down the trend of this country toward isolation quite as forcibly as his policy in the exceedingly confused conditions of the year before had seemed to accelerate it.

Foreign trade is not a partisan issue, and it might easily have been straddled, with a strong minority support from the farm groups and the protectionists, by the time-honored method of some well-chosen tariff revisions upward. The difference between that solution and the trade agreements programme is the difference between foreign trade for special interests and foreign trade in the public interest. It proposed to support the recovery of our share of world trade by the only means that Mr. Hull deemed possible, by definite and tangible remissions in our tariff rates and other barriers to commerce, in exchange *quid pro quo* for equivalent reductions and moderations in the rates and practices of other nations.

II

This programme had the advantage from the outset of having been long favored by the American business, manufacturing, and shipping community engaged in foreign trade. Even after fourteen agreements have been negotiated, with countries with whom we conduct more than a third of our entire foreign trade, it still possesses the endorsement of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the

Automobile Manufacturers Association, and many other gilt-edged groups who have far from habitually sponsored the acts of the Roosevelt Administration. It has proved acceptable to the business community in general and to a sufficiently large number of Republicans to have produced, in the platform adopted at Chicago, that extraordinary plank, bearing glaring internal evidence of conflicting views, which closed with the promise 'to adjust tariffs with a view to promoting international trade, to stabilization of currencies, and to the attainment of a proper balance between agriculture and industry.'

The Republican plank opened, however, with these forbidding and final words: 'We will repeal the present Reciprocal Trade Agreement Law. It is futile and dangerous. Its effect on agriculture and industry has been destructive. Its continuance would work to the detriment of the wage-earner and the farmer.' And so on to the favorite political solution (in party platforms) of broadening the powers of the Tariff Commission and restoring the principle of the flexible tariff. And so further, for another twelve long years perhaps, to point to a 'flexible' reduction downward on live quail and paintbrush handles!

Immoderate and inconsistent as the Republican platform is on the subject of foreign trade, it does make certain discreet omissions. It does not, for example, accuse the Democrats of having been 'destructive' of our export trade. That would be somewhat difficult in the circumstances, for the figures show that between the fiscal year 1932-1933, when they came into power, and the fiscal year recently closed the value of our exports has recovered by 70 per cent. It does not speak scathingly of other nations outstripping us in export recovery. That would be awkward too, since our increase in exports for 1936 over 1935 has been at

two and one-half times the rate of the rest of the world, or by about 13 per cent compared with a little over five per cent as the general average of other nations. The 'destructive flood of imports' might likewise have engaged their attention, had they not, up to the beginning of August, been less than one per cent in excess of our exports.

Indeed, the outward and palpable indexes of our foreign trade, during the last three years of the Democratic administration, reveal the strong beginnings not only of genuine recovery but even of something like a minor boom. The volume of our finished manufactures going abroad is again close to that attained in the key years 1923-1925, and close to 70 per cent of the high-water mark in 1929. Prices are still lower than before 1932, but in spite of all the trade barriers about us our exports of cotton were three quarters of the pre-depression average in volume during the last cotton season, and they are higher so far this season. Our exports of tobacco are once more as great as they were before the depression, and those of fruits and canned foods, most important modern products of our agriculture, are within 10 per cent of pre-depression volume and now exceeding 100 million dollars a year in cash yield from foreign buyers. We are not exporting grains or meat products, partly because shortages due to drought alone have reduced our production by more than twice the volume of our former exports. But our farm exports are not stagnant. They have increased by close to 10 per cent this year, and to the countries with which we have made reciprocal trade agreements they have increased 15 per cent.

These accomplishments have taken place in a world of rising trade, and our trade agreements policy is still but a relatively small part of the actuating mechanism that makes world trade

possible for private enterprise. But that part has not been a futile one; far from it. Though there have been a large number of products, in the trade with each country with which we have negotiated an agreement, that have been unaffected by new provisions or changes, yet so far it is incontestable that with each country our trade in both directions has increased substantially following the operation of the agreement. Exceptions to this rule may readily be understandable, for many other factors affect the course of trade beside agreements between governments; but none are discernible at present.

It is, however, the domestic workings of the agreements that Americans find most interesting, and on which they must ultimately be judged. Their operation is made possible by reliance on three cardinal principles of tariff making, which in their present combination are altogether new to the American system. One is the practice of adjusting tariff schedules in negotiation with other nations on a reciprocal basis. This has been accepted in principle in the past by both parties, but only three agreements, of relatively small importance, survived for any length of time the attacks of the politicians and the protectionists. McKinley advocated it and Taft attempted to put it in operation in his famous fight for reciprocity with Canada. But the present application is the first serious and substantial attempt to negotiate basic tariff schedules in partnership with those with whom we buy and sell.

The second principle is that the agreements are made by powers delegated to the President and are negotiated and signed by him directly without review by the Senate. This is more contentious ground, but without such powers American practical politics are such that no tariff concession, however justifiable, could ever be certain of pas-

sage through the Senate. No disrespect to the Senate is intended or has been taken by this reservation; the past tariff history of the country supplies abundant proof of its necessity if anything like binding bargains within a reasonable period with other nations were ever to be accomplished.

The third principle is the application to all agreements of the most-favored-nation clause in its unconditional form, extending the benefits of concessions to all other nations. This simply means the continuance of the old American practice of a single tariff schedule for all nations. It is preferred by the International Chamber of Commerce, the Economic Section of the League of Nations, and every other disinterested international body that has ever taken it under consideration. The conditional form, requiring that for each nation receiving a trade concession some equivalent concession must be returned, is more a matter of legal reservation or neighborly accommodation than broad usage; and even England, which still reserves this right, has never applied a higher tariff rate to the United States than to any other foreign nation.

III

Such are the essential ingredients of the Hull system. During the more than two years since the enabling act has been in effect, the inflexible character of the processes that were first set up has been greatly stretched in practice and has been adapted and matured to meet unexpected needs and insistent criticism. The most vigorous criticism has come, of course, from manufacturers and producers who do not want their protection diminished for any reason or under any circumstances. When it is considered that in the past they dictated many of these schedules themselves through logrolling minorities combining for a common interest

before a highly vulnerable Congress, their disapproval of the present method may be imagined. They now appear before a fact-finding body of experts called the Committee for Reciprocity Information, consisting of official delegates from the Tariff Commission, the Departments of State, Commerce, the Treasury, Agriculture, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration. This group of seasoned administrators of tariff questions take their testimony, digest it, and pass it on with their recommendations to the Trade Agreements Committee in charge of the actual negotiations with the foreign country. The method is not boisterous enough for many Americans accustomed to tariff wranglings in the past; but it has this advantage far outweighing its defects: the adjustment of tariff rates under this system is more nearly a matter of national action and responsibility in the most competent hands possible, and less the prerogative of interested groups and sections, than ever before in American history. It has achieved a genuine protection too seldom accomplished in American political life, protection against the organized minority.

Another serious and insistent bone of contention has been the observance of the most-favored-nation doctrine in its unconditional form. Here Mr. Hull has become steadily less inflexible as experience with actual trade problems involved in the agreements led the way. In the Belgian agreement an 'escape' clause provided that if any third nation secured trade advantages exceeding those of the contracting nations by reason of reduced tariff rates applied to its trade, the tariff reduction in question could be canceled at thirty days' notice. This brings up the point that in each agreement the products on which duties are reduced are almost always those products of which each nation is the principal supplier, or fairly nearly

so, of the other. The bargains are therefore bargains of mutual advantage in which third nations may share, but to a considerably less extent.

The work has been so well done up to now that no escape clause has as yet been invoked. But it has not been found possible to maintain the unconditional most-favored-nation treatment in its purest form. We have a two-column tariff in spite of ourselves, and two nations, Germany and Australia, are in the offending class. It is hoped that in the case of Australia this will be a technical and temporary expedient, but with Germany, which has flagrantly discriminated against American trade for a long time past, there was no other choice. Consequently, German wine does not get the low rate applied to France, — and Italy, — nor do German chemicals obtain the concessions accorded to Switzerland. Furthermore, when it became clear that Germany was using her flexible export currency as an agency for subsidizing the sale of her products in this country, Mr. Hull was able to reply with countervailing duties high enough to stop that practice after six weeks of negotiation. And when Japanese cotton goods could not be properly regulated in their admission to this country by the Japanese manufacturers themselves, an increase in the tariff was granted of 42 per cent and more was promised if the invasion continued in volume in kindred lines.

The Hull system provides means for aggressive retaliation, therefore, as well as for friendly bargaining for the maintenance and extension of American foreign trade. Nor are mere tariff rates on merchandise the limit of the prerogative of the agreements. The Canadian agreement was the instrument of Canada's promise to abandon her method of arbitrary valuations of American imports, which did more to hamper our trade than all her high rates put together. Now the Canadian

tariff is calculable to Americans; and it is an old rule that it is not the moderate height of a tariff that encourages trade nearly as much as the assurance of its stability at one place from month to month and from year to year. France has abolished the double taxation of Americans; Brazil has lent government sanction to a refunding plan on behalf of American blocked funds; and Canada has admitted free circulation throughout the Dominion of American magazines and periodicals.

Contrary to the expectations of the American foreign-trade community the agreements have not facilitated any procedure for the settlement of defaulted bonds or other debts except in the limited case of Brazil's refunding plan for purely commercial blocked balances. The reason given has been that financial negotiations are carried on by different parties and under different circumstances than are commercial arrangements, and that the relation between a debtor and a creditor is altogether different from that of two parties on the same footing at a commercial conference. Business men and bankers in this country have replied that, though this is true, Great Britain has succeeded in combining the two phases of discussion, as in the Runciman-Roca agreement with Argentina, without sacrificing anything of the amicable spirit between the two countries. It is a point to be considered, since with Cuba, Brazil, Colombia, Nicaragua, and several other countries, Americans who are private creditors to

those governments are getting nowhere, and a sound financial settlement must eventually be made before trade can be substantially and permanently revived.

The agreements provide for a maximum adjustment in the tariff of 50 per cent; and so far this has not been a handicap on the negotiations. We have also been able to 'bind' on the free list many products both of imports and exports that have guaranteed the continuance and security of trade. But we cannot place an article on the free list by the agency of these agreements, and some way will have to be found to restore that anomaly through the proper use of the adjudicating functions of the Tariff Commission. And a just criticism, though hardly fair perhaps in an election year, is that the rates that have been reduced, probably nearly a thousand in old and new classifications by now, have still left the average schedule of the American tariff very little below the Smoot-Hawley rates that put a Chinese wall round this country during the depression.

Dr. Taussig undoubtedly speaks the mind of all tariff students when he declares, as the United States Tariff Commission's first chairman, that the Hull system has accomplished the most scientific and workmanlike tariff job ever done in this country. For this reason it cannot please the politicians, not even all the Democrats. But it should please the American people, who have had good reason to believe in the past that no rules ever governed the tariff except those made by its beneficiaries.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

STREET SCENE

THIS is the third time that I have seen Spain in upheaval. An interest in her art, landscape, and psychology have led me to spend the greater part of the last five years in that country. I have visited almost every province, and learned enough of the elegant Castilian idiom to support life and exchange elementary ideas. I was in Seville when the republic was declared on April 14, 1931 (celebrating the sixty-sixth anniversary of the shooting of Abraham Lincoln). And I was in Málaga when General Sanjurjo sprung his ill-judged reactionary movement on August 10, 1932. Both Seville and Málaga are highly excitable places, yet these critical events took place with the minimum of disorder. In Seville there was a little street fighting, and we foreigners were huddled in the central rooms of the hotel for a few hours, but soon all was normal and tourists were busily engaged photographing bullet holes on the façade of the hotel as pleasing souvenirs of travel. I was more impressed by hearing a lonely guitar in the street play the 'Marseillaise.'

General Sanjurjo's affair was almost as suavely dealt with. It was anticipated by the government's secret service; he and his rebel troops found their rendezvous occupied by machine guns; there was very little fighting and the whole lot were captured and court-martialed. An ardent young republican whom I knew in Málaga burned with the desire to see Sanjurjo shot. '*No tengo sed de la sangre,*' said he, and I quote him in Spanish because the words seem so much more pictorial than our colloquial 'bloodthirsty.' '*No tengo sed de la sangre pero la ley es la ley.*'

Sanjurjo did not get the death penalty. He got a term of imprisonment, and then either he escaped or the sentence was commuted to exile, I forget which. At any rate he had been living quietly in Portugal until Franco started the present trouble. Sanjurjo took a plane to join the movement,

crashed, and was killed — doubtless convincing my young friend that in the long run *la ley es la ley*.

In Málaga, where passions run so high, the chief repercussion of the 1932 affair was that a fancy-dress ball to be given at the hotel the night when the news came was postponed for a few days. The fathers of the youthful participants were said to be largely on Sanjurjo's lists; some were arrested; and the prudent management felt that a few well-placed bombs might not only extinguish several noble families, but damage the hotel.

Far more serious was the popular rising in Asturias in the autumn of 1934. I was not in Spain when that happened, but the following summer I visited Oviedo and found it looking like an earthquake city. The cathedral, to be sure, was standing, but its fine glass was gone — a battle had been fought inside it, each side taking cover behind the Gothic pillars, whose edges were serrated by rifle fire; and of the priceless Cámara Santa not one stone was left upon another. But this outbreak, chiefly the work of striking miners, was promptly and forcibly dealt with by the army and the Guardia Civil. Persons I know who had not been in sympathy with the republic, and were skeptical of its stability, revised their views on seeing how ably its forces dealt with this terrible affair.

I review these matters to explain my unquestioning faith in the ability of the government of Spain to maintain order at least as well as the governments of various states of the United States. I have been more than once complimented by Spaniards on my courage in living in New York. My faith was only strengthened by the fact that of the weeks from June 8 to July 13, which I spent in Barcelona, ten days or a fortnight were occupied by a strike of salesmen and saleswomen without the slightest symptom of disorder. A hundred thousand well-dressed and cheerful-looking strikers were indistinguishable from the rest of the

crowds in the fine streets of that attractive city.

One knew the strike was on only because the shops were closed and the police added a rifle to their equipment of automatics. One morning, on sallying from the hotel, I noted that the pair of policemen who always stood at the door were without their rifles. 'So the strike is over?' 'Yes.' 'Who won?' 'Both sides; both sides always win in Spain.'

From no Spaniard did I get a hint by word or look that there was anything ominous, but one canny little Englishwoman long resident in Spain said, 'I don't like the look of things and I am transferring my money to England as fast as the law allows.' And an English official of my bank said, 'There's a bit of politics in this strike, you know.' Three weeks later the bank was being bombed.

These hints fell on stony ground in my mind, and it was in complete innocence that my sister and I went down to Tarragona for a day or two to visit the admirable cathedral and the still more remarkable monastery of Poblet, thirty-five miles inland. It was on July 17 that we drove to Poblet. The owner of the car, who drove us himself, was a prosperous citizen of middle age, justly proud of his city and province. He pointed out the magnificent fertility and beauty of the campo behind Tarragona; the cleverness of the little river, with the pretty name of Francolí, in threading its way through the miniature sierra that divides Tarragona from Lérida; and the fact that, seen across the plain from the crest of this sierra, Tarragona displayed in silhouette against the Mediterranean her spires and towers, but no factory chimneys.

I always ask in a new place, 'Is there much unemployment here?' In many provinces on the Atlantic Coast and in the South the answer is a tragic one. In Andalusia it seems that the prevalent black poverty is due not only to the heavy rains last spring, which upset agriculture, but to the exactions and decrease in wages by landowners under the late Rightist ministry. But my Tarragona friend laughed. 'No,' he said, 'there is no unemployment; there are no poor and there are no rich; the people are farmers or fishermen or shopkeepers; everyone has a little; between the

sea and the campo we produce enough to feed the province if the rest of the world should disappear.'

On the morning of July 19, in the last Spanish newspapers we were to see, we read that General Franco was heading a mutiny of troops in Morocco 'to save the republic.' Well, what of it? We had lived through Sanjurjo without a jar; why not Franco? But the beautiful tree-shaded avenue which is the main street of Tarragona was strangely deserted. The soldiers, ordinarily a conspicuous part of the promenaders, were absent. And in the afternoon, as suddenly as though it had been turned on by radio, there came rushing down under the plane trees a procession of camions and cars, armored with mattresses and filled with yelling crowds of armed men, red rags round their heads, the hammer and sickle chalked on the sides of their vehicles, their clenched fists shaken in the unattractive Communist salute. Who were they? Had the earthly paradise described by our driver-friend spewed them up? Was his car among these so furiously driven?

The little band of tourists seated on the terrace of the hotel gaped in amazement. One of us, an Englishman, was filled with a sense of personal outrage. 'It's an American gangster film,' he said. 'I never expected to see a gang of ruffians in a car pointing guns at me!'

As to the film-like quality of the apparitions I agreed entirely. But those disheveled ruffians with shining faces, gloriously letting themselves go, did not suggest to me our poker-faced gangsters, but rather the mob in the film, *A Tale of Two Cities*. It is an historical irony that I had seen this film presented in Barcelona the week before in a fashionable theatre before a crowded house of good-looking men and women in gay summer clothes. There was no more sense of impending tragedy than when I saw it months ago on Cape Cod.

Curiously enough, those guns did nothing but point. As far as I know, not a shot was fired during the four days we spent in Tarragona amid this bloodless terror. But the peaceful inhabitants disappeared from the streets. A general strike was declared. All shops were closed. There were no more trains, newspapers, telephone, telegraph, or radio. And every afternoon, and late into

the night, the horrific cars rushed shrieking through the streets. The mornings were quiet. The city was dead. Probably the rioters were making up lost sleep. We wished they would operate in the morning and let us rest at night. Finally I took to closing my windows and, like the East in Matthew Arnold's poem, I 'let the legions thunder past, and plunged in thought again.'

As far as I know, there were but two churches in Tarragona besides the cathedral and little old San Pablo. Those two were well and truly burnt. One was a modern building, so painstakingly and expensively ugly that one could not regret it. It was so near the hotel that the technique of destruction was observable. Before firing the structure the destroyers in an orderly manner removed everything removable, under the eyes of a few municipal police, and stored it, quaintly enough, in the town hall. This sinister fact stated as plainly as a newspaper headline that Señor Companys and the Catalan Government were unable to control their red allies.

The next sinister fact was this. On one of those afternoons a procession of trucks filled with Guardia Civil and accompanied by others on motorcycles came at full speed down our avenue. These are the real custodians of order in Spain, a fine body of picked men, brave, resourceful, and true to duty. Now the trouble was as good as over. But unhappily, wherever they went in such a hurry, we never saw them again.

Among these scenes of furious action remains in my mind what might almost be called a still-life. Our hotel stood at the most important four corners of Tarragona, and we had often admired in the days of quiet the demeanor of the traffic policemen who succeeded each other there, clad in beautiful white trousers, belt, gloves, cap, and blue tunic, presiding with the gestures of automata over the traffic, which consisted chiefly of tourists' cars, prams, bicycles, and the periodic omnibuses. During the terrific hours of disorder one was always at his post. When a screaming truck bore down on him at fifty miles an hour, his immaculate white gloves still gave it politely the right of way.

The third and most alarming sinister event was, paradoxically, our rescue by

H.M.S. Garland. We tourists had naturally been in frequent conference as to what it was all about, how long it was going to last, and how we were going to get out. On the first and third points we had no data. In reply to my question on the second point, the reception clerk said jauntily, 'Who knows? Your civil war lasted seven [*sic*] years.' And, most pressing question of all, when would the temptation to let off those guns become irresistible?

On the afternoon of the fourth day of futile conference there strolled into the hotel, without escort or arms, three white-clad officers of the British Navy, who asked us with a pleasant English lack of emphasis whether we should care to go to Marseilles with them. They knew even less than we what was going on. They only knew that, having arrived the day before at Malta from Alexandria, they were preparing for an overdue shore leave when orders came in the middle of the night to proceed at full speed to Tarragona and Sitjes and carry to Marseilles any English or Americans they might find at those ports. But, although they knew little, it was obvious that the Admiralty knew much, and if the Admiralty postponed again that shore leave we had another headline: Spain was ablaze.

The kindness and hospitality of the officers and men of the *Garland* are another story. The voyage across the quiet sea under a young moon would have been a pleasant summer cruise if here and there, as long as the Spanish coast was in sight, there had not been visible the flames from burning churches.

As I know now, planes far out at sea were bombing Mallorca. I know a Spaniard there who in his youth as a captain of cavalry was stationed at Manila Bay on the day when Gridley got ready and fired. My friend came out of the affair with a limp, one eye, a pension, and a tendency to like Americans. 'They tended me in that hospital,' said he, 'as though I were one of their own. Admiral Dewey himself came often to see me, and when he heard there was a chance to save one of my eyes he sent to San Francisco for an oculist. Here is a man who did his best to kill me at great expense; then at great expense he saved my eye. There is no sense in war.' He gave his young strength and his career for his coun-

trymen. Now they are bombing him and there is no kind Admiral Dewey to patch him up.

I am told that in the Balearic Islands originated the warning phrase *Moros en la costa* ('Moors on the coast'), which is now a colorless or somewhat jocose signal of something unpleasant — an unwelcome guest, perhaps, or a watchful duenna. But for centuries it was the most bloodcurdling cry that could be heard in a seaside town of Spain. Now General Franco has brought back the Moor. Moorish troops are actually killing Christians about Cordoba. No one has ever denied that the Moor is a first-rate fighting man; Abd-el-Krim's campaigns proved his qualities. An item I have caught in an English newspaper, if it be true, shows that General Franco is aware of the fearful risk he is running, for the item states that arms are taken from the Moorish troops when they are in camp or in transit and restored only when they go into action. Isabella the Catholic, thou shouldst be living at this hour!

Considering the struggle now from a distance and with reports from newspapers, not Spanish, of differing opinions, I feel that it would be easy to analyze it too simply as a war between Communists and anti-clericals, on the one hand, and royalists and Catholics on the other. Before these words are printed it may have come to be that. But, if I know anything about the Spanish people, good Catholics are often good republicans. Two friends of mine in Madrid, scholarly and thoughtful people, who are both republicans and Catholics, told me in the early days of the republic that, though the Church was being dealt with too hardly, it would be saved spiritually by being disestablished and supported only by the people who want it. There are long years of oppression by the Church to be liquidated, and there are almost as many superfluous clerics in the Church as generals in the army. The Basques, the most loyal churchmen in Spain, are, at this writing, fighting furiously for the Frente Popular, although the bishops are telling them how wicked such conduct is. I gather from the *Times* that shortly after the outbreak began, while I was cut off from newspapers, a manifesto was issued in favor of the government among whose signatories were Menendez

Pidal, president of the Spanish Academy, and a prominent Catholic; Ossorio Gallardo, a distinguished Catholic lawyer; Ortega y Gasset and Pérez de Ayala, Catholics whose works we all know. Perhaps the extremists between them will drive all these men into silence; I am sure they will never make anti-republicans of them.

The ease with which political and religious issues may be confused is illustrated by an incident that happened on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, in 1933, when I was in Madrid. Walking in the principal streets in the morning, I admired the decorations on almost every house. Most frequently was displayed a white banner with the flaming heart embroidered on it; some houses hung out brocades and tapestries, some the flag of the republic, and not a few, to my surprise, the flag of the old régime, which it is a misdemeanor to display. In every case that I noted, a paper heart was pinned or pasted on the old flag. The police ordered the old flags to be withdrawn, but this was not always done. Late in the afternoon a lot of rowdy republicans undertook to remove them. A riot ensued, which the police dealt with impartially, arresting everyone on either side whom they found disturbing the peace.

I caught only two slight references to this in American and English papers, but in each it was written down unequivocally as an attack by anti-clerical republicans on a sacred symbol. In Madrid it was understood well enough as a political riot in which the sacred symbol was compromised because it had been provocatively used for a political purpose.

It may be that in the condition of Europe, which requires a state to be strongly organized if it is to survive, there is no time for Spain to go on with its trial-and-error experiments in democratic government. But if it turns for a while into a Fascist state, there will remain under the surface a great body of liberals, among them perhaps the best minds of Spain, and the young men and women to whom the republic was and is a religion. If it turns Communist, my guess is that after a generation or two of the guerrilla, to which it gave the name and which it enjoys almost as much as the *corrida*, it will be a desert.

MRS. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM

A BILLION?

AN after-dinner company were discussing Federal finances when one of the group observed, 'Well, just how much is a billion, anyhow?'

'Why, a billion is a thousand millions,' someone replied. 'Or, if you like it better, it is a thousand thousand thousands.'

None of us had ever seen a million of anything, much less a billion. Indeed, as we discussed the matter, it seemed doubtful if any of us had ever actually *seen* as much as a thousand of anything tangible.

To be sure, a number of us had driven a hundred thousand miles or more in the course of years, and we had all seen assemblages said to number fifty, sixty, even eighty thousand or more. But had we seen them as separate individuals, or merely as a mass of humanity?

The more we discussed the matter, the clearer it became that the sense of number, in its higher values, is soon lost. Our impression is one of mass instead of individuals, and as we approach the million mark our comprehension is little more than a mental abstraction.

So it was that each of us took paper and pencil and set to work in an effort to express a billion in terms sufficiently familiar to give something like an adequate conception of its meaning as a measure of values. The results of our efforts in various directions were substantially as follows:—

It has been only a little over a billion minutes since Christ was born in Bethlehem.

If some man had spent a thousand dollars the day that Christ was born and every day thereafter as long as he lived, and if one of his descendants had continued to dispense funds at the same rate ever since, it would be some eight hundred years yet before a billion dollars would be spent—that is, around the year 2736.

Somebody announced that his calculations showed that it is only a little over a billion and a half inches around the world at the equator, and but slightly more than a billion and a quarter feet to the moon.

To change the picture, we found that a man whose pulse is around eighty to the minute will be almost twenty-four years

old before his heartbeats amount to a billion.

It is a rapid speaker who can enunciate a hundred and fifty words to the minute. But if one could do that and hold out at the same rate for eight hours a day, month after month, indefinitely, it would take him almost thirty-eight years to deliver a billion words, with no time out for Sundays, holidays, or vacation.

A good ear of corn has about a thousand kernels. But it would require some twenty thousand bushels, or a matter of five hundred tons, of shelled corn to count out a billion kernels.

And if a man should set out to count the kernels in that twenty thousand bushels, and could maintain a rate of a hundred to the minute for eight hours a day, it would take him a matter of fifty-seven years to finish the job.

A forest with twenty-five mature trees to the acre is good lumbering. But to furnish a billion trees at the same rate would require an acreage equal to the combined area of New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Delaware, and most of Palestine.

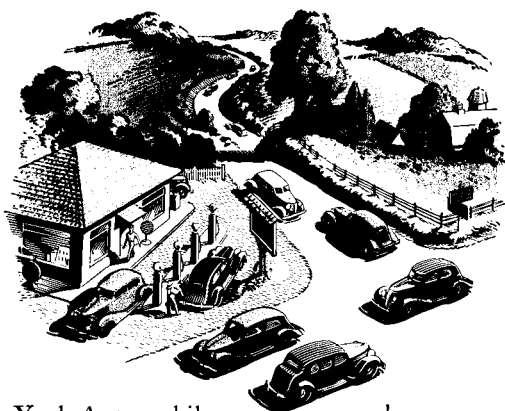
A billion dollars is the total value to the farmer of the normal corn crop raised on an acreage equal to the combined area of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and most of New York.

A billion dollars would pay the farmer for all the cows and hogs of the United States, or for all the horses and sheep on American farms. It is nearly twice the farm value of all the beef cattle and calves before the day of the Great Slaughter.

In dollar bills laid end to end, one billion would reach one million, one hundred and sixty-seven thousand miles. This is more than forty-six times around the earth, and enough to reach to the moon and back *twice*, with some two hundred thousand miles to spare.

Finally, the total Federal debt amounts to one dollar for every hen's egg laid in the United States in one year, according to the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture.

Making possible the modern automobile



VISITORS to the New York Automobile Show will see new advances in beauty and performance in the automotive industry's presentations for 1937.

Back of the achievements of the designers and production men who have brought about the evolution of the automobile from the side-cranking horseless carriage to the fleet, graceful vehicle of today is a story of steel development as impressive as the more obvious changes in speed, power and appearance.

While the pioneers of the automobile industry were tinkering with their first horseless carriages in Detroit; Warren, Ohio; South Bend, Ind.; Kokomo, Ind.; Lansing, Mich.; Elmira, N. Y.; Syracuse, N. Y., and other parts, with each inventor struggling to find the answer to the desire for motor transportation on the highways, a small group of metallurgists at Bethlehem were, in 1899, working to develop new types of steels which would combine strength with light weight and other desired properties. The pioneer work of Taylor and White of Bethlehem,

whose new steel took first prize in the Paris Exposition in 1900, was the beginning of alloy steel manufacture in the United States.

Since this early period the Lehigh Mills of Bethlehem have kept pace in all forms of alloy steel, for gears, for crankshafts, for bearings and for numerous other parts where there has been a constant battle to reduce weight without the sacrifice of other characteristics.

When improved spring suspension became popular, for example, Bethlehem was ready to supply the exacting requirements for spring steel. Similarly as each step in improved highway transportation goes forward Bethlehem's alloy division has cooperated with the automobile factory metallurgists in developing the right steels for each particular job.

With this background of service to the automotive industry Bethlehem works steadily to place in the hands of the motor vehicle builder still better steels for the automobiles of tomorrow.

BETHLEHEM STEEL COMPANY



►► Too late for inclusion in the main body of the November issue we received a detailed discussion of corporate dividend policy under the Revenue Act of 1936. Rather than omit an exceptionally lucid exposition of a much debated subject, it seemed wise to include the article in the space immediately following the Column. — EDITOR

The CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

BULLFIGHTING is none of our business, but the street fighting — and worse — in Spain to-day may assume the significance of the French Revolution. Here is a struggle between Right and Left which is being acted for all to see, a drama so characteristic of our time that the spectator, whether in Boston, Buenos Aires, or Bangkok, cannot help thinking, 'There, but for the grace of God, go I.'

Megan Laird (p. 513) is an American who studied at the Emma Willard School, graduated from Barnard College in 1929, and then went abroad. With her Italian husband she took up what promised to be a pleasant residence in Barcelona, and there with her own eyes saw what Revolution will do to a placid, open-hearted city.

Charlotte Kellogg (p. 533) was intimately connected with the relief work in Belgium during the war and knows from experience the hope that persists in a stricken people.

A second eyewitness of the agony in Spain is **John Elliott** (p. 534), Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*. His passport had been turned over to the French authorities for renewal the very day the rumbling broke out on the Peninsula. He had no choice but to smuggle himself across the border and so risked his life by joining the rebels.

Whoever becomes master in Spain, it is clear that Democracy there will not long survive. Shall we, too, catch this contagion of an all-powerful, coercive State, or shall Democracy continue to give the United States the government we need? That is the question which for five years has been troubling **Walter Lippmann** (p. 543), the question which has led to the preparation of his new and most fundamental book. The series of Mr. Lippmann's articles — of which this is the third — began in the *Atlantic* for September.

Thank Heaven for explorers who enrich by their doings the lives of us who have to stay at home. To **Constance Withington** (p. 555) of Honolulu, **Captain Eric de Bisschop**, a French navigator, told his story of a three-year cruise he had made in the Pacific aboard his Chinese junk. He set out to prove his theory that the Polynesian race

never could have migrated from Malaysia to Oceania. But the Japanese thought his charts and records were — dangerous junk.

What do you like best in the autumn? 'Riding!' says **Mrs. Winthrop Chanler** (p. 565), whose memoir, *Roman Spring*, was a best seller two years ago. Mrs. Chanler has ridden in the Genesee Valley for more than a quarter of a century. She has hunted in Ireland, she has studied *haute école* in Paris, and has loved the long, sweeping runs across the Campagna. Her new volume, *Autumn in the Valley*, will be published on November 9.

Della T. Lutes (p. 574) cooks the best food the *Atlantic* ever printed. Her stories, which have tickled our readers' palates for the past year, are now procurable in a delicious little book entitled *The Country Kitchen*.

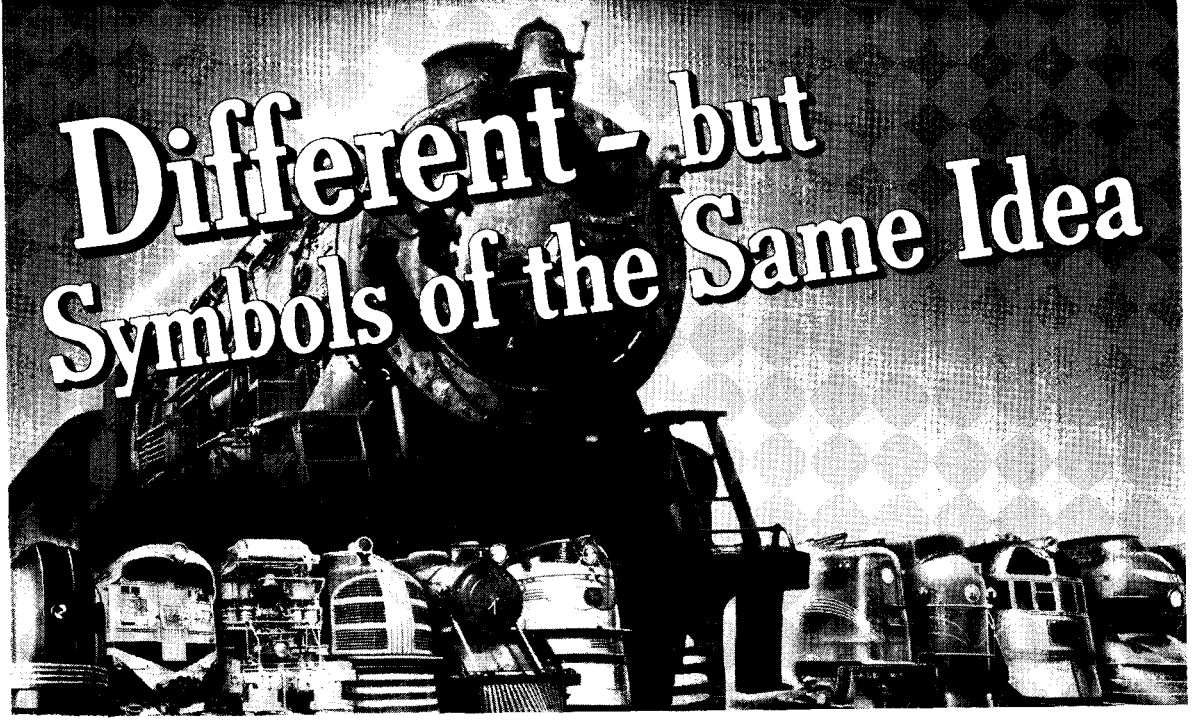
President of the University of Chicago, and the youngest and, perhaps, most progressive force in American education, **Robert M. Hutchins** (p. 582) makes a stimulating reply to Professor Whitehead, whose essay, 'Harvard: the Future,' was a leading article in the September *Atlantic*.

Another headliner — in education — is **Robert Hillyer** (p. 589), Pulitzer Prize Winner in Poetry, who sends us the bracing and distinguished poem, 'Letter to a Teacher of English,' which he read at the Tercentenary Exercises at Harvard. Dr. James B. Munn, to whom his Letter is addressed, is chairman of the Department of English at Harvard.

William Feather (p. 593), a printer and publisher of Cleveland, has drawn up a design for living which should be read and acted upon by business men, architects, contractors, and home lovers.

This past summer **Olaus J. Murie** (p. 596) conducted a biological survey of the Aleutian Islands. He is, incidentally, the world's greatest authority on the wapiti, vulgarly known as the American elk.

More than five thousand hours of observation, whether of English rivers, pools, or hatcheries, went into the writing of **Henry Williamson's** (p. 600) masterly narrative, *Salar the Salmon*.



THERE is scarcely a section of this nation that is not witnessing today dramatic evidence of the progressiveness of the American railroads.

This evidence may take the form of faster freight and passenger schedules, wider use of air-conditioned cars, door - to - door handling of freight, lower rates, or constant improvements in the all-important roadway.

Or it may find more spectacular expression in new streamlined trains—marvels of colorful utility linking fresh beauty to new standards of comfort and service for the traveler.

In whatever form you see these examples of enterprise—whether in the workaday running of the railroads or spotlighted in dramatic steam engines, impressive electrics or sleek new Diesels—you see different symbols of the same idea.

That idea is to provide the American people with *the safest, most serviceable and progressive transportation system in the world.*

We believe if you'll look about you with an understanding eye, you'll see surprising proof of how superbly that idea is being served.

SAFETY FIRST—
friendliness too!

ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS

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The COLUMN

Editorial writer, lover of the arts and the classics, **Lucien Price** (p. 602) has two good books to his credit, *Winged Sandals* and, more recent, *We Northmen*.

Formerly of the British Foreign Office, **E. H. Carr** (p. 607) now occupies the Wilson Chair of International Politics at Aberystwyth, Wales.

An English Quaker with a gifted pen, **Janet Whitney** (p. 614) has prepared for this Christmas an admirable biography of that great heroine, Elizabeth Fry.

Novelist and short-story writer, **Phyllis Bottome** (p. 623) is equally at home in Austria and in England.

To the October *Atlantic R. S.* (p. 629), a New England poet, contributed what is professionally known as 'a double spread of verse.'

Gardner Harding (p. 630) has devoted a lifetime in the interest of foreign trade. He has lived and worked in the Far East, been secretary of the National Foreign Trade Council, and has long been respected for the reliability of his advice.

1 1 1

ATTENTION, PLEASE!

Somewhere between eight and nine thousand entries (the accountants are still dizzy) were submitted in the **Million Dollar Community Contest**. The size of the competition and the difficulty of the judging make it impossible for us to proclaim the winner in time for publication in this issue. It is expected, however, that the prize paper and the best of those accorded Honorable Mention will be published in the December *Atlantic*.

1 1 1

It was a foregone conclusion that Professor Whitehead's vision of the future Harvard (September *Atlantic*) would arouse particularly keen interest in academic circles. It is a privilege to present the comments of the presidents of two major universities.

Dear Mr. Sedgwick:—

The article 'Harvard: The Future,' by Alfred North Whitehead, appeals to me as a refreshing breeze for the fevered brows of modern university administrators. While I find myself objecting to his conclusion that the fate of the intellectual civilization of the world rests in the hands of a group of universities from Charlottesville to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Boston, and from Boston to Chicago, I am quite willing to await the verdict of history rather than make definite claims now for those who are trying to be intellectual in such far-off places as California.

Aside from this minor point, I believe that Professor Whitehead has dealt effectively with a number of problems which are of vital concern to the future of higher education. I am not sure of this with respect to *all* of them, because ordinary people, like myself, have allowed themselves to fall so far behind the philosophers that on occasion we seem to speak different languages. I am sure of this, at least, that vocational subjects such as law, religion, medicine, business, art, governmental activities, engineering, and education ought to be recognized as appropriate and even essential parts of a university curriculum.

For several generations this vocationalism has been encroaching upon orthodoxy in universities, but the ground it has won has never been officially ceded by traditionalists of the old school. There still remains a lurking conviction that professional instruction is something apart from real university education. In openly challenging this concept and offering cogent reasons for so doing, Professor Whitehead has made a practical contribution to academic thought. In general, the opposition to vocational schools has been in some measure justified, but quite as generally this opposition has been based on prejudice rather than truth. A clear realization of the common ground on which vocational and cultural education may work together is essential to the wise development of modern universities in harmony with changing conditions and in the discharge of the great responsibility that Professor Whitehead envisions.

I hope that Harvard University will be able to answer Professor Whitehead's concluding question in the affirmative, and I hope also that other universities may participate in that answer. Harvard's three hundred years do bespeak maturity and the power of leadership, but in this day of scientifically controlled growth it should not be necessary for other centres of culture to await a three-hundredth anniversary before beginning to show at least some fruits. Harvard's history and achievements are an inspiration and a guide, but not necessarily an invitation to others to mark time until the dawn of their fourth century of experience. After all, years of life are not the sole source of intellectual maturity, either of individuals or of institutions.

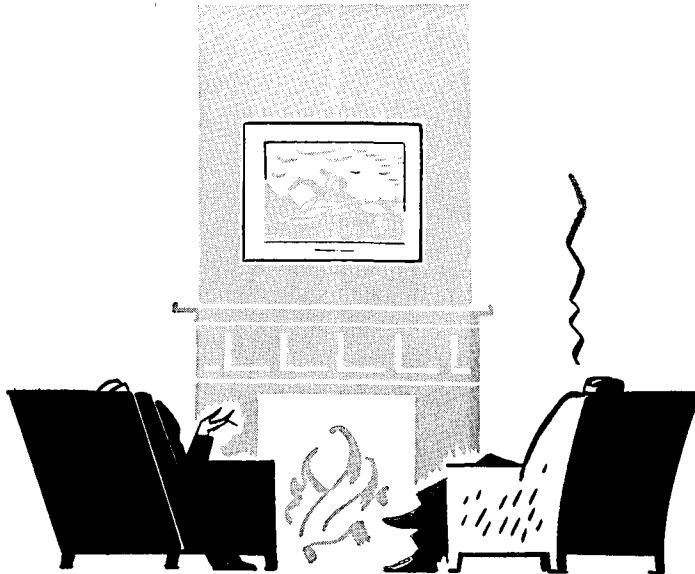
Yours sincerely,

ROBERT G. SPROUL
President, University of California

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

Professor Whitehead's article on the future of Harvard strikes both joy and pain to the heart of anyone engaged professionally in the field of education. To be brought so close to the mystery of the process of learning, to the secret of great teaching, to the essential purpose of a university, is a glorious experience; but in the white light of that revelation how stark and dry, how frivolous and empty, seem many of the procedures by which we strive to capture and embody those essences! If this article were read aloud in every college and university at the beginning of each academic year it might save us from much futility.

But the sermon is also for laymen. A university may indeed help to mould an evolving civilization, but it is also a child of its times, a reflector as well as a source of light. It is capable of being trivialized by its public. However busy and outwardly effective universities and colleges may be, if they are sought



It seems as though we've mentioned everything and everybody but ourselves

Throughout 1936 this Company has been doing honor to Charles Martin Hall, the young man who, in 1886, discovered the modern method for making aluminum.

At the same time, sincere tribute was paid to engineers, designers and architects, to men who make up the metal-working industry, and to our competitors, for their many contributions to the development of aluminum.

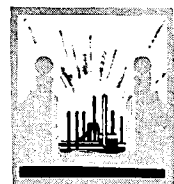


But we have said little about the Company which Hall helped to found, and which, as one factor in the aluminum industry, has played an important part in extending the practical benefits of his discovery.

Look again at Hall's accomplishment: He invented a process; but he did something more.

By his woodshed research he made available to man a metal which nature had for centuries cunningly withheld from usefulness.

True enough, nature is bountiful in the distribution of chemical compounds which contain aluminum. These compounds are found in practically all earth and rock in varying amounts. But aluminum, as a metal, exists nowhere in this old earth of ours.



Hall, by finding a practical method of producing metallic aluminum, fitted a key to



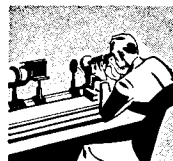
a tightly locked door. Continued research since his day has opened the door wide, so that everyone now shares in the everyday benefits of aluminum.

Everything that aluminum is today, everything that aluminum does, has been created by research. Much of the work has been done in the laboratories and mills of this Company. Research has been for fifty years the Company's most important single activity. It has been carried on through good times and bad. It is organized, purposeful, and thoroughly equipped.

The aims have been threefold: first, to produce aluminum to sell at the lowest possible price; second, to make aluminum increasingly useful by improving upon its natural characteristics; third, to discover and to broadcast new and better ways of putting the metal to work.

Each of these aims is creative, in the broadest sense of a corporation's public responsibility. Each adds to man's enjoyment of the benefits of aluminum.

The widespread contributions of aluminum to better living have justified the constant and heavy expense which research requires. The increasing use of the metal confirms the old-fashioned belief of this Company that only those things which benefit the public are good business.



The COLUMN

by students for trivial reasons, if parents desire from them trivial benefits for their children, if alumni and public judge them by trivial standards, it is hard to prevent their fires from burning low. On the other hand, no gift of millions (and I speak as a college president who sees much use for millions) could so lift and inspire them as the afflatus of such conceptions on the part of their public as Professor Whitehead defines. That destiny of incalculable service to which he challenges American universities to rise is possible only if outside the universities there exists a profound and exacting hunger for something better than the best they have yet achieved.

Very truly yours,

ADA L. COMSTOCK
President, Radcliffe College

Was 'Bread Line' authentic?

Dear Atlantic, —

I have read with interest the article written by Hugo Johanson, entitled 'Bread Line,' in the August number. Probably because I live in an agricultural community where we never have known what it is to want for food, shelter, and sufficient raiment to wear, it is difficult for me to feature the apparent ability of the above writer to have to live and go through the harrowing circumstances he describes in the above article. I am wondering whether the writer himself suffered the experiences related in his article, or if he is simply telling the sad story of some poor ignorant being unable to put into words the picture detailed.

The public should know the truth about such conditions. As a rule I think our public press intentionally keeps such information from the public under the assumption that 'where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise.' You are to be congratulated on publishing an article like the above.

C. B. CALKINS
Stevensville, Montana

N. B. Before the editors undertook to publish 'Bread Line,' Hugo Johanson submitted ample proof that he had indeed undergone the fearful experiences he described.

'My name is Gunskey.'

Dear Atlantic, —

I have written a poem about a young girl. My name is Gunskey. I come from the north of Armenia. I have always wanted to write something about a young girl. That is an idea that seems to me to be very beautiful. When I think of young girls my whole creative consciousness is suffused with a poetic feeling. I have spoken to other Armenians about this feeling that comes over me, but they do not seem to understand what I mean. That is why I feel that perhaps I have something really important to say.

Now I would like to tell you about this feeling that comes over me: it is like someone turning on an electric light in a dark room. Do you understand? One day I felt as though I wanted to write a poem, so I walked down La Brea Avenue. It was raining. There was a furniture store with two unpainted

beds in the window. They reminded me of how hungry I was and that I did not have much money. I stopped in front of a fruit stand. I know the proprietor well. His name is Vincentini. He is not a bad fellow. Well, I stood there waiting for a poem to come to me. I thought about the colors of the fruit. They were red and yellow. The bananas were long and yellow. The oranges were a warm color. They cheered me as I stood there in the rain. But the poem would not come to me. Then something happened. That electric light turned on! A young girl walked past me. She did not know me. I did not know her. She did not even look in my direction. But this electric light had turned on. I went back to my room, forgetting all about how hungry I was and that I had not had a cigarette for several days, and wrote this poem I am telling you about.

I know it is great because of the way it flowed out of me. I could not have stopped it even if I had tried to. It may seem strange to you how that girl made me write this poem. But I think that great writing is only really great when it is quite simple and natural. If that girl ever sees this poem in your magazine she may not even know she was the one who inspired it.

Maybe you have heard of a writer named William Saroyan who is also an Armenian. He is not very old yet. Well, I hear that he is not very well understood by other Armenians, which is my case as I have related. Vincentini, that's the man who has the fruit stand, tells me this Saroyan boy has sold a number of his stories to different magazines. So I thought maybe you would like to look at my poem and maybe buy it for your magazine. Would you?

FRANK GUNSKY
Hollywood, California

P. S. The poem is not very long.

Three ways of returning to the people money collected from income and inheritance taxes.

Dear Atlantic, —

The exhaustive research of the Brookings Institution into the cause of the depression has confirmed the opinion of many economists who reached their conclusion by the simpler method of deduction. This opinion is that the primary cause of the depression was the very unequal distribution of wealth and income. To many people the obvious answer is increased income and inheritance taxes, but strangely enough the Institution is opposed to this method, stating that it is unsound.

The reasons given for the unsoundness are, first, that the money collected would not be spent for the things that people want or need most; second, that the projects financed by taxes are usually not themselves taxable, and that as a result the tax burden on private enterprise becomes heavier, and the inevitable result is to retard production.

Upon examination these reasons will be found to be not convincing. There are three simple ways that the money collected from income and inheritance taxes may be returned to the great masses of the people, thereby increasing their purchasing power and the demand for consumption goods. First, we may decrease those taxes which bear more heavily on the low income group, such as sales taxes. This money would remain in the pockets of the buyers and could unquestionably be used for whatever was most wanted or needed. Secondly, adequate old-age

"Hop, skip and jump to the Orient!"

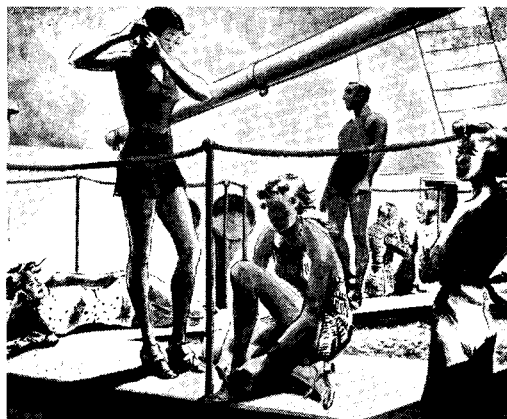


We could have gone direct to the Orient in 10 days, but we wished to take three more days at sea and visit romantic Hawaii en route. Then came Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki . . . packed with glimpses of new Japan.

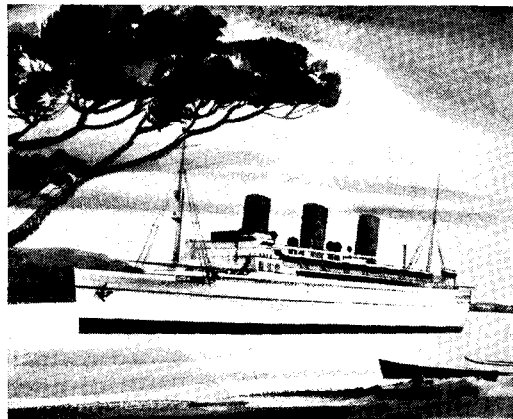


Almost before we realized, we were in China. We'll always remember the Great Wall at Peiping, Shanghai's silk shops, Hong Kong's colorful harbor. Finally, we visited the Philippines . . . then headed home again.

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The great white *Empresses* hold all speed records . . . 10 days to or from the Orient (Yokohama) by *Empress of Asia* or *Empress of Russia* . . . 13 days via Honolulu by *Empress of Japan* or *Empress of Canada*.



From Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria. Orient fares include passage from and to Seattle. If you sail from California ports, connect with an *Empress* at Honolulu. First Class, Tourist Class, Third Class.

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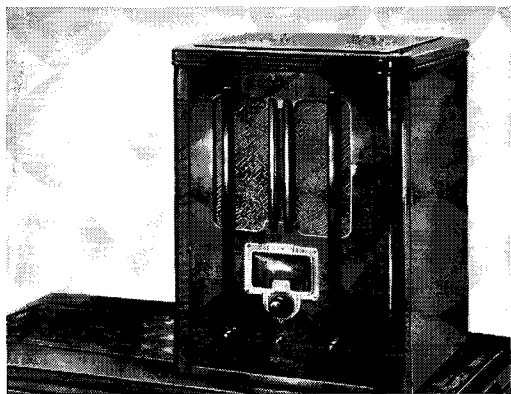
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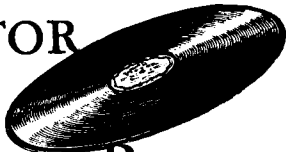
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Waltzes—Nos. 1 to 16 (Brahms, Op. 39). Piano
Intermezzi (Brahms). Wilhelm Bachaus
Album M-321. Price \$8.00

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pensions, say up to fifty dollars per month, would undoubtedly be used for the same purposes. While the Townsend proposal of two hundred dollars per month is much too high for the present productive capacity of the country, and its method of raising the money would defeat its own purpose, a pension of fifty dollars per month financed by increased income and inheritance taxes would be a really sound and effective recovery measure. Of this fifty dollars the country is already spending a probable average of ten dollars on the care of the aged.

The third and more commonly thought of method of spending the money would be on public works. In a country which can produce in reasonable abundance, the matter of need does not enter. The criterion for public works should be usefulness and desirability. The mere fact that all public works would not please all the people would be a small price to pay for sound economic recovery. As the standard of living rises it will be found that more of the things we desire can be more efficiently provided by government than by each individual acting for himself.

The fact that public works are not taxable has no bearing on the question. If the depression was actually caused by an unbalance between production and consumption, the very thing that we are trying to do is to retard production and increase consumption. Doubtless income taxes could be raised to the point where no money would be available for investment, but that would be just as foolish as the other extreme that we have been passing through.

The beauty of income taxes is that they can be changed quickly by changing a few figures in existing laws. The government has full control; there is no question of constitutionality; they involve no experiments and require no new boards or bureaus. If we go too far we can easily retrace our steps.

The Institution admits that in the post-war years to 1929 there had been a substantial and steady increase in the percentage of the total national income available for investment; and that if at that stage of our history greater purchasing power had been available in the lower income groups for consumptive purchases, many of our subsequent difficulties might have been avoided.

Is it not a very significant fact that it was in these years immediately preceding 1929 that Mr. Mellon was steadily decreasing income taxes in the higher brackets first? Is it possible that there is no connection between the two sets of circumstances? It would seem that Mr. Mellon's policy was directly responsible for the excess funds available for investment, and, by the same token, for the depression.

The Brookings cure for the depression is lower prices. To be effective the decrease in prices must come out of profits, the same place that income taxes would come from. What great difference in result does it make whether the money to be returned to the masses comes from lower prices or from income taxes? The big difference is in the effectiveness of the remedy. Over taxes the government has full and immediate control. It was the government's attempted control of wages and prices through the NRA that was such a fiasco.

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The management of The Fifth Avenue Building gives its tenants much more than fine office space in a strategic location. For instance, a large Conference Room—seating more than 40 persons—is for the free use of tenants. The Visitors' Bureau offers a complete suite of offices for the use of visiting buyers. Excellent food is served in two famous restaurants in the building.

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Swimming Pool, Hotel Playa de Cortés

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You'll miss all this life and color unless you include the West Coast in your train trip to Mexico City. Low roundtrip fares permit you to use Southern Pacific's West Coast of Mexico Route one way.

For a new rotogravure folder describing the West Coast of Mexico, write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. AM-11, 310 So. Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. For de luxe booklet with large map in full colors, enclose 25c in stamps or coin.

*White Sea Bass. Average weight 160 pounds.

Southern Pacific

'To date Brookings has not discussed any methods of ensuring price reductions.' When the Institution does give us such methods its opposition to income taxes will be on a much sounder basis. In the meantime, and in the emergency which still confronts us, why not use the agency easily at hand?

JOHN BARR
Redmond, Oregon

Page MacKinlay Kantor!

Dear Atlantic, —

I heard about your story about the cecropia moth, and thought maybe you would like to here some more about it. I live in Charleston, West Virginia, and I am eleven years old.

CECROPIA MOTH

My aunt has a camp up the Elk River near Charleston, West Virginia, where she spends most of her time in the summer. One day when I was visiting her, it was just my luck to see one of these moth's spinning its web on a tree just on the other side of her porch. It was a green looking worm with rainbow spots all over its back. It spun at least an hour while I watched. Pretty soon it stopped an I came to conclusion that it was all shut up in a little cradle like nest. It is a very interesting worm an I hope all the Atlantic readers read about it.

KATHERINE PEYTON

'Italicus' has drawn a considerable response from readers who agreed or disagreed with his provocative analysis of Mussolini's position vis-à-vis the rest of Europe. To his paper, 'Italy and Europe,' which appeared in the August *Atlantic*, 'Britannicus' makes reply.

Dear Atlantic, —

In the matter of the League and Abyssinia, Signor 'Italicus' shows, I think, a better understanding of Great Britain than some of your earlier contributors. Will you allow a British reader to add something?

It is a mistake to suppose that British public opinion was determined either to any important degree by concern for the Empire or mainly by hostility to Fascism.

As to the Empire, the public, of course, knows nothing of secret acquisitive interests that may (or may not) have influenced the government; but the vigorous imperialists, Churchill's party, were on the side of Italy; and the ordinary voter is not much interested in the Empire, and moreover has a pretty complete (and quite unjustified) contempt for Italian military prowess.

As to Fascism, it is true that the British have little liking for dictators, but to suggest that in Britain the League of Nations Union derives its chief support from militant Socialism is absurd.

If Abyssinia had not been a member of the League, it could have been swallowed by Italy without serious opposition on the part of any other state.

Britain's main motive was, genuinely, concern for collective security. The ordinary Briton did not think of Italian 'expansion' as a threat to his wealth; he has, incidentally, no more idea than the ordinary American how rich, compared to the people of other nations, he is; and in this case it was the feelings of the average Briton that determined the action of the government, which would probably have been ready



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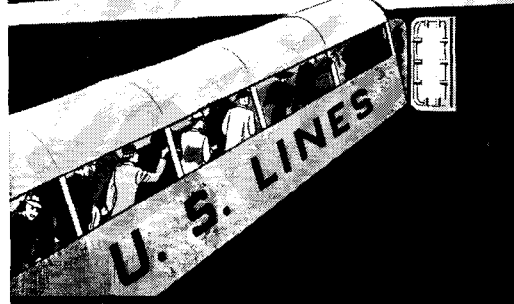
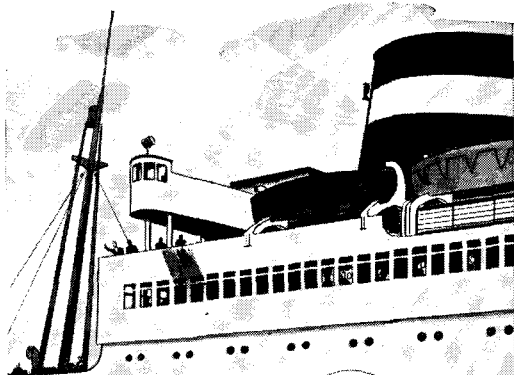
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to treat the question of Abyssinia as impassively as it treated the question of Manchuria.

I suppose the temptation to write (I do not, of course, refer to ‘*Italicus*’) of the Lion rousing itself, and the rest of it, was hard to resist; but a more appropriate picture would have been that of a public-spirited wife insisting to an unathletic husband that he stop an assault in the street.

This is not to say that Britain is more unselfish than other states. Far from it. But it is curious that your contributors should seem so little aware of the great difference between the temper of the British to-day and their temper thirty-five years ago.

Yet the cause is an obvious one: an event unique in British history, as in the history of the world—the war of 1914–1918. From that war Britain emerged as an individual generally emerges from a struggle in which by prolonged, violent, and painful effort he has just contrived to save his life: that is, rather proud of his achievement, but anxious that the experience should on no account be repeated. The old arrogant spirit of Boer War days is dead.

The British want peace, and want it not primarily for the sake of their wealth; but it is true, indeed, that they waver, in division and mental confusion, as to how it is to be secured. Though most of them see that isolation is impossible, many still hanker after it.

If in this matter they are rather less ostrich-like than Americans, it is because for them there is less available sand. Yet most of them do see that peace cannot be assured except through the action of some world authority, and most, moreover, would be willing for the sake of assured peace to sacrifice something both of wealth and of pride. So would the peoples of many other European states. To picture the League as a mere fraud where nationalist ambition masquerades as idealism is shallow, theatrical, and foolish.

If men did not want peace, if they were not prepared to pay any price for it at all, the present state of the world would be less interesting and less pitiable.

What gives poignancy to the tragedy whose progress we are witnessing, and whose consummation will be savored by our descendants, is the fact that most men do want peace: they are ready to give for it something, and not enough.

BRITANNICUS

How do you pronounce ‘sewer’?

Dear Atlantic, —

The contributor of ‘Words, Words, Words,’ in the Contributors’ Club of your September issue, tells us that Mr. John Walker in 1823 was annoyed at the corrupt pronunciation of the word ‘sewer,’ which he maintained should be pronounced ‘shore.’

But in parts of County Antrim we still pronounce sewer ‘shore.’ At my bleach works I often have to set a worker to ‘red out’ or clean a choked ‘shore,’ and it was not till reading this article that I realized ‘shore’ was the old pronunciation for sewer. In Belfast I would call a sewer a sewer. In Coagh I would call a sewer a ‘shore.’

Old pronunciations and still older words, long since dead in England, still linger on in parts of



BRITISH WEST INDIES

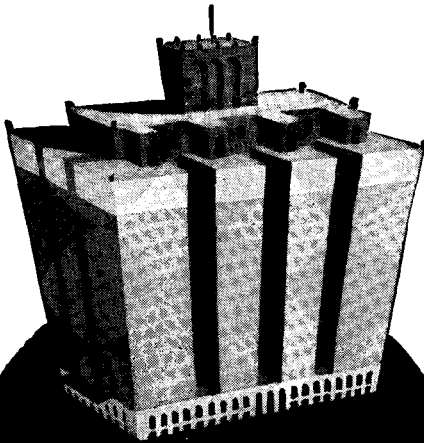
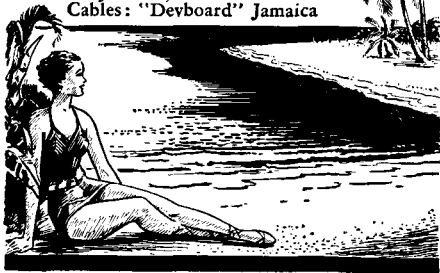
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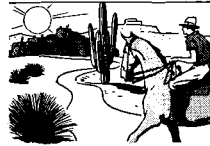
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County Antrim. Some words are too virile to die in the country. That they never appear in books does not worry country folk who read none. This district was well settled at the time of the Crusades, for some time ago I put up on the office window a copy of a record showing how much the parish had had to subscribe to one of those expeditions to the Holy Land.

A trough, such as the water trough from the dam, we call a 'trow' (rhyming with 'how'). I wonder what Mr. Walker has to say on that, or was that already obsolete in his long-gone day?

W. V. COOKE
Belfast, Ireland

You can't get away from them!

Dear Atlantic, —

Under the waving coconut palms and the flowing fronds of *bana* leaves dancing in the trade winds across my jungle path, I was sauntering to the neighboring thatched village of Vaitongi this afternoon. Chief Ufuti had invited me to his feast, as an honored guest, to assist in the official welcome home to his daughter, who had just returned from eight years' exposure to California culture. So I sat in the circle of a hundred half-naked natives bedecked with wild-flower garlands, while before me was placed a pile of roast pork, boiled chicken, baked taro, and even a plum pudding with sauce ingeniously secured in a twisted banana leaf.

After everyone had partaken to his satisfaction, baskets were brought out for each to take home all that remained before him. My servant Gofati counted two legs of pork, four tenderloins, pigs' feet and heads, with vegetables and cakes too numerous to mention. As I arose to go, my eye caught the glint of a suspiciously orange-colored magazine on the shelf of the well-built hut. I stopped to investigate and — bless my soul — it was the last month's *Atlantic*!

'Take it along,' said the chief, whose missionary-school training had taught him to taste the best English literature. 'We have finished with it and gladly pass it on.' So Gofati took it and placed the precious *pièce de résistance* in the basket beside the tenderloins, and together, light-hearted, we trekked our way back through the green jungle amid the gay banners of the coco palms, each of us thinking of the treasures in the basket!

DR. JEROME GOODSPEED VANZANDT
Pago Pago Station
Tutuila, American Samoa

Dear Atlantic, —

Two weeks ago, I was riding with the chuck wagon of a cattle outfit near the head of the Green River, in the mountains of Wyoming, about forty miles from the nearest post office.

We made a camp next a little log shack in which Miko Black was shot and killed by his partner about two years ago. After the cowpunchers and I had looked at the bullet hole, we found in the meagre furnishings a copy of the *Atlantic* for July 1934. I do not know whether this rough trapper enjoyed the *Atlantic*, but it was a feast of reading to me, after a long time with nothing to read but a saddle catalogue.

JEROME C. FISHER
Cleveland, Ohio